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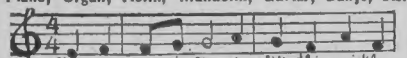
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The Western Home Monthly

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The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00, to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the city of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address, and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat With Our Readers

OWING to the Strike, The Western Home Monthly is being published later than usual this month. Our readers will readily understand that normal conditions cannot prevail until sometime after the actual settlement of the labor disputes, but it is not our intention to let our subscribers suffer in any way except that their copies may reach them later than usual. We will publish a complete paper as far as it is humanly possible to do so, and we feel sure that under the circumstances our subscribers will generously overlook any unavoidable delays.

Are we suffering? Certainly.

But the subscription price of The Western Home Monthly remains the same.

Why is this?

Our circulation has increased during the past year. We could therefore—if we so desired—raise the price and risk the loss of a certain percentage of our circulation, and still be ahead of the game.

We don't do it, because we believe that, in the long run, it is better to keep faith with our readers than it is to take advantage of them.

In many cases the mechanical cost of production has doubled. In some cases it has trebled. But The Western Home Monthly is an institution and we feel that, in spite of decreased profits, The Western Home Monthly should go to the greatest number of readers possible.

In spite, therefore, of these conditions, the subscription price of The Western Home Monthly still remains at \$1.00 a year.

Be a booster!

Do your best to introduce The Western Home Monthly to your neighbors.

We thank you!

Quite a number of people never write to a publisher except when they want to air a grievance. But, glory be, there are others who appreciate our efforts to get out a good, clean paper, and their pats on the back are very encouraging. This one for instance:—

Ryley, Alberta

Dear Sirs:—I would esteem it a favor if you will kindly place my name on your subscription list.

As one long resident in this country and conversant with its literature I have had the opportunity of watching the progressive strides made by The Western Home Monthly, and judging from the past, I am equally sure of its further advancement in the future.

The sheer honesty of its purpose, coupled with the lucidity of the intellectual articles found within its covers, carries with it a delicious fragrance that is inhaled by every reader.

If you will kindly send me a sample copy or two (May preferable), I will be pleased to do what I can to further your interests at this end of the line.

With best wishes for your further success.

Yours very sincerely,

C. M. W.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

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GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA

Editorial

AN UNDERSTANDING NECESSARY

IT is no doubt true that some of our capitalists have been rapacious beyond belief, and it is equally true that the impossible demands of some organizations of workmen are wildly absurd. In peace times if production is sufficient to supply all the real needs of mankind, there may be something in the clamor for a forty-hour week, but when the world is in need of supplies, it is inhuman to demand shorter hours of labor. And really this cry is not always honest. What some of the men are after is forty hours at the regular rate and overtime at an increased rate. They do not help matters by seeking an increase in this indirect way. Far better is it to come to a clear and unmistakable understanding and to arrive at a decision that will stabilize conditions and prices. The present uncertainty is altogether unsatisfactory and breeds incessant trouble.

A WORKING ILLUSTRATION

AS an illustration of the impossibility of continuing to operate under present conditions a gentleman engaged in one of the building trades furnished from his own experience the following information. He was not complaining about prices paid to workers, for he took the ground that his prices to builders depended upon the wages he had to pay his men. All he complained about was that because of the uncertainty of prices he could not make a contract with builders, and because the men had by agreement entered into a pact to limit the output per hour, he never could tell when a piece of work would be completed. The salary paid to men before the war was less than fifty cents, now they ask eighty cents, and on actual measurement they do just sixty per cent. as much work per hour as formerly. The manufacturers at this rate would be paying two and two-thirds times the old price for turning out his goods.

A NATIONAL CONFERENCE

NOW, a genuine conference of workers and employers, not to arbitrate disputes, but to consider the whole problem, would probably adjust nearly all difficulties that have arisen. It goes without saying that prices must be higher than formerly, and this applies to wages and to commodities and to everything else. Even the preacher must not be overlooked. One poor fellow last month told under his breath how he came downstairs early in the morning and ate his breakfast alone, so that the children would not know he was going without butter on his bread. Even a preacher deserves recognition in the scheme of readjustment. Little is to be gained by strikes and lockouts. They produce ill-will but get no permanent results. Something, however, will result from a genuine show-down. If profiteers have to disgorge so much the better. If a few agitators have to be deported it will be something gained. We can't fight this thing out. We must reason it out. Unless we have peace and good-will our country will be no good for any of us. Just as the extreme nationalism of Germany cursed a whole world, so an emphasis of class distinctions, which is another name for selfishness, will destroy the life within the nation. We must come together.

HAVE FAITH

IT is surely in every way better to believe that we can solve our problems by reasonable discussion than to go on the assumption that we must disagree and fight forever. It is better to be optimistic than pessimistic. There is nothing in trying to effect a solution of our problems if we do not believe they can be solved. In days of peace Canadians can do quite as well as in days of war. We have helped to clean up Europe. We shall not find it impossible to right matters at home. Let us have faith.

LIVING TOGETHER

AWISE man who visited Western Canada a short time ago said that the one problem for any people is that of acquiring the art of living together. In the olden days this was simple because all the people had so much in common. Borrowing and co-operation were a necessary and lovely feature of rural and village life. Quilting-bees, husking-bees, paring-bees, barn-raising, threshing bees, were everyday affairs. Joys and sorrows were shared. There were no artificial social distinctions and little ostentatious display of wealth. This same thing is found even yet in outlying districts and in the poorer communities in great cities. Yet, it is only too clear that with the division of labor men have grown apart. Not knowing one another's business they become estranged in sympathy. The countryman knows not the worker in the city, his trials and his hardships, and the dweller in the city is unaware of the hardships of the man who tills the soil, and perhaps fails to understand the joy of his independence. So, too, the office man, with his

clean clothes understands not the toiler who passes along in his greasy overalls, and the latter cannot imagine how brain-fag is more benumbing and deadening than the severest manual labor. Nor does it end with this. Modern conditions have broken up family life. Girls do not live with their mothers. Boys are no longer companions of their fathers. We have largely forgot the art of living together, and this is unfortunate in every way.

Some of the means that may be employed to restore the old friendships are good books, social gatherings, school entertainments, community singing, and such experiences as we have passed through these last few years, when we joined heart and soul in a common lofty purpose. The opening of city parks, public playgrounds and auditoriums, the use of schools as social centres, the encouragement of forums and debating societies, the taking over of dance halls and other resorts of the kind so as to bring them all under municipal control, are all means that may be employed. No price is too great to pay for community good feeling, good feeling is the result of understanding and sympathetic co-operation. The fostering of class distinctions, whether social, racial, industrial or religious is fraught with evil. We must learn to live together, for it is the way to happiness and to the larger life. Those who value this suggestion will place a high value on the church service and on the old-fashioned party and the soiree and the agricultural fair, for they bring together all classes and promote a kindly general feeling. This is necessary to community and national welfare.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

THE present industrial unrest antedates the war. We can all recall the murmurings and threatenings of 1914. When millions of men left their work to take up arms, when as many more left their callings to serve in the munition factories, when world production of the great necessities of life was cut in two, it was inevitable that prices should increase. The standard of value was a bushel of wheat, which jumped from eighty or ninety cents to \$2.24. Other commodities have since increased in almost like proportion. Such a simple thing as a dish towel has increased to five or ten times the old price. Clothing has doubled, food in most cases, has more than doubled, and the building of houses, even when material can be obtained, is practically prohibitive. Naturally there is a demand for greater wages, to which is added a plea for shorter hours. When manufacturers agree to the demand for higher salaries, they must increase the prices of their goods. When the producers raise the price, the wholesalers and retailers naturally do the same. Indeed, they have to double their old profits because of the increased cost of living. And so the wage-earners out of their increased wages have to pay increased prices for all the necessities of life. Probably the only classes who have had no sensible increase in income since 1914 are the preachers, and perhaps their first cousins the school teachers. It is reported that the average increase in the case of the former is about 10 per cent., and in the case of the latter 15 per cent. But the cost of living has risen between 70 and 90 per cent.

Now if everybody charged double and had received double things would be just as they were before the war. But the relative prices have not held all around. Some men have grown wealthy over night and others have found it impossible to live. Nobody seems to know the facts, and everybody seems to have a grievance. The farmers complain of the financiers and townspeople complain about the farmers. Laborers complain of employers, and employers charge workmen with being unreasonable. And so it goes. Naturally there is unrest, and it is clear that the jockeying for position can not go on forever. There must be an adjustment some day, and the sooner the better.

WHAT ENGLAND HAS DONE

THE very same conditions obtain in other lands, and it is pleasing to note that old England has again shown the way. Mr. W. P. Crozier, writing in the Dearborn Independent makes the following comment upon the proceedings of the National Industrial Conference of employers and workers, called together by Mr. Lloyd-George to advise the British Government on the industrial situation.

"The committee, however, had a further problem to study. The industrial troubles since the armistice which have been widespread and constant, had made it obvious that we lacked the central, national machinery for probing into the causes of unrest and suggesting the necessary remedies. There is a multiplicity of trade unions, of differing conditions and of disputes with no co-ordinating, unifying body which could speak for both capital and labor, take in all the bearings of a particular problem and, where practicable, attempt to frame a national policy. Parliament does not meet this need; it is remarkable how all parties in these great economic questions agree in quietly leaving parliament aside as of no account. The committee, therefore, proposes that a permanent national industrial council should be formed with two

hundred members elected by employers' organizations and two hundred by the trade unions. The council would have a standing committee consisting of twenty-five members chosen from either side. This is the body which would advise the government—an expert industrial parliament sitting side by side with the parliament at Westminster and advising the government on all national industrial questions. Robt. Williams, of the transport workers, recently demanded an industrial body which would 'speak with purpose and authority to an effete parliament.' It is this function that the new council is intended to fulfill."

The solution in England is further classified by the report of an American Commission appointed by the Department of Labor. This report summarizes conditions in England in the following paragraphs, which contain a world of meaning for both employers and workmen on this side of the water.

"Employers in Great Britain generally recognize the desirability of bargaining collectively with labor.

"Employers nearly all agree that collective bargaining should always be undertaken between associations of employers and the regularly established, well-organized trade unions. While many manufacturers welcome organizations of workmen in their factories (shop or works committees), they want to limit the activities of such bodies to purely local grievances, and decidedly desire that the committee members come under the discipline of their unions.

"Most employers freely recognize the right of labor to organize; they regard organization as greatly contributing to the stability of industry. Some large manufacturers declare that they wish to see every workman within the unions, so that they must all come under organization control. Others feel that 100 per cent. organization might lead to dangerous types of universal strikes and lockouts. The more conservative employers appear to make no effort to help along organizations of labor, merely dealing with such organizations when they appear on the scene.

"Employees in Great Britain are divided in sentiment shading from those who want to maintain the trade unions along the regularly established so-called 'constitutional' lines to ultra-radical socialists.

"Employees are nearly a unit, however, in expressing opposition to the use of force. The most radical who desire 'now' a complete overturning of the present social structure, usually admit on close questioning that 'now' may mean many years. They want to 'start' now. Practically none appear to approve of a sudden change as in Russia.

"Employees of the ultra-radical type look askance at collective bargaining and organizations of labor and capital. They freely express the view that they do not wish harmony between employees and employers, since harmony would help to continue the present system of society.

"Employees of the more conservative type (and to your commissioners they appear to represent the vast majority of British workmen) are largely in accord with employers in the desire (1) to head off labor unrest at this period; (2) to strengthen the unions by holding members under control; (3) to increase production for the sake of the nation, workmen included—with no restriction on output except as it affects the health of the worker; (4) to leave control of business policies in the hands of those managing the business.

"Government officials appear to be uniformly of the opinion that the Government should function in labor unrest only as an absolutely last unavoidable resort. On the other hand, they maintain the right of the Government to step in when necessary in order to protect public interests against minorities which try to force their terms upon the people.

Here then is a strange thing. While we in Canada who call ourselves progressive, are fighting away, every class for itself, often refusing to confer or arbitrate, these old conservatives, as we sometimes style them, have got together and are actually finding a way out of their difficulties.

THE TREES

ANYONE who has spent a part of his life in Eastern Canada, will remember the elms, maples and beech trees that ornamented the landscape. These are only a small fraction of the original forest, and one can scarcely realize the value of the wood that was cut down or destroyed by fires in order to make the little clearings which gradually widened into fields and farms. The problem in the early days was to destroy. To-day it is to save and to reproduce. In Western Canada we have the same problem, but here we have not the good hardwoods of the Eastern provinces. Yet every farmer should be doing something to clothe the land with trees, and every town should make the planting of suitable shade trees and shrubbery a part of its programme. Forestation is to be encouraged not only because it contributes to beauty but because it affects climatic conditions and helps to solve the serious problem of fuel. We have squandered so much of our wooded inheritance that it becomes us now to make amends when possible.

Archie Registers Strong Emotion

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Edith G. Bayne

I WAS sittin' in the ante-room one day readin' the last copy o' Fillum Favorites an' smokin' one o' the chief's best stogies that I had pinched the last time the safe door was open, when I heard steps ascendin' our stairs. Now I'm a regular Sherlock at footsteps if I do say it. I ain't been general handy-boy round this office three an' a half years for nothin' an' I know all the shades from the sassiest dame's pat-pat in her corn-tormented twelve-button kids to the shuffle o' old Ike Hazenby, the town "character." All sorts an' conditions o' folks come to a newspaper office.

"This fellow about to enter," I said to myself as I stuffed my smoke in my pocket an' turned my magazine upside down, "is a stranger. I never heard those feet before. Moreover, he's either an artist, a poet or an actor. There's temp'rament in the way he comes down on the balls o' his tootsies—Ah!"

The door had opened. Framed there in the dingy aperture stood one o' the handsomest male brutes o' the human species I had ever lamped. He was no longer in his first youth, but that made him all the more interestin'. He was a cross between Hansom X. Hushman an'

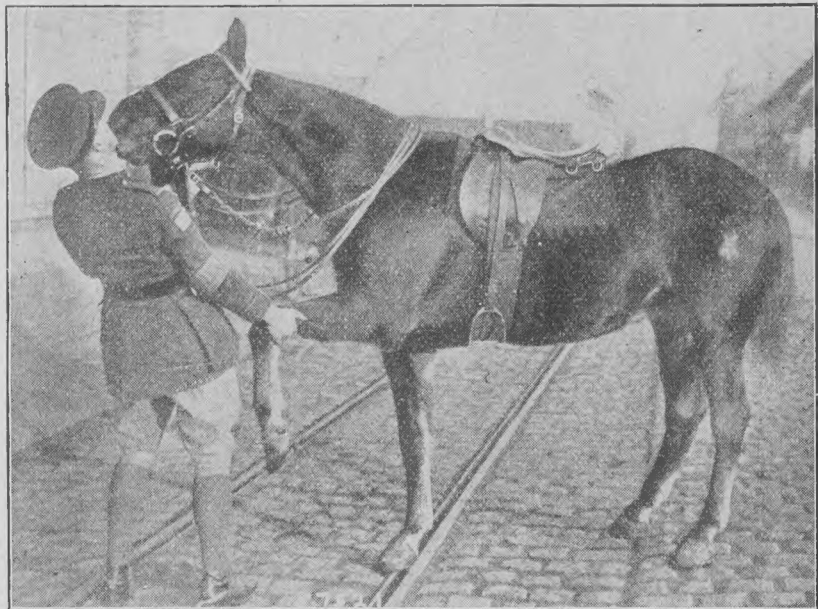
"If you're a drummer," I pondered, narrowin' my eyes at him, "then I sure am sorry for wee wife. She hadn't ought to let such a beautiful hero run round loose. But then maybe you're only the advance agent of a circus."

Bye-an'-bye I heard the chief whistlin', slightly out o' key but quite cheerful, an' he gallops up the stairs an' bursts in in his usual brisk manner. I chucked Fillum Favorites under a pile o' papers. Ever since Lawrence Boyd, my chief, lost his sweetheart Mary to the great film profession no one round the joint dasts to whisper "movies," an' it's as much as my job is worth to be seen with a photograph magazine. Mary is starrin' now. As for me—well she promised to do somethin' for me over there but she hasn't come across with the goods yet. My forte, of course, will be custard pie comedy. I bet I'll make a monkey out o' Charlie an' Fatty when I cut loose. The things I can do with my feet an' a dude cane would make those poor prunes look a very pale yellow.

"The editor?" says our middle-aged Adonis, risin'.

"Yep," answered the boss. "What can I do for you?"

The stranger extended his card. I saw the chief glance at it, frown a little,



ONE OF THE SADDEST MOMENTS OF DEMOBILIZATION

The last good-bye. Canadian staff officer parts with his charger in France. It is common knowledge that the soldier loves his horse as well as himself, and his first thought when a moment of respite comes, is almost always for his mount. The natural outcome of this is, of course, that the horse becomes extraordinarily friendly and devoted to their masters. The horse shown in the photo is shaking a last farewell with his owner, a Canadian staff officer, about to leave for home. He brought the animal with him from Canada, and they have been companions until necessity compelled a separation.

Douglas Horse-Vaulter, only better looking than both. In that first flash I gathered these items—forty-dollar panama, form-fitting clothes, red carnation in button-hole, freshly-creased trousers, dull black cloth-topped shoes, cane, Havana cigar and diamond ring of the first water—or paste.

"Evidently no poet," I muttered as I rose.

"Is your employer in, my little man?" he asked, smilin' an' tossin' away the Havana with plutocratic nonchalance, as the novels say.

Little man! Wouldn't that jolt you! An' me in my second pair o' longs!

"You mean the editor?" I said, yawning. "Naw, he's out to luncheon."

"Ah!" he boomed, genially. "I shall wait, then. He will not be long I suppose?"

"Depends," I says, retrievin' a wad o' spearmint from under the table.

"Often he gets to yappin' in the post office an' I have to go an' fetch him."

"The chickens in this burg are due to lose their hearts en masse!" was my reflection as I watched this lady-killer that had just blew in, out o' the corner o' my weather eye. He had taken a chair an' was readin' a paper from off the centre table. He had eyebrows that went up an' down, a dinky little mustache, a cleft chin an' a general effect of an elderly Romeo. What a bird of a hero he'd make in "Her Broken Heart" or "Dustier than Dust," thinks I to myself! He had just the kind o' chest that could heave in the emotional parts.

looked at the visitor sharply an' then back at the card again. Very slowly he crumpled it an' tossed it into the waste-basket by the window.

"I'm sorry," he said, coldly. "I never have anything to do with your kind of business."

The stranger lifted his romantic brows. "My dear sir!" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Never."

"You must be prejudiced."

Lawrence Boyd shrugged.

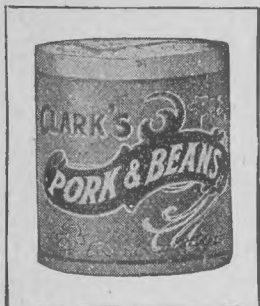
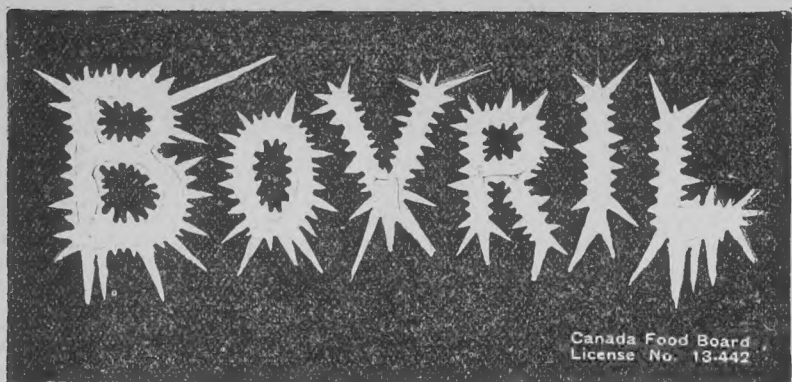
"I—ahem—may say, sir, that I am out of the business now, permanently," said the stranger. "But I've been using my old cards, being rather hurried lately—"

"Then why do you wish to see me? Advertisements?"

"No. The fact is this is my old home town. I have returned here from patriotic motives. I—"

I saw the chief begin to look interested. He's nuts on this patriotic business, bein' long past the draft age an' sore as a boil because the docs told him his heart was outa kilter, an' he's an officer in the Home Defence Corps an' a whole lot o' things like that. Lately the head o' the composin' room an' I have been runnin' the sheet, you might say, the boss absents himself so much.

"Oh, an old Easyburg boy, eh?" he cries, an' they shake hands an' go in together to the sanctum, thick as thieves. I went over an' sorted out that bit o' pasteboard from the basket an' smoothed it out. I guess my eyes musta stuck out



CLARK'S PORK & BEANS

Will Save the Meats

And Give Just as Much Satisfaction and Nourishment

W. CLARK, Limited : Montreal

CANADA FOOD BOARD—License Number 14-216

What is a double acting baking powder?

A double-acting baking powder is one that starts its action in the mixing bowl and finishes it in the oven.

Ordinary baking powders develop their full strength in the mixing bowl and you have to hurry your cakes into the oven. Then, you are always afraid that the oven is not just hot enough, or that a door will slam or something else happen to cause the cakes to fall.

You don't have to hurry or worry when Egg-O Baking Powder is used. Egg-O rises only partly in the bowl. You may let the dough stand 15 or 20 minutes or longer—doing so will give better results. When put into the oven, Egg-O continues its action—this second action being so steady and strong that a cake is not likely to fall even if it does get an unexpected jar.



EGG-O Baking Powder

is double-acting and just what is needed to make a light baking with the heavy Government Standard flours.

Egg-O Baking Powder Co., Limited, Hamilton, Canada

some when I saw what was printed on it.

"Herbert K. Smith,
Director,

Silverscreen Studios, Los Angeles, Calif."

Oh, boy!

Well, I skinned round past the main corridor an' the business office an' skirted the gallery, arrivin' at the rear o' the sanctum where there's a sort o' back staircase leadin' to the furnace room. Maybe that staircase was put there a-purpose by the first editor who, they say, many a time had to run for his life. But I just remembered some type I had to clean an' I got close enough to hear a little o' what Herbert K. Smith was spillin' into the chief's ear. Eavesdroppin' isn't in my line but the type was on a shelf an' it took me some little time to get it together. Think of it, a real movie director in town, closeted with the boss, tellin' him maybe, whether Mary Pickford's curls are real an' how many mash notes Walter Kerrigan gets in a day! I listened an' the more I heard the more I wanted to hear. Boiled down this is what it was:

He was a Canadian and a native son of our town. Easyburg, he said, seemed the most appropriate, the most natural starting point for the workin' out of his great scheme. One's home town first by all means! He had gone away while still a boy and had led a very checkered life until the call of the screen became so insistent. Yes, he had acted, written scenarios and directed. Of all these fascinatin' callings he preferred directin'. (He an' Griffith called each other "Dave" an' "Herb.") One day he had had a brain wave or hunch which led him to

but, of course, there had been so many Smiths in an' about Easyburg! They couldn't just place him nor the particular branch o' the Smith family he belonged to, but bless you, they took him to their hearts just the same! He set Easyburg on fire with enthusiasm. They made ample amends. Here was our sole celebrity "returned suddenly like a kindly disposed comet to shed lustre over our commonplaceness," an' you bet he was dined an' tea'd some. The good folks were kinda half afraid lest other places might claim him. Sorta like:

"A thousand cities claimed great Homer dead,
Thro' which the living Homer begged his bread."

But the Prof. said Easyburg was good enough for him, an' he gathered the young people an' others not so young an' talked to them like a Dutch uncle. I sneaked out an' skinned over to the hall an' heard the very first lecture or rehearsal. After that I never missed none. All the dames fell for him like an angel cake when the oven door is slammed. They fell flat.

"Ain't he a perfectly lovely man!" sighed the widow Carter.

"Such heavenly eyebrows!" agreed Miss Keen, the elderly librarian. "So Byronic you know."

"I wonder how old he is," murmured another.

The younger skirts were just as bad. Some o' them even skipped their overseas letters that first week.

"A smart clever feller," was the verdict o' the male inhabitants. "Them Smith's



So Good—And So Easy!

With "Prepared Junket" you don't have to add a thing but the milk. There are six pure, natural flavors for variety. It is made in a jiffy; and it looks good, it tastes good, and it *is good*.

Junket

MADE with MILK

A dainty dessert and a wholesome food for children and grownups.

Use a Junket Tablet when making ice cream. Note how smooth, velvety, delicious it is! It will make the cream more wholesome because more easily digested.

Get a package of Prepared Junket or Junket Tablets, as you prefer, and delight your family with dainty dishes of wholesome Junket.

A Recipe Booklet and sample of either Prepared Junket or Junket Tablets sent for 3c. stamp. A full package for 12c.

Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory
TORONTO, CANADA



Jasper Park Camp, G.T.P.

abandon his art an' to come back to the cradle o' his youth. Why? The answer was—patriotism. He just had to do somethin' for the Land o' the Maple Leaf an' absent treatment was nix. He had to feel the good old sod beneath his feet first. At this point his voice trembled some. I swallowed my gum.

This was his scheme:

He wanted to produce some plays for the boys overseas. He wanted them to be essentially home plays, Canadian plays. Just think how the brave lads would eat 'em up. Think o' the joyous hours back in their rest billets, watchin' the dear old dramas a' home unfold before their war-weary eyes, the thrills they would have seen' pretty Mary Browne starrin' in such vehicles as "The Girl o' Sugar Maple Valley" or "Princess o' the Ottawa," laughin' at the stunts o' some as-yet-undiscovered Fairbanks who would be a fine Canadian boy, some simple honest chap who had flat feet or was the sole support o' a widowed mother! Perhaps they might even unearth a mute inglorious Chaplin. At this I very nearly forgot myself an' started to shout: "Here he is!" As for vamping, why there must be any number o' types in Easyburg! "Good role for Gladys!" I mutters, chucklin'. (Gladys is our blonde stenog. and a sour peach).

Well, to make a long story short, Herbert K. obtained the chief's whole-hearted support. Big display ads. were run in our paper an' in the pages o' our 'steamed contemp.,' as well, an' there was a special write-up about the professor. (Did I say he was qualified to use that handle to his name?) The good folks were tickled all to pieces to find that he was a native son. They didn't remember him

never amounted to much, but this one sure is a genius. Durned if he ain't a credit to us!"

Thus they went on, gettin' chestier an' chestier.

"First of all," began the Prof. in his easy platform style. "I want to explain that there is to be no filthy commercialism about this business. Art, like virtue, is to be its own reward. Motives being purely patriotic and efforts voluntary there will be no salaries paid to the actors and actresses. Any expenses incidental to the developing of the films will of course be borne by myself."

A murmur of gratification rippled over the assembly. There was also a little handclapping.

"Our first scenario will require fifty principals and one or two mob scenes," he went on, smilin'. "We will have to go out on location somewhere as there are a number of outdoor scenes giving us a chance to work in plenty of local color—pine trees and so on. We don't want our brave lads (voice tremulous now), "to mistake the locum tenens, do we?"

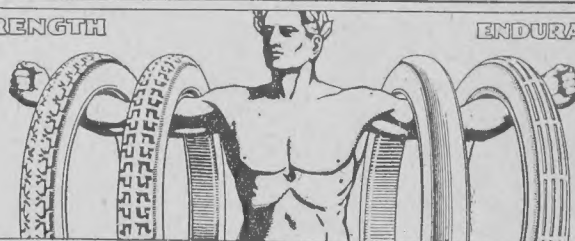
They didn't get that but they nodded just the same. I didn't get it myself, but I looked it up in a Latin dictionary that afternoon. It means "place of holding."

So he went on in that glad hand manner o' his. It was a lib'ral education just to sit back an' listen to him rollin' out fine phrases. He had the local spellbinder backed right off the map. He was a red-hot enthusiast with the soul of an artist, as the Daily Squeak said. He was more—a human dynamo in the form an' frame o' a Greek god. Only once did I fear for his prestige, an' that was when he come to pick out his first heroine.

MALTESE CROSS TIRES

STRENGTH

ENDURANCE



—STRENGTH— —ENDURANCE—

Two things the motorist knows a Tire must have to give him his money's worth. A "double portion" of each is served with every Maltese Cross Tire. STRENGTH is built into these tires by experts; ENDURANCE is proved in them by motorists.

TREADS

NON-SKID

PARAGON

RIBBED

PLAIN

Ask Your Dealer for Maltese Cross Tires

Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited

Office and Factory: TORONTO

BRANCHES: Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Ft. William, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, Lethbridge, Vancouver, Victoria

MOIR'S Chocolates

I'm so glad you came. I've such a treat for you. Moir's Chocolates—my favorites. There's nothing quite so delicious or just like Moir's in flavor.

Moir's Limited, Halifax

108



Canadian Food Control License Nos. 5-776, 11-687

"Aha!" thinks I to myself. "Here's where Herbert K. becomes about as popular as a judge at a baby show!"

But I needn't have feared. The Prof. had no end o' tact. He promised all the ladies a chance at leadin'. He said he'd never seen so much good looks in one crowd. "Feminine pulchritude," he called it, an' I looked it up, too, later on. He told Miss Keen she had an interestin' face an' the widow Carter that her hair would screen like spun gold. There were smiles an' blushes an' titters all over the hall.

"I am very glad to see," he remarked, genially, "that you have some munition firms here. Is it not a happy coincidence that a munition plant figures to a large extent in our very first drama? The heroine despoiled of the money goes to work on a lathe. Right next to her works the hero. A good deal of the love interest is featured amid whirling belts and resounding blows of iron on steel. Not perhaps so delightful as a rose arbor under a full moon, but we must stick to our script. After all, true art is reflected nature. And always keep in mind that these dramas are of ourselves, done by ourselves for ourselves. Shall we continue meekly to watch American dollar-chasers usurp our atmosphere and plant their trade-marks on plays of Canada? No, a thousand times no!"

"Hear, hear!" responded the whiskered town fathers.

The second day business began in earnest. On an empty lot next to the hall a flock o' carpenters began to build "sets." The Prof. diligently drilled the principals an' taught them the gentle art o' not lookin' at the camera lens. The camera he had fetched with him. It

Action, camera! Well, that's a bit better. There's a lot of hugging and kissing yet, Mr. Billing, so no fox passes. This must be the real thing."

We had secured sev'ral scenes in the shell-room and the fuse departments o' the local munition plant. It had been a little difficult to get permission for this, but we'd cut right through a wad o' red tape an' the Prof. wasn't long gettin' hand-in-glove with the foreman. As a special favor he was also given sev'ral hundred feet o' the new shell-capping process, introduced first in Easyburg. How the brave lads overseas would be tickled with that!

The Prof. had two dramas runnin' at once, an' he said he'd never seen such dramatic ability, even among professionals. He said the plays would have a pull like flypaper.

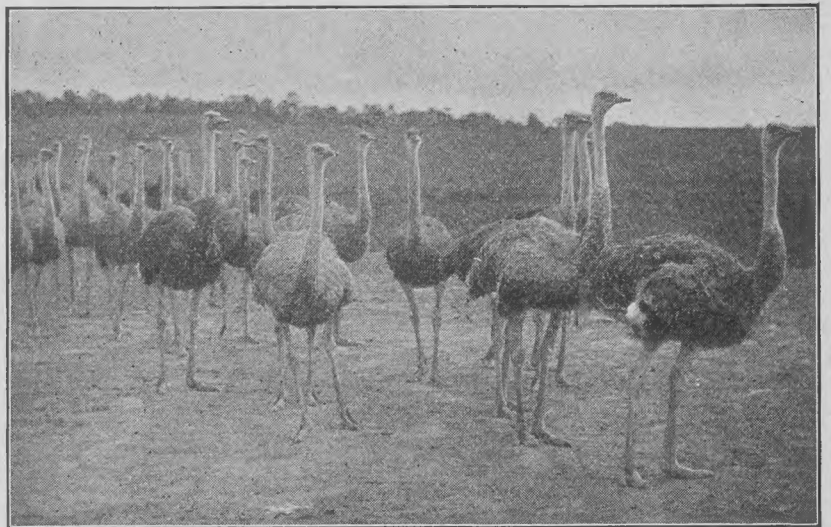
Then, on this afternoon I speak of he was suddenly handed a telegram. He sure wasn't expectin' it. I was right beside him an' I seen him turn kinda pale green as he read it.

"Bad news. My brother has met with an accident," he explained in a kinda hushed voice.

"Oh, we're so sorry, Professor!" cried all the skirts.

"I'm called to his bedside. Is—is there a train from here going east before six?"

Well, he bade us all a temporary but hurried farewell, leavin' old Doc Hibrow, the Collegiate Principal, in charge. The Doc had a lot o' tangles to straighten out, or try to, even this early in the game. There'd been some distressin' domestic squalls an' some o' the married couples wasn't speakin'. One or two o' the skirts even boasted that there might be divorce proceedin's in the offing, but



The Home of the Ostrich, New Zealand

was a bird an' he turned the crank himself an' directed, too. Talk about energy plus!

I got real pally with the Prof. about the third day an' he told me I had good comedian stuff in me. He let me turn the crank when he was rushed. The chief used to drop round an' he never said a word when he seen me. Things at the office was slow. He even let Gladys off sometimes. The whole town was behind this thing, he said, an' business be hanged!

So, behold us on Thursday o' that same week busy as bees in the honey season. The Prof. never lost his temper, I'll say that for him. He was here, there an' everywhere at once, patten' ladies' dress folds into better shape, changin' chairs an' lights an' all the time keepin' up that fascinatin' flow o' gab.

"Don't forget the lip movements, you in the support. Color doesn't take, Miss Burke, but blush till the cows come home if you like. It's a pretty sight. Don't act so scared, Mr. Meighan, the lady won't bite. Go back and come in again registerin' delighted surprise, Mr. Billings. You've been registering an ulcerated tooth. (Turn a little slower, Archie). Miss Pickleford mustn't look at the lens! Now we absolutely mustn't spoil any more film. (Cut, Archie). . . . You two lovers must put more pep into the goosy stuff. If you really were in love you would, you know. What's that? She's a married woman? Well, don't you worry about that. I'll attend to hubby if he horns into this! Put your arms about Miss—or Mrs. Pickleford, Mr. Billings, no, both arms. Register devotion. Ignore the camera, both of you. Ready?

that what great artiste hasn't had to go through this sort o' thing in her search for self-expression an' a soul mate! Two o' the local athletes in emulatin' Doughty Doug, had been rewarded with much praise an' a broken leg apiece. Art for art's sake! The town had threatened to come on us for damages to the hall. The Prof. had been called away "most inopportune," said everybody. (His vocabulary was catchin', you see).

Days passed into weeks and the Professor didn't so much as send a picture postcard. The good people however, worried not. They rubbed their hands an' chuckled an' explained that it was merely "the absentmindedness of genius," an' that he was most likely gettin' those first five hundred feet o' film developed an' projected. Wasn't his middle name Hustle?

We went on rehearsin' an' quarrelin'. Five weeks slipped by an' then one day the foreman at the shell plant found a time bomb hidden away under a pile o' coal in an unused bunker. It wasn't very big an' it was fixed so it looked like an ordinary piece o' coal, rough an' just lyin' amongst the other hunks, where it would be shovelled into the blast furnaces in its turn maybe, or if not where it'd go off, after a certain time. They brought it up to our office, an' after a while it was found that it was a dud. There was a great-to-do an' before the examination was fairly begun along comes a letter from one o' the Easyburg heroes over in the trenches, written to a chum on leave.

"That much-boasted new shell-capping can't be so very new after all," said part o' this letter, "for Heinie now has one just like it. We began noticing them

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Illustrated Price Lists and Samples sent post free to any part of the world. Special care and personal attention devoted to Colonial and Foreign Orders.

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yesterday for the first. And, by the way, how did it happen that that last shipment from our plant went down to Davy Jones' locker? We were all awaiting it, eager to show the other fellows what Easyburg could do when it really humped itself. Are you folks all asleep?"

And even then we might never have placed the blame where it belonged. But a day or so later a German-American was apprehended in Montreal for suspicious movements an' the papers ran his picture on the front page. The horrible suspicion that Heinrich Schmidt was our late lamented screen director was confirmed after Lawrence Boyd received a long message in reply to his telegram to Montreal. The dinky mustache was gone but that hadn't fazed us.

And now—well, Easyburg is still feelin' too sore for sociability. The castes o' "For Love or Lucre" an' "The Silver Maple Maid," are goin' round like a bear with a burnt nose. Jerry O'Neil, whose sense o' humor never deserts him has made a kinda list, drawn up in commercial form. It reads somethin' like this:

To lost time of 100 people for six weeks (estimated at \$6 per week).....	\$3,600
To lawsuit over hall property, town vs. actors.....	200
To doctors' bill for broken limbs.....	200
To acetylene gas bill.....	150
To cosmetic bill at local drug store	250
To dressmakers' combined accounts.....	4,000
To bills at local dry goods' stores	1,000
To Action-at-law John Pickleford vs. W. Billings (alienation of wife's affections).....	6,000
To wounded dignity and loss of prestige (to everybody concerned).....	incalculable
Total.....	\$15,400

The above may be goin' it a bit strong. I notice they haven't said a word about little Archie's dashed hopes, but then I never count anyhow. But just wait. My turn's comin'. What's in is bound to come out, as the old lady said when she pulled the windpipe (an' so on) outa the chicken. An' I've still got Chaplin feet an' a head like Fatty Arbuckle.

The chief complains that Jerry left out the free advertisin' an' boostin' which cost our sheet a tidy sum. Jerry says it

served us right an' that Easyburg is well named. He says we oughta all make a hit on a real screen for we're gettin' all kinds o' practice in registerin' right now. The natives are registerin' grief, remorse, anger, chagrin, protest, melancholy, revenge, irascibility, gloom an' a lot o' other strong emotions of which no camera ever invented could take the collective impression without shatterin' its lens into a thousand fragments.

The telegram received by Herbert K. was in code. We got a copy from the station an' it read: "Your brother Bill is very ill. Bring a pill. And keep still.

The chief handed me an all-season pass to the Lyceum Theatre the other day.

"Here, Archie," says he, gruffly. "Take this an' go the whole hog for once in your young life. I'll be dashed if you're not more sinned against than sinning."

Oh, boy! Did I go?

Sleep, Blessed Sleep

Sleep, blessed sleep, that falls with night-time calm

On all the weary world, a healing balm.

Sleep, blessed sleep, when each day's work is done,

And resting eyes await returning sun.

Sleep, blessed sleep, when carking care takes flight,

And leaves us peaceful, through the soothing night.

Sleep, blessed sleep, that brings us sweet relief

From pressing weight of day-time crushing grief.

Sleep, blessed sleep, when Life sinks in the West,

And weary, careworn, troubled souls find rest.

Sleep, blessed sleep, till trump of God shall sound,

And risen saints with endless life are crowned.

—The Rev. J. W. Walden, D.D.

All mothers can put away anxiety regarding their suffering children when they have Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to give relief. Its effects are sure and lasting.



"The Boy That Night Ate the Last Puffed Grain"

At a house where I visited the hostess said to the writer, "We love Puffed Grains in our home, but somehow we don't use a large amount."

"Let us see why," I suggested.

Next morning she served Puffed Rice for breakfast, and the last grain was consumed. At noon she served Puffed Wheat in milk, and not a kernel left the table.

In the afternoon the daughter used two cups of Puffed Rice in candy. And the boy that night at bedtime ate the last Puffed Grain in the house.

That's All the Trouble

You will find that children eat all the Puffed Grains they get. The only limit when you serve them is the bottom of the dish.

These are airy, toasted bubbles, thin and flaky, puffed to eight times normal size. In form and flavor Puffed Grains are exquisite.

They are whole-grain foods — Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. And children need whole grains.

They are steam exploded, shot from guns. By this unique process of Prof. Anderson every food cell is blasted. Thus digestion is easy and complete. No other process ever known so fits grain foods to digest.

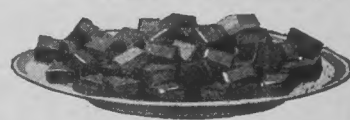
Don't you think it a vast mistake when such foods are served sparingly, and lesser foods take their place?

PUFFED WHEAT
Bubble Grains—Each 15c

PUFFED RICE
Except in Far West

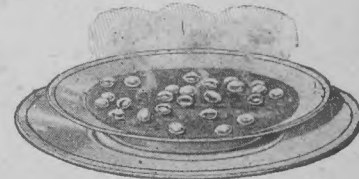


Serve with cream and sugar or mixed with any fruit.
Float these toasted bubble grains in every bowl of milk.
Scatter in your soups.



Use like nut meats in home candy making or as garnish on ice cream.

Crisp and lightly butter and you make them food confections. Let hungry children eat like peanuts after school.



The Quaker Oats Company

(3142)

Peterborough, Canada

Sole Makers

Saskatoon, Canada



Lady Haig, Sir Douglas Haig and two daughters, taken at their residence on General Haig's return

"An Anchor to Windward"

IS there any better argument than the circumstances of the present day for the necessity to business men of "An Anchor to Windward" in the shape of Life Insurance Policies, which are always worth one hundred cents on the dollar, no matter when and under what stress of circumstances they become due?"

Do not forego this safe assurance for want of a little enquiry.

It will be strange if there is not a Policy to precisely meet YOUR need amongst the many valuable Plans of

The Great-West Life Assurance Co.

Dept. "Q"

HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

UNION BANK

OF CANADA

Loans for Livestock

To good farmers living in the vicinity of its rural branches, the UNION BANK is prepared to make loans on reasonable terms for the purpose of purchasing Cattle for feeding or breeding purposes. Consult the Local Manager for particulars.

Paid-Up Capital - - - - \$5,000,000
Total Assets as at Nov. 30, 1918, over - \$153,000,000

THE PIONEER BANK OF WESTERN CANADA



Head Office, Winnipeg
Total Assets as at Nov. 30,
1918, over \$153,000,000
Deposits over \$127,000,000

When you think of - LIFE ASSURANCE



Naturally you think of
The **NORTHWESTERN**

HEAD OFFICE
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LIFE

CANADA'S FIRST
SCIENTIFIC LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY

WRITE FOR OUR LITERATURE

HR.S.McCabe
Managing Director

F.O.Maber
Secretary

A Peep at Pacific Coast Life

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Bonnycastle Dale



HERE are so many of my readers wishing an intimate account of British Columbia life, both for personal reading, and to send to friends abroad, that I hereby string a few adventures on the mild and hospitable coast together.

I also wish to answer the very kind inquiries about Laddie Sr. He is now in a convalescent hospital, this at one time was a big lakeside tourist hotel. As in all cases of shrapnel torn lungs it takes much time to perfect a cure, over two years now in his case. I am sure he thanks you also for your kind interest.

It was a day in June, the rainy season was over. You must have either rain or snow in America from October to May, in limited quantities early and late, and in greater volume in midwinter. But I must witness that Laddie and I rarely found a day in B. C. too wet to hunt or fish, or too cold to enjoy a ramble. But this June day I am speaking of, we were on the beautiful Cowichan River in Vancouver Island, on a visit to an English rancher. The hundred acres or so of land he owned were mainly hilly, but the valleys were all cleared and sparkled beneath the early sun. I never saw finer cattle or deeper pasturage. His ducks on the creek and his fowls in their runs were in excellent shape, but he impressed one thing on me. "Any man with energy

rather low set beasts, at large in the hills, and, as the thermometer never falls to quite zero, they pick up an easy comfortable living. We were puffing along a wild animal trail, cameras in hand, in the black soil fed by each year's dying ferns, I was hop-stepping along in the pads of a great panther which had preceded me, I was heavily armed—to wit, one brass tripod for the camera, and one rather dull, jack knife. "Crash!"—"What's that?" I queried to Laddie Jr. "Smash!" "Crash!" it went again, and we ran along the trail around a bend, right onto a party of Coast Indians resting around their kill.

"Hy-iu Mow-itsh," (plenty deer), I asked.

"Taht-le-lum lee lok-it," (fourteen), and he pointed to each of the other two.

"Some kill," murmured the boy—forty-two deer to three men, each deer weighing a hundred pounds on the average.

"Look," said Laddie Jr.—and following his pointed finger I looked away down the valley through my glasses and saw the ranch of the Englishman right below us, and so plentiful is game (of course these natives broke the law in taking so many), that no one on the ranch noticed any unusual firing.

No use to hunt wild cattle for pictures with so many wild hunters abroad, so we toted the end of a doe each down to the wagons in the valley below, and each



Camp on Cowichan River and Coast Indians

can make a good living on the money he invests in these small ranches—but if he hasn't any money he can't have a ranch." This is just a hint. Don't go to this smiling land unless you have sufficient to buy your place, he paid forty an acre all through in low price times, very little was cleared then either, it's worth many times that now, in fact two hundred and fifty dollars is a fair price for clear, cultivated land. If the land you buy is heavily forested find out your market for timber before you buy. Note one thing—the United States is nearly denuded of forests, so timber holdings are worth buying. I wonder more Canadians do not get together and purchase great tracts of timber lands—the usual owner of B. C. timber lands is a U.S. citizen. There are some small limits yet for sale on Vancouver Island and the mainland, a man with a thousand acres, fifty cleared, would be wealthy in ten years.

Now we will leave our amiable, college bred English host, on his smiling ranch. One October day, when Laddie Jr. and I were painfully following some wild cattle to get a picture, said cattle being the descendants of those of a foolish rancher, who in days gone by, turned loose thinking he could use this wild island mountain range for a pasture, rumour has it he put out three hundred head and the few he got back he shot, anyhow there are some very fine looking,

ate a whole grouse, as there was a half a wagon load of these also. There was no shot marks on either of the birds we picked. I know these men are excellent rifle shots, and two were armed with pump guns and buckshot shells, but I have heard of many a wily trick of getting these birds in trees, let's say they were shot to end the argument.

It was December before our adventurous life brought us past the Englishman's ranch again. Now we were about ten miles beyond it. We have seen the firkins of salted salmon, the boiled crabs, baskets of clams, hanging pheasants and quail, and have pleaded "too many in camp" when offered "to help ourselves." We were rambling up the river when "Look," fairly screamed the boy, "Wild man," he yelled. I parted the thick ferns, dislodging a male pheasant which gave me the fright of my life as he "rocketed" away—right below us, in a rapid stretch of the river, was a copper coloured man with as little on as I may say to save your blushes. His whole wardrobe consisted of a bit of bagging neatly draped about his waist. He was armed with a long poled spear, and he was certainly doing a "devil dance" in the boiling white water. He waded now right up near the low falls; up these great salmon were leaping as gracefully as a dog leaps a fence—glitter—splash—out lined the spear, down sank the salmon, up it sailed and landed, flap-

ping, on the pebbles below us. The copper coloured one drew back his sinewy arm, poised the spear and got a leaping salmon so fairly that I sang out "Good boy," and he turned, dropped the spear and splashed away into the fern and sallow. I knew the native mind well enough to know that only ignorant superstition caused his flight. He was but a big boy himself—so I called out above the roar of the falls—"Chaocoyahwa Kahtah Mika" this means come here, what ails you—and he came—slowly—putting on first one wet garment; for they are always wet it seems—and then another.

Laddie killed a salmon for him that was floundering back into the river; he had sixty odd, clean, firm salmon, in plenty good enough shape to clean and smoke for Indian consumption. We made a fire and gave him a hot drink—in his own cup—as these poor tribes are cursed with tuberculosis. We loaded his canoe with the fish and ourselves and had a merry run down stream.

On another day, when the lad and I were tracking a big cat (mountain lion or panther, or cougar or puma, call the cowardly beast what you will), we were getting "hot" and I jumped a rude fence of branches, right before a woman strawberry picking. Her "Oh!" was so loud that it brought her husband on the run and an invitation to lunch when all was explained. He had a half acre of berries right where the bears wanted them, and it was mighty lucky Laddie and I missed the bear traps.

"The patch is a kind of decoy. I've killed four bears already this year and the wife got one—the beasts are so cowardly that we never are afraid of them. Our neighbor's wife met one face to face on the trail and she just banged her two empty milk pails and the bear ran for its life, there's nothing on this island to dread save a falling tree."

Now here was a ranch away up in a mountain valley, with the crop growing in among the stumps, and he told me he cleared expenses off his berries alone. We made a camp far out on the island on an old sea beach, sheltered from the winds by the yet "good oak ribs" of some ancient wrecked sailing vessel. Just to show you the "poor man's table" otherwise called the tide flats—we were almost out of supplies after an accident, a bit of flour and wet sugar and tea and lard was all the saturated provisions left—

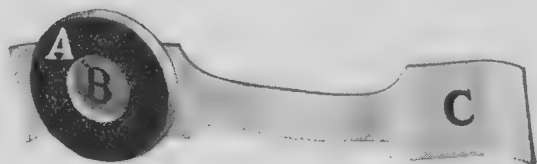
"Visitors," warned Laddie Jr., and disappeared, canoe and all. I made the man and his wife welcome to our camp and, as the sun rode high, asked them to the mid-day meal, about an hour after the boy's disappearance. He came back most triumphant and we had fried sea trout, toasted clams, a couple of big grey crabs, boiled, laid on laver and salted sea pickles, and six boiled sea fowls eggs, these latter I never cared for although many of my friends eat gulls' eggs and all. I whipped up a flapjack, browned it, turned it, and the lad and I, after the guests had gone, figured the menu cost about three cents a plate. If we had had time to go inland to the berry bushes we could have had a good dessert, but "time was the essence of this contract." It is possible to exist for a week on "the Poor Man's Table," but after that the stomach craves civilized food.

We compared the sea beach feast we had had with the one we were offered next day. We were a few leagues further west along the coast of the island. A heavy surf was beating on the shore. I had remarked that "I would not like to drive ashore in that." The spume from it was driven before the west wind far ashore, stinging our eyes and making our skin smart with the sharp sand grains that sped along. The lad pointed—speech was useless. Far out in the boiling white turmoil we saw a canoe, with two squat black figures in it. It was now on the first of the high incoming rollers—just before it broke into creaming scurries—we could now get the sparkle of the flying paddles they were working to keep well up on top until it did break, fully three hundred yards of wild work, on they sped, now the whole great green roller dissolved into a mass of shallow shore driven currents and

Do You Remember The Old Corn Doctor?



(Copyright B. & B., 1911)



How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

He stood on the street in the olden days and offered a "magic corn cure."

It was harsh and it caused soreness, but it did not end the corn. Nearly everybody had corns in those days.

That same method, harsh and inefficient, is offered you in countless forms to-day.

Grandmother's Way

Another method, older still, was to pare and pad a corn. That was grandmother's way.

Folks did not know the danger, for they did not know of germs.

But they knew its uselessness. The corns remained. Paring brought but brief relief. Pads made the foot unsightly.

Ten-year-old corns by the millions existed in those days.

Then Came Blue-jay

Then scientific men in the Bauer & Black laboratories invented the Blue-jay plaster. It was based on research, on knowledge, on many a clinical test.

People began to use it. They found that a jiffy applied it. They found it snug and comfortable.

They found that the pain stopped instantly, and it never came back. They found that the corn completely disappeared, and usually in 48 hours. Only one corn in ten needed a second application.

These users told others, and now millions use Blue-jay. They apply it as soon as a corn appears. Now at least one-half the people never suffer corns.

You can, like them, keep free from corns forever in this easy, simple way. One test will prove this, and to-night. In these scientific days it is folly to have corns.

B & B Blue-jay
The Scientific Corn Ender

**Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists**

BAUER & BLACK Ltd., Chicago, Toronto, New York
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

(988)

All the Cream

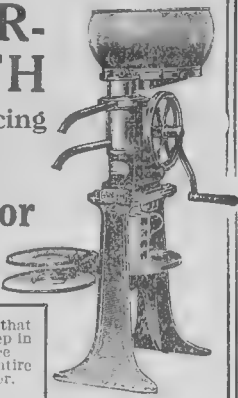
with no flushing

The only Disc Machine that takes the Cream from bottom of bowl.

Skimming test equals or exceeds any other machine on market. Simplified mechanism has fewer working parts, and one tool fits every part of machine.

ANKER-HOLTH
Self-Balancing
Cream
Separator

Lightest
Running



We guarantee that the bowl will keep in perfect balance throughout the entire life of Separator.

Here you have a genuine "no-trouble" machine—easy to turn—positive clutch starts machine without effort. Any density of cream can be secured by a simple adjustment. Discs are interchangeable—easy to clean—top disc forms dirt trap, eliminating contamination before milk is separated.

Capacities 350, 500, 600 Lbs.

A size to suit your needs. Tell us number of cows you have—we'll advise you what size you should have—remember you get

30-DAY TRIAL

on any size—you'll find it the lightest running machine on the market.

If your dealer hasn't got one, write us direct.

Western Anker-Holth Company

63 Victoria Street WINNIPEG, MAN.

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The high cost of materials need not keep you from building this year. The charming home of your own, which you have wanted for years, can now be yours right away—and money saved.

The beautiful, fully illustrated Aladdin Book will help you choose a most attractive yet economical home—over 100 designs to choose from.

Aladdin Saves You Money

With Aladdin Houses practically all waste in material is eliminated. They are cut to fit by machinery, saving labor and time. There is no dealers' profits. Aladdin Houses are shipped to you direct from the manufacturer.

To get a complete information about Aladdin Read-Cut Houses send stamps for the beautiful book, "Aladdin Houses."

Send stamps to-day for Catalogue W-14

CANADIAN ALADDIN CO. Limited
C. P. E. Building Toronto, Ont.



Don't Throw It Away

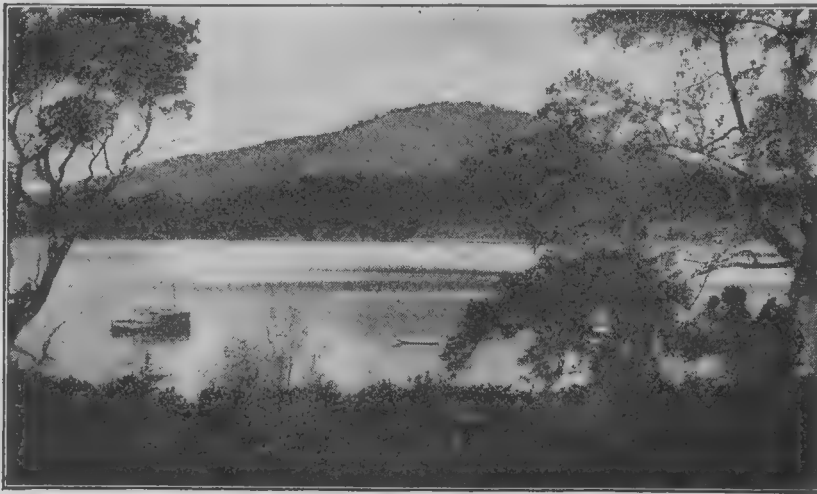


They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them, at any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c. POSTPAID. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. W Collingwood, Ont.

still the canoe leaped on, it came right for the beach at our feet, by now we were both barelegged, we knew what to do. The very instant that canoe beached in the shallow onrush two figures leaped and dragged it shorewards. Then they braced themselves for the backrush. This safely past we rushed down the wet sand and together we hauled that log canoe up so far that the next billow only assisted in beaching it high and dry. We now had leisure to observe our visitors, two old coast Indians. He was I should judge between eighty and ninety. The kloochman seemed younger, in fact their slightly more sheltered life preserves them better, but she was past the allotted three score years and ten.

In the canoe were the chicken halibut

they had seemed to risk their lives for. To a young active coast man a landing is only an incident. Now they got ready to eat a bite and so did we. Ours was I admit mostly from the low tide line—these and a bit of bread, but our visitors had such dainties. From an old square coal oil tin, a thing of multifarious uses on the Coast; they poured some ancient and active whale oil—Oh! the bouquet of that oil. This was served with "pilot bread" (hard tack), and some boiled tentacles of the "Octopus or Devil Fish" clams with the sand on them. Sea urchins raw—Oh! how raw, a drink of lagoon water and tea boiled black—No! we gave; but we did not receive—Nor did I eat while that ever active oil was working.



B.C. Scenery. Deep Cove, Saanick Peninsula, Salt Spring in the Distance

"Pie Spells Poison"

By S. G. Mosher

MRS. WARNE was in the kitchen getting dinner when the bell rang.

"I won't keep you a moment," the caller assured her, gushingly. "But when I decided to try for the carpet sweeper that 'Rational Rations' is offering for a club of five new subscribers you were the first person I thought of. The magazine comes twice a month, and costs only two dollars a year."

"I am afraid we already take more magazines than we can read," Mrs. Warne began, doubtfully.

"But 'Rational Rations' is so different," Mrs. Grey persisted. "It has simply revolutionized our home life. Everyone says how different Mr. Grey looks. There is an article in this issue, 'Pie Spells Poison,' which alone is worth a year's subscription. Then this article on nuts—did you know that an ounce of nuts contains as much nourishment as a pound of beefsteak?"

"I am afraid my husband would insist on the steak."

"Mr. Grey was rather difficult at first—men are so conservative. But now he quite agrees that the diet prescribed by the magazine is more healthful than our old one. Just think, he has lost twenty pounds in the last month."

This was interesting news to Mrs. Warne, for her increasing weight was causing her a good deal of anxiety. And then, too, the simplest way to get rid of the voluble caller seemed to give her the subscription.

"Thank you so much," Mrs. Grey gushed, tucking the bill into her glove. "I'm sure you will enjoy the magazine. I'll just leave this copy with you; do read this article on nuts."

Mrs. Warne hurried back to the kitchen, made two pumpkin pies and slipped them into the oven, made tomato soup, and set the table. Then, having a few moments to spare, she picked up "Rational Rations." It opened of its own accord at the article on pies. She began to read, at first indifferently, then with strained attention. The opening of the front door brought her to herself with a start.

Mr. Warne came in with his arms full of bundles. "Here's the coffee, and a jar of pickles, and some pork sausage

for breakfast. Do I smell pumpkin pies?"

"Oh, my goodness," Mrs. Warne exclaimed, rushing to the kitchen, she was just in time.

"They look mighty good, and smell better," her husband said, with an appreciative glance at the pies. Mrs. Warne muttered something about poison, but he thought he must have misunderstood her. Just then the two girls, Christina and Edith, came in. Tom was late, as usual.

As Mr. Warne picked up the carving knife he noticed a worried frown on his wife's usually placid face. "I subscribed for another magazine today," she remarked suddenly.

"Another?" Edith exclaimed. "You know we don't read all those we take now."

"It is called 'Rational Rations,' and explains all about food values. No sweet potatoes for me, father—they are so fattening. Mrs. Grey says her husband has been a different creature since they have been taking the magazine."

"He certainly has changed in the last few months," Mr. Warne agreed. "He's as gaunt as a wolf, and his temper can best be described as snappy."

"I was reading such an interesting article before dinner," Mrs. Warne continued, unheeding the interruption. "The writer says we may all mould our bodies as we desire; it is simply a matter of choosing the proper food. Christina, do you think it wise to take a second helping of the carrots? Creamed vegetables are so extremely fattening."

Christina flushed, and forbore to help herself from the dish her sister had passed to her. She was a music teacher, with aspirations towards the concert stage, and her plumpness was a source of much worry to her.

"The carrots won't hurt me," Edith laughed, as she helped herself. She was still in high school, and her height and slenderness had earned her the nickname of "Beanpole."

"I mean to eat less meat in future," her mother went on, "and only raw vegetables. 'Rational Rations' says cooked vegetables are poisonous. And I shall bake no more pies. To think that I have for years been unknowingly poisoning my family!"

Her husband opened his mouth to protest, but thought better of it. Experience had taught him that when his wife had once caught a hobby she must ride it to death.

Mrs. Warne lay awake a long time that night, planning rational menus. Next morning, although the usual hearty breakfast of sausages, buckwheat cakes and syrup sorely tempted her, she made a Spartan meal on two thin slices of toast.

Her husband looked pleased when she offered to walk down to the station with him. The time had been when she did this every morning, but for some years the pleasant custom had been allowed to lapse. After seeing her husband off, Mrs. Warne still lingered at the station, walking up and down the platform. Four times she passed the weighing machine; the fourth time she dropped a nickel in the slot. The hand whirled round before her horrified eyes until it stopped at 170.

"Why, mother," an astonished voice at her elbow gasped, and she turned to meet the eyes of her daughter Christina.

"I thought since I was down here, I might as well get weighed," she explained, trying to speak in an offhand tone. Then, with a catch in her voice, she added, "Oh, Christina, a hundred and seventy pounds. Just think of it!"

But Christina, in her turn, had slipped a nickel into the machine. "A hundred and forty-five," she cried. "Mother, I really must diet. I've gained five pounds in the last month."

"Let us call at Mrs. Grey's, she will have the back numbers of 'Rational Rations,'" her mother suggested.

From that point dated the revolution in the diet of the Warne family. Christina and her mother lived chiefly on green vegetables, tomatoes, and raw

There's a Reason
why so many
people make

Grape-Nuts

the regular part of at
least one meal each day.
It's because of the
delightful flavor, and won-
derful values of Grape-Nuts
as a health builder.

carrots. Edith adopted a milk diet, as that seemed to offer the best chance of acquiring the desired plumpness. Hearty breakfasts were a thing of the past. In place of the sausages and buckwheat cakes, they now had prunes and dry toast. Mrs. Warne and Christina ate no lunch. For dinner there would be eggs in some form, together with "unspoiled" vegetables, as "Rational Rations" called them in their uncooked form.

Mr. Warne accepted the change with surprising docility; the only point on which he proved stubborn was in regard to the "unspoiled" vegetables.

"I'm not Nebuchadnezzar," he said grimly, "and I draw the line at munching raw carrots."

So his wife gave way to a certain extent, potatoes she refused to countenance in any form, but she agreed to cook the non-starchy vegetables. She was soon able to boast that she could cook tomatoes in twenty different ways.

"And each way is more loathsome than the others," Tom confided to his chum, Fred Davis. At first the boy had been frankly rebellious, but his father's meekness had cut the ground from under his feet.

In spite of all their efforts, Christina and her mother could not get the scales to alter their verdict by so much as an ounce. Perhaps this was the cause of their increasing irritability. Edith was more successful. She was growing much plumper, but her temper seemed to be taking on a keener edge. Her old nickname had been dropped in favor of the new one of "spitfire." Tom, too, was moody and grumpy, and only Mr. Warne preserved his accustomed geniality.

It was not only in the matter of weight that Mrs. Warne was disappointed. The magazine had promised that a rational diet would cut household expenses in half, but instead of this they had increased hugely. It was the beginning of winter, and fruits and green vegetables were naturally high in price.

She went with her difficulties to Mrs. Grey, who assured her that time was needed for a cure. "I didn't notice a bit of change in Mr. Grey for the first two months," she said. "But after that he got thin very quickly. I'm afraid, though I shall have to change his diet again, as he has been gaining weight lately."

Shortly before Christmas Mr. Warne received a letter from a brother whom he had not seen for many years.

"Eben is in New York," he said. "He is up here for the winter. We must ask him here for Christmas, of course."

Eben Warne, an elderly bachelor, owned a ship-broking business in Rio Janeiro, and was quite wealthy.

"Why not invite him at once for a long visit?" Mrs. Warne suggested. "I will get the south room ready."

"About the food," Mr. Warne hesitated. "Would it not be well to make a change while Eben is visiting us?"

"Probably he will prefer our simple diet," his wife said, hopefully. "I have heard that in hot countries the people seldom touch meat, but live chiefly on fruit."

"As you like," said her husband with a resigned air. "I'm certain of one thing, though; if Eben doesn't like the food he will mention it. Extreme frankness is one of his outstanding qualities. By the way, have you ordered the Christmas goose yet?"

"No goose shall be cooked in this house this year," Mrs. Warne said firmly. "For once, we shall have a rational Christmas."

"Just what does that mean?"

"There was a model menu in the last number of 'Rational Rations.' Poached eggs, with mushrooms, onion and tomato salad, baked cabbage, nuts and raisins." Mr. Warne stifled a groan.

Two days later Uncle Eben arrived. He was tall and spare, and as yellow as one of his niece's carrots. He greeted his sister-in-law with gruff friendliness.

"Plump as ever, I see Mary. And this is Christina, I suppose. And can this buxom young lady be little Edith? Your girls certainly take after you, Mary. The Warnes are thin."

Dinner began with a clear soup, in honor of the guest. Having consumed his portion with an air of appreciation, Uncle Eben leaned back in his chair expectantly.

Chocolate the Ready Luncheon

WHEN business prohibits your leaving the office at lunch time, yet you are hungry and tired—eat chocolate! for chocolate is a sustaining food.

All through the war the value of chocolate has been demonstrated.

The Allied soldiers found that when fatigued, eating chocolate renewed their energy, and thousands will testify how bars of chocolate used as emergency rations supplied them with strength to "carry on" in many a tight pinch.

Chocolate has proven its vitality-restoring qualities to every Canadian soldier. Profit by this war lesson. Apply it to civil life.

Eat chocolate as a luncheon—it satisfies—and will help you through the business hours.

Chocolate is a food product which the human system craves and demands. It fills a real need.

Keep a few bars of chocolate in your desk drawer. Eat them when you feel fatigued—they will help relieve the strain of your work.

"Chocolate is a most nourishing fat food and a delightful stimulant, especially valuable in cases of extreme fatigue or exposure."

—Canada Lancet.

It is a Splendid Food.



THE CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATE INDUSTRIES OF CANADA

"Mighty good, that soup. Your northern climate makes me hungry as a hawk."

Although born and brought up in the state of Maine, Eben always referred to his native country in this impersonal way.

His brother put two poached eggs on a plate, and handed it to the guest. "Pass your uncle the tomatoes, Tom," he said.

"Thanks, I never touch the things; rank poison to me," was the reply. "Haven't you forgotten to bring in the potatoes, Edith?"

"We never eat them," Mrs. Warne explained. "They are composed chiefly of starch, and have little food value, Edith, pass your uncle the sliced onions."

Uncle Eben declined the proffered "unspoiled vegetable." He ate his eggs and several slices of bread with an abstracted air. Dessert consisted of nuts, raisins and oranges. Uncle Eben declined the nuts with the remark that in Brazil only

monkeys ate them, he then took out an orange without any show of enthusiasm.

When Uncle Eben failed to appear at the eight o'clock breakfast next morning, Mrs. Warne supposed that he was tired after his journey. But when Mr. Warne and Christina had hurried off to catch their train, she sent Tom up to call his uncle. He came back looking excited and rather scared.

"He isn't in his room, mother. The bed has been slept in, but he isn't there. I found this on the bureau."

Mrs. Warne tore the letter open. "My dear Mary," she read, "John grew confidential over a pipe last night, and told me all about the diet. I fear I am too old to learn to eat my food raw, like a cow, and I have a loathing for eggs in any form, while tomatoes I regard as poison. I am sure I will relieve you of embarrassment by cutting my visit short. I am returning to the city by the 6.15, and looking forward to having a good breakfast on the train."

With an effort Mrs. Warne controlled her feelings. "Your uncle has been called back to the city," she told Tom. "You will be late for school if you don't hurry."

She hurried through her household tasks, made a hasty toilet, and caught the 11.30 train to town. She reached her husband's office about half-past twelve, and expected to find him eating the hygienic lunch which she carefully put up for him every morning. The stenographer, however, told her that Mr. Warne had just gone out to lunch. "Mr. Grey called for him, as usual," she said. "I think they were going to the Belmont, on Walnut Street."

Mrs. Warne hurried to the Belmont. There she found her husband and Mr. Grey, sharing a corner table. In front of them was the remains of a planked steak, which had evidently been surrounded by the usual accessories. She approached them unobserved.

"I hope you are enjoying your lunch,"

Mr. Warne dropped his fork. His friend, after a rather incoherent greeting, pulled on his overcoat. "Just remembered an important appointment," he muttered, as he fled.

"So this is the reason Ned Grey didn't stay thin," Mrs. Warne said.

"It is also the reason I did stay fairly good natured," her husband retorted. "You were bound to find us out sometime, of course. Why didn't you bring Uncle Eben with you? I fancy he is about ready for a square meal."

"Read that," she tragically exclaimed, throwing Uncle Eben's note on the table. As he read a dark flush mounted to Mr. Warne's brow. "I must say, Mary," he began, when he was interrupted by the waiter, who handed Mrs. Warne a menu.

"The tomato soup is unusually good today, madam," the man suggested.

"Don't dare mention tomatoes to me," she flared. Then, seeing the man's stare of surprise, she added more gently, "Bring me a porter-house steak, with French fried potatoes, pumpkin pie and coffee to follow."

For the second time Mr. Warne dropped his fork. His jaw dropped too.

"To think a guest should be driven from my house by actual hunger," Mrs. Warne continued. "I was never so ashamed in my life. I always loathed tomatoes, too. Not that I should have minded if the diet had done me any good, but I have actually gained weight."

"I don't believe that it makes much difference what we eat, at our age," her husband said, soothingly. "Anyway, you look just right to me. What shall we do about Eben?"

"You must go up to the city this afternoon and bring him back. After lunch I am going to Mason's to order some things fit to eat. I think I shall order the Christmas goose today, too, and one of those delicious plum puddings that Mason always has."

"But make the pies yourself," her husband begged. "Pie may spell poison, but I'm willing to take a chance with the kind you make."

The Trouble

"Why were you absent from school yesterday, Grace?" asked the teacher.

"Please, teacher, my mummy was sick."

The teacher, who is afraid of contagion, asked:

"What is the matter with her? What does the doctor say it is?"

"Please, teacher, he says it's a boy."

Logic

The new minister in a little English town was on his way to church when he met a game-keeper.

"My good man," said the preacher, "tell me how it is that I never see you at church?"

"Well, sir, I don't wish to make your congregation smaller."

"I don't understand you," answered the minister, puzzled.

"Well, sir, you see if I went to church the rest of the parish would go poaching," answered the game-keeper.

Inexperienced

In a boarding-house for bachelors, Amanda, a typical "Mammy," looked after the guests' comfort in true Southern style so well that one of the men thought he would like to take her away with him in the summer in the capacity of house-keeper. Toward spring he waylaid her in the hall one day and said:

"Mandy, do you like the country?"

Mandy reckoned she did.

"Would you like to go away with me this summer and keep house for me?"

Mandy was sure she would.

"Suppose I get just a bungalow. Do you think you could take care of it nicely by yourself?"

Mandy gasped and rolled her eyes. "Deed, no, massa! Reckon you all better get somebody else; I don't know nothin' about taking care of any animals!"

It is in Demand.—So great is the demand for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil that a large factory is kept continually busy making and bottling it. To be in demand shows popular appreciation of this preparation, which stands at the head of proprietary compounds as the leading Oil in the market, and it is generally admitted that it is deserving of the lead.



Long-Wearing Stockings for Active Boys

THE rough and tumble games in the school-yard are mighty hard on stockings. Boys will play hard, so we make a stocking specially for them—the Buster Brown Stocking.

This stocking has a two-ply leg and three-ply heel and toe. It is knitted from extra-long yarn—spun by ourselves to make sure it is right.

Special training is necessary to knit Buster Brown quality into

hosiery. We have spent years training our employees to knit Buster Brown Stockings.

Because we do all these things, you'll find them *longer-wearing*. You'll be pleased to see how seldom they appear in the mending basket. You'll find the cost of clothing your boy lower.

And they're mighty fine looking too. Good looks are knit into Buster Brown Stockings. You'll find your boy will be proud of them.

Sold everywhere. Ask your dealer for "Buster Brown" durable hosiery.

The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited

Hamilton, Ont.—Mills also at Welland

The **BUSTER BROWN**
STOCKING



The Old Brigades

By Charlotte Gordon

TRAVELLING over the boundless prairies, penetrating the mountains, crossing the valleys of our broad Dominion, comfortably and luxuriously settled in splendidly equipped Pullman cars, speeding from point to point with ease, it is hard to realize the circumstances and conditions of travel of the prairie hunter and fur-trader. It is not easy to imagine crossing the great frozen, snowy plains and lakes, by sledge, drawn by Eskimo dogs. It is impossible to picture days and weeks of skimming by canoe, the great lakes and rivers, delivering tons of merchandise. Flights of imagination could not place one in these days of speedy and elegant motor cars, in a Red River cart, drawn by Indian ponies or oxen. Where the long train of creaking, greaseless, Red River carts slowly crawled along over the trails, with their loads of buffalo robes and dried meat, there now dash the well equipped trains of one of the great railroads of the world. Where, up the rivers, over the portages and across the lakes, in rude native-made boats, manned by human muscles, the limited traffic of the country passed, now steam boats are to be found, their whistles awakening the echoes, amid the solitudes of centuries.

The various modes of travel and communication were by sledge, with husky dogs, by canoe, by Red River carts, with the service of Indian runners, by pack horses.

On the great prairies of Rupert's Land, communication with the interior was reduced to a system. The great event at Red River was the leaving of the North-West packet, early in December. By this agency, every post in the Northern department was reached and was accomplished by means of sledges and snowshoes. The sledge or toboggan was drawn by "huskies" and these dogs of the North West played a prominent part in the life

of the lonely settlers. They were swifter and more enduring than horses and could go where horses would soon perish. The skillful guide, with his unerring intelligence, ran ahead on his large snowshoes, making all the road required as there was not a surveyed road or beaten trail. It used to be commonly stated that to drive these dogs successfully, a driver must be able to swear in English, French and Indian. Mid-winter packets were confined chiefly to transport of letters and newspapers, an annual file of some well known newspaper being sent to the various posts. With this mode of travel, about forty miles a day was accomplished.

All of the Hudson's Bay Company's supplies for the North-West territories were shipped from London to York Factory on the West Coast of Hudson Bay. Heavy boats, manned by Indians, delivered the goods into the interior. Four to eight of these crafts made up a brigade. So wild and rugged was the country, that as many as seventy portages sometimes had to be made in a trip of five hundred miles. The skill and rapidity with which these boats could be loaded and unloaded, carried past a portage or guided through a rapid was the pride of the tribesmen. The secure packing of bales, each weighing from sixty to one hundred pounds, was most necessary. It is stated that a good crew of nine men could load a boat and pack securely in five minutes. Each boat carried three or four tons of freight. The boat's crew was under the command of the steersman who sat on a raised platform in the stern of the boat. He was responsible to the commander of the brigade, who held a position of much importance.

The route from York factory to Fort Garry, being a long, continuous waterway, was a favorite course for the York brigade. The great waterways have meant much to those old fur traders and to the Indian hunters. These natural highways, which

never needed repairs, were horses, motors and steam engines to the dwellers of the great forests and plains. A great part of the furs were carried to Fort Garry and thence to York factory. From there a load of general merchandise was brought back, and the return with supplies for the settlers, was eagerly awaited. So vast is this country, that some of the interior posts were two thousand miles away from where the goods landed on the coast. Records state that sometimes, as long as seven years elapsed from the time the goods left London, ere the furs obtained for them, reached the market.

Parties of runners, Indians, fleet of foot, travelled certain routes, deposited their packages, and received return mail and parcels.

The departure of these great Northern brigades, were the event of the year, having in the eyes of the fur traders, something of the nature of the Caravan for Mecca, about them. Distance was counted by the voyageurs, by the smoking of a pipe, counting a pipe to a league, which was two or three miles.

Many of the Red River settlers commanded these brigades and such were the means of transportation over the vast water systems of Rupert's Land in the early days.

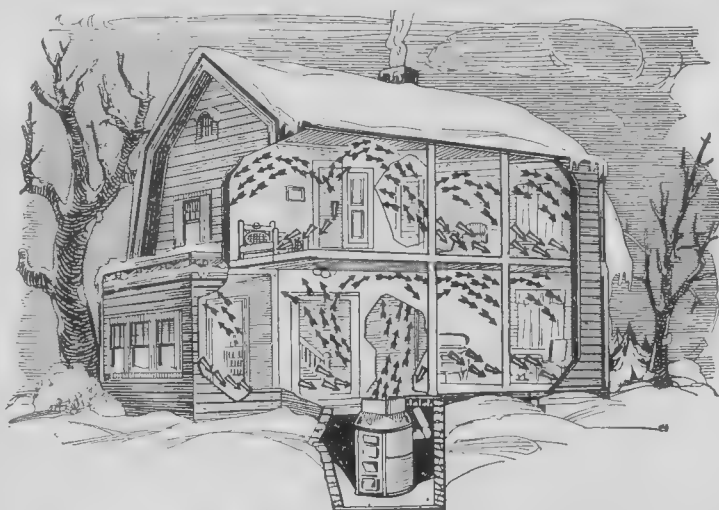
Montreal was one of the great centres of the fur trade of this New World, and from Lachine, at the head of the rapids the departure of the voyageurs, on the long journey to the distant fur country, was an event. Heavy canoes were used for freight, and light canoes, sometimes manned with ten or twelve men, took the officers, at great speed along the routes. In the governor's or chief factor's brigade, each voyageur wore a feather in his cap, and the brigade swept on, keeping time with their paddles, as the old French boat songs were gaily sung. After the hardships of hundreds of miles of journeying, Fort William, the goal of the Montreal voyageur was reached. Around the walls of this fort, a great encampment was made. The East and West met in rivalry. Then followed days of waiting, unloading, loading and feasting and the Montreal

voyageurs turned their faces homeward.

Land as well as water transport was necessary and the Red River Cart, drawn by Indian ponies or oxen, served this purpose. These carts were made entirely of wood and an Indian pony, with a load of five hundred pounds, travelled about fifty miles a day. A brigade consisted of ten carts, in charge of three men. Five or six brigades were joined in one train and all placed under a guide who travelled on horse-back and was responsible for all the details of camping. In addition to the primitive appearance of these carts, they were never oiled or greased, and the discordant music made by them, attracted much attention.

A notable cart trail and freighting road was that from Fort Garry to St. Paul, Minnesota. Every season, about three hundred carts employing one hundred men, departed to St. Paul, carrying huge bales of choice furs. Great loads were in this way conveyed from one post to another.

Trade and communication between the Pacific coast and the interior Mountain Country, was carried on with pack horses and some of the old trails of the great fur brigades are still well beaten roads. The old Hudson Bay trail around Okanagan Lake is still of service and a trader, Tom McKay is credited with blazing it in 1824. These brigades contained as many as three hundred horses and a large company of people. A couple of expert hunters travelled ahead, choosing camping grounds and the brigade filed down the trail with merchandise or furs, camp pots and blankets. First came the factor or chief trader, dressed in his suit of broad cloth with white shirt and collar to his ears, wearing on his head the tall beaver hat of that day. His position demanded an impressive appearance and he had rather a hard time riding under some of the trees, with that stove pipe hat. He carried the old fire bag, containing flint and steel, tinder-box touch wood and tobacco. This kit carries even to the present day, by the fur traders and mail carriers, in the North Country. The factor's tent is always first to be erect-



OUR RECORD:—Built and equipped 125 schools in Saskatchewan, and equipped 275 schools each year for the last three years. For the past eight years we have designed over nine-tenths of all one and two-room schools in Saskatchewan. The Rural Schools in the Western Provinces have more Waterbury Heaters than all other makes of heaters combined.

Waterbury Seamless Pipeless Furnace

FOR HOMES, SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES

This is making a definite statement that is easily verified. Nearly four thousand equipments have been sold, and they are all operated on the same principle as the Waterbury Pipeless Furnace, which

- Can be installed in any basement or cellar in one day.
- Reduced fire risk—burns any fuel.
- Heats rooms with moistened warm air.
- Operates just like a stove, so no experience is necessary to run.
- Is furnished complete, ready to set up, with casing, registers and all necessary fittings.

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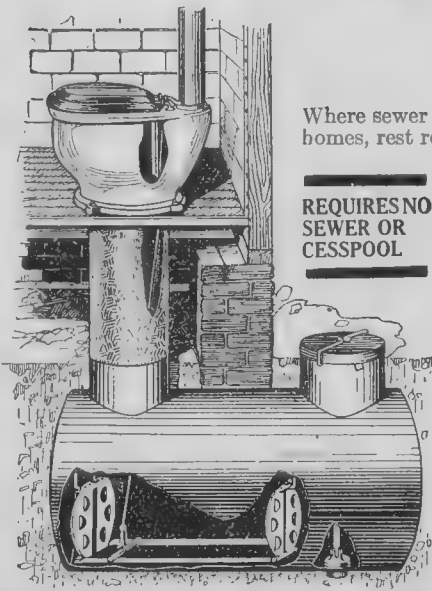
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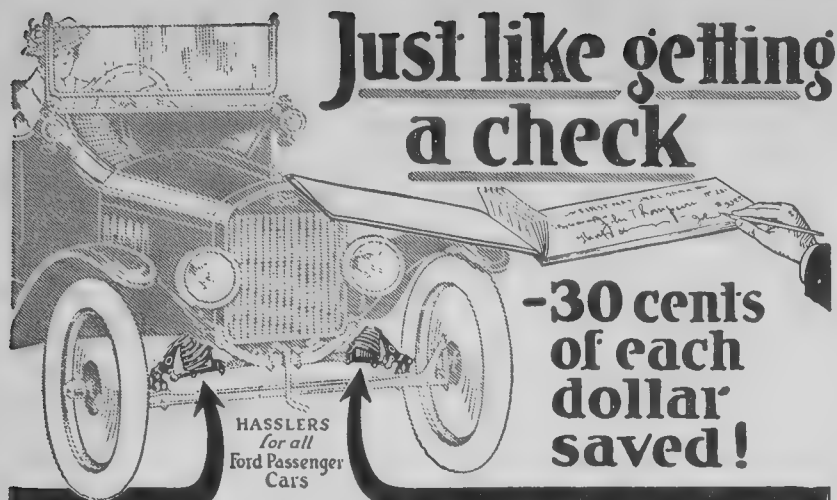
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ed and he must have a separate fire, when in camp. Salutes were fired on his departure from and return to a fort. All this ceremony was considered necessary, as it had a good effect upon the Indians and added dignity in the eyes of those under his command. That beaver hat was the envy of the Indians and proud, indeed, was the Indian who was fortunate enough to be presented with the factor's cast off hat. It would be worn on all occasions. He might be divested of everything but the hat in warm weather. Riding beside the trader, there is frequently a priest or missionary. Next came the piper, for no Hudson Bay fur brigade was complete without the bag pipes and many a strathspey has echoed back from the rocks and hills by the old Hudson's Bay trail. Records state that on one occasion

a brigade was coming up a river in canoes and the Indians were gathered in a certain place planning to rob the traders of their goods. The white men saw their danger in time but instead of turning in flight, the piper struck up his pipes, the voyageurs dug in their paddles, chanting one of the river songs and they dashed through the astonished natives, without trouble.

These brigades were often annoyed by the Indians, who had a habit of running off with their horses at night and offering to find them in the morning, on payment of tobacco.

These various primitive methods of travel added a picturesque interest to the life of the settlers and the daring traders, under the most difficult conditions, started our Dominion on a career of progress and prosperity.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ The Quaint Old Fur-Traders ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By Charlotte Gordon

MORE fascinating records cannot be found, than those of the old fur-traders, hardy voyageurs, trappers and sturdy pathfinders. Nearly all descendants of adventurous warriors and living amid the excitement of almost savage life, their lives were full of novel and exciting events, as has been the case in each stage of pioneering and colonization on this continent. These enterprising and daring traders lived through stormy times, when the reaching out in fur-trade always met with opposition from the Indians and warfare and its tragedies followed. Hostilities were carried on, as well, between the rival fur companies and the fierceness of the struggle for the fur-trade was great. This vast country was the fur-traders' paradise, which course has always been a Northern one and more than half the valuable furs of the world have been obtained in the wild regions of the Dominion of Canada. These pushing traders travelled the fertile prairies of bewildering distances, the vast water stretches being their chief means of communication and on and up, winding their way through mountains, lakes and streams, ever finding favorite resorts of the mighty hunter. The trading posts were hundreds of miles apart, scattered over vast areas and brigades of traders carried communications from post to post. Under wise government, order was restored after a time, trade was placed on a firm basis, the Indians were encouraged and under more peaceful conditions, the better life of the trader developed.

So rapidly have the old habits and customs of these lords of the forest and stream passed away, that the records of their mode of life and character, influenced by their strange environment will ever be romantic reading.

The story of "Queer Old Peter Fidler" tells of one of the many unique characters and helps to picture the life of the period.

From the diary of the quaint old trader, it is gathered that he was born in 1769, in the county of Derby, England and arrived in Rupert Land about 1791, engaging in the fur trade. He was very energetic in the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company and represented them in various centres, throughout the fur regions, one of these being Cumberland House, the oldest post of the company in the interior.

From his documents, it is obvious that he was a man of education and literary tastes, as he left a collection of five hundred books, to be the nucleus of a library, for the use of the Selkirk colonists. These books were afterwards included in the Red River library and the volumes are to be seen in Winnipeg, to this day. In his will, he is called a "surveyor" as well as a trader and made certain valuable surveys for the Selkirk settlers in the parish of Kildonan. Later, Fidler was placed in charge of the Red River district and is described as arbitrary and head strong. He is especially interesting because of the records of his eccentric will.

The first request is to be buried in the colony of the Red River and directs that his journals, as well as his observations and map, be given to the committee of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company. His cattle, swine and poultry

were to be left for the sole use of the colony and if any of his children were to ask for a pair of these aforesaid animals or fowls, their request was to be granted. To his Indian wife, Mary Fidler, he bequeathed fifteen pounds a year, for life, to be paid to her in goods from the Hudson's Bay Company store, to be charged against his interest account, in the hands of the company.

The will further requested that the interest on all the rest of the money, belonging to him, in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company or Bank of England, be divided among his children, according to their needs.

After the interest of Fidler's money had been divided among his children, till the youngest child, Peter, should come of age, the testator makes the following remarkable disposal of his residue—that all the money in funds and personal property, with interest, be placed in the public funds and continue so, until August, the sixteenth, 1969, this being the two hundredth anniversary of his birth. Then the whole amount of the principal and interest, so accumulated, was to be placed at the disposal of the next male heir, in direct descent from his son, Peter Fidler, or next of kin. This was dated, August, the sixteenth, 1821, and Fidler died the following year. Certain executors were named who afterwards renounced the probate and execution of the will and his son, Thomas Fidler, was appointed to administer it. A considerable interest in this will has been shown by the descendants of Peter Fidler, a number of whom still live in the Province of Manitoba, on the banks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. Lawyers, from time to time, have been appointed to seek out the residue, which under the will, ought to be in process of accumulation till 1969, but no trace of it can be found in Hudson's Bay Company or Bank of England accounts, though diligent search has been made.

Descendants to the fourth generation of John Pritchard, fur trader, live in Manitoba to-day. The name was known on the Red River in the beginning of the nineteenth century, before the coming of the Selkirk Colony. Born in Shropshire, England in 1777, he received his education in the grammar school of Shrewsbury and early in the century, emigrated to Montreal. The ferment among the fur companies was great and the old North West Company, having split into sections, the new or N. Y. Company was formed and with it John Pritchard obtained employment. In 1805, he was in the company's employ, at the mouth of the Souris River and while there, had a most thrilling adventure. In going up the Assiniboine River to Fort Qu'Appelle, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, he became parted from his travelling companions, in looking for horses and following a different stream, the Pipestone, was lost for forty days. For ten days he lived on frogs, two hawks and a few other birds, but his strength was nearly gone and only a wonderful vitality made him struggle on. He was obliged to tear up his clothing to make covering for his feet. Wandering in the region of the wild prairie turnip, he subsisted on that. Finally he came to two vacant, wintering houses of the fur-traders and

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was there able to identify his locality, estimating that he was sixty miles directly south of his trading post. In the vacant houses, he found a pair of boots and several pairs of socks. Very soon, he was met by a band of Indians who were much shocked at his emaciated appearance. They took very good care of him, carrying him, at times unconscious, to his fort, which he reached, after an absence of forty days. The Cree Indians, after the adventure, called him the "Manitou" or "Great Spirit". The Assiniboines called him "Cheepe" or the corpse, because of his wane appearance but he recovered in due time.

In the Seven Oaks trouble, John Pritchard was one of the garrison, occupying Fort Douglas. When he sought to escape, with the other settlers, to the North of Lake Winnipeg, he was made a prisoner by the North West Company's agents and taken to Fort William. Later in Montreal, he gave evidence in connection with the Red River troubles and was spoken of as capable and diplomatic in his work.

Many useful years of life were lived on the east side of Red River, near the old Kildonan church. Closely identified with the welfare of the settlement, he promoted the establishing of day schools, Sunday schools, building of churches and aided in the educational development of the community. The Hudson's Bay Company recognized his services by a gratuity. He died in 1856 and rests in the historic old St. John's cemetery in Winnipeg.

The traditions and records of the men of this period would indicate mental culture and the desire to promote the best in the historical drama that was developing.

The Last Sacrifice

By Alice M. Toon

THE clock struck eight as the old woman opened her eyes. She had been lying on her back, as was her wont, and now she turned her head ever so slightly toward the window. She heard a subdued murmur outside—Jane's voice and—whose? After listening a moment she decided it was George Martin's. How long since she had last heard that voice? The tired brain endeavored to think: two—three—yes, it was three years.

Long ago, when Jane was young and pretty, she and George Martin had been the best of friends. Jane's mother tried to remember just when he had left town. Finally she fixed upon the time, shortly after the accident to herself which had pinned her to the bed—full twelve years ago; and Jane had gradually changed from a gay and jolly girl to a quiet and austere woman.

The old mother stirred uneasily, the sharp twinge in her side warned her not to stir too much. The voices grew a little more distinct, Jane's decided and crisp, George's deep and persuasive. Little by little the meaning of the disconnecting and barely audible words sifted through the sick woman's brain, and finally as she gathered the gist of the conversation, she listened unashamed.

"No use, George," said Jane, evidently replying to an argument from her companion. "Don't ask me. I have stayed by her this long—I will stay by her till the end."

"But Jane," pleaded the man, raising his voice in his earnestness, "let me stay too. I've waited a long time, and remember, I have your promise. We're neither of us growing younger. If you'd only let me take the helm—"

"No—no!"

"But listen; let me help. You're tired out, Jane. She's good for months yet—maybe years. Are you going to waste your life and mine?"

"My mother, George, my mother," moaned Jane. "She has sacrificed for me all these years. Shall I do less for her?"

"I know she's your mother," George carried. The figure on the bed was rigid with listening. "But you've given up twelve years to her now. We could take better care of her together than you can alone. She don't see, Jane, that you're losing all that's best in life. She's grown selfish, having you at her beck and call all this time—sh—sh."

"I'd die for my mother," sobbed Jane, fiercely.

"That's the last sacrifice anybody can make," George returned, impatiently. "No, you'll live for her and that's a sight harder to do."

Jane did not reply. The mother felt the slow tears of age gather. After a moment George spoke again.

"Won't you let me help take care of her—our mother, Jane?"

"Don't—don't make it so hard, George," whispered Jane, imploringly. "You don't understand. She's used to me. It worries her to have strangers about. Oh, forget me, George."

"I'm likely to," said George, with a short laugh, after all these years. No, I'll go now, Jane, but I'm coming back to-morrow for a final answer. Think it over, dear, and don't say no. I'll do my share."

"You're a good man, George," faltered Jane, as she stood beside him on the steps, and to the listening ears there came the sound of a kiss, and then footsteps on the gravel walk.

Jane came softly into the room and leaned over the bed. Her mother was breathing regularly as she feigned sleep, and Jane sank into her rocker with a sigh. The struggle she had gone through had wearied her, and presently she slept. A stray tear glistened on her lashes, and in repose her face lost its angularity, and seemed to take on some of its youthful roundness. The poor old woman on her pillow looked at her daughter yearningly.

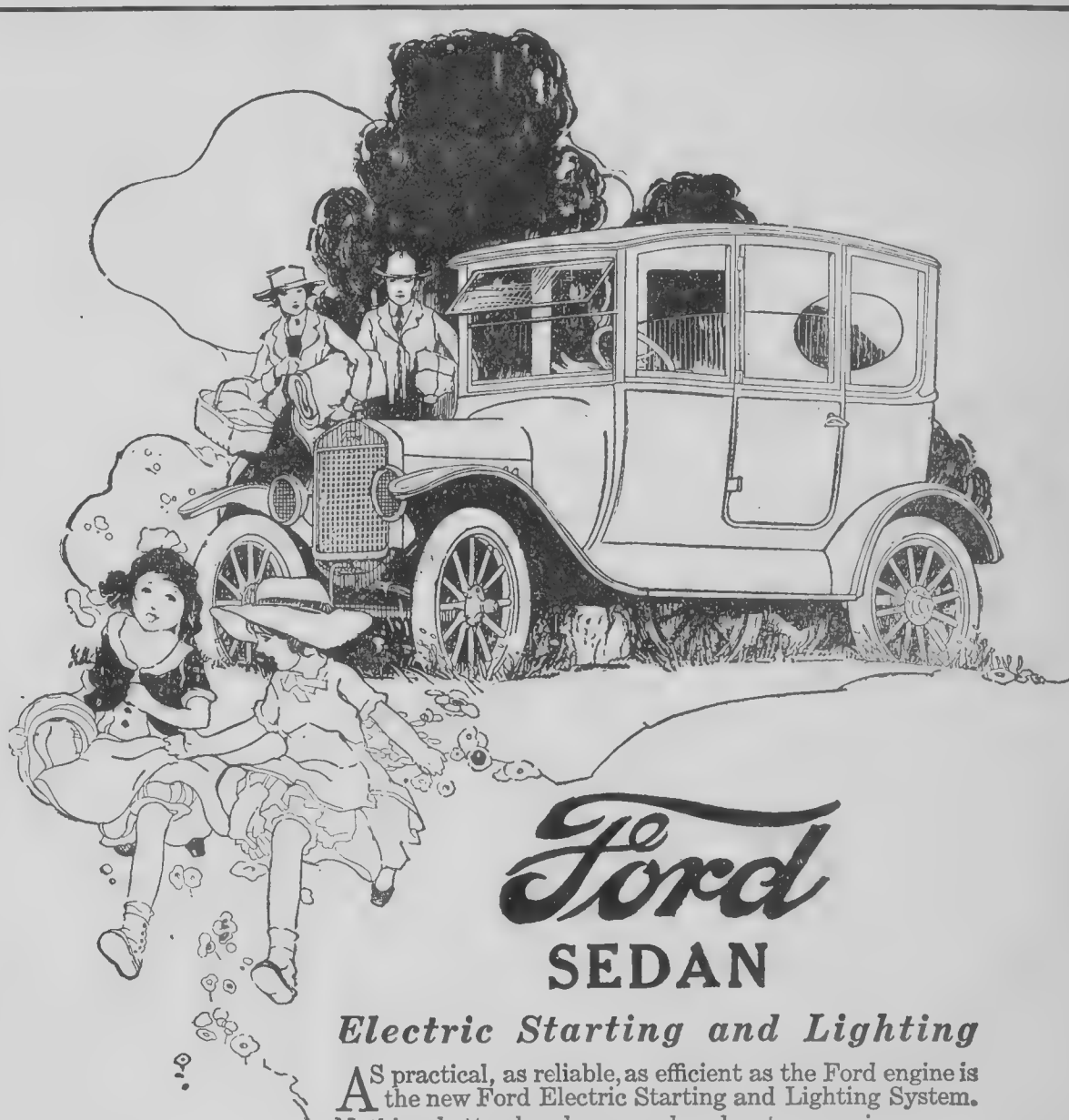
"Poor Jane," she thought, "she's been a good girl. George was not the only lover she might have had. She ought to be happy—poor child!" She lost herself presently and dropped into a light doze; but a thought was formulating

in the feeble brain, and slowly it gathered shape. What was it George had said? Something about dying—he had mentioned sacrifice—she moved impatiently, and the stabbing pain attacked her, shrieking warning through her nerves. After the dizziness consequent upon the movement had passed, the thought still remained.

"To sacrifice—to die—to sacrifice—" the words trailed in a slow procession through her mind. A tear rolled down her sunken cheek; she groped for her handkerchief, but could not find it, and finally wiped away the tear with her nightgown sleeve.

Jane stirred. She was evidently dreaming, for she smiled, and sighed, then smiled again. To the dim eyes regarding her, she looked eighteen once more.

The old woman felt thirsty. Usually she querulously stated her need of a drink



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to Jane. To-night she lay for some time, until the craving for water became imperative; then she whispered, "Jane."

Jane's lips moved.

"George," she murmured.

The mother gave a gasp and a sob.

"Even in her sleep she wants him," she thought, bitterly. "Sacrifice—sacrifice."

A little bottle stood on the stand at the head of the bed—the bottle contained her quieting drops. The word that stood for everything left in her world again filtered through her senses, and with it George's contemptuous comment, "to die is the last sacrifice anybody can make. Well, she would make it. Jane should not do it all, flickering shadow wavered before her; she tried to fix her thoughts on something definite, but everything seemed to escape her.

At last came the remembrance of George, and his coming on the morrow. She laboriously turned her old body in the bed. Each motion excruciating agony. It took a long time, but at last she was turned over. And now began a longer operation—the drawing up of herself to a position from which she could reach the stand. She choked back a groan, whispered, with scarce a movement of her lips, "sacrifice."

Now it was done. She extended a skinny hand, and took the bottle in her feeble grasp; the spoon lay beside it, but she had neither the strength nor the courage to pick it up.

She let herself down carefully upon her pillow, and despite the racking pain that assailed her, drew a breath of relief. Her head swam, her senses seemed to leave her, she was near collapse. But one thought still possessed her—the sacrifice for Jane.

After what seemed a long time, her brain cleared. She wondered how she had managed to secure the bottle without waking Jane. It had taken so long, she felt that in some way a groan must have escaped her. She recalled the stinging pain, and arrested herself in the act of moving again; she could endure no more.

She languidly raised the bottle and looked at the dark-colored liquid. She had watched Jane measure her medicine many a time. Once when she had gotten a drop too many, she had poured it all back and wiped the spoon before beginning the dropping over again. She wondered if she could take too much. She seemed to remember having read or heard that too much of any medicine defeated one's purpose. She pondered.

She tilted the medicine to her lips, and her weak hand lost its grip as Jane stirred. The bottle went clattering to the floor, and Jane, with the instant action of a trained nurse, was on her feet her alert glance taking in the dark liquid trailing over the rug, and her mothers distressed and fearful look.

"Mother!" she cried. "What are you doing?" She picked up the bottle, and with it in her hand stood over the bed. "Tell me, have you taken any?"

The mother whimpered, shaking her gray head. Jane was unconvinced. She scrutinized the contents, then leaned over and sniffed at the sick woman's breath.

"It's a good thing that you didn't take any," said Jane, in a relieved tone. "I'll give you a dose if the pain is so bad."

"No—no," gasped the mother. "Oh, Jane, I want you to be happy with George."

Jane stared at her mother. Slowly her face changed. She set the bottle down hardly, and fell upon her knees at the bedside.

"Mother! Mother!" she gasped. "Do you think I could ever be happy a minute if you—you—oh, how could you? Poor, poor mother!"

Overstrained, Jane put her head down on the pillow and burst into tears, the first her mother had seen her shed for years. It frightened her. Jane the contained, the self reliant, to weep like this. She patted the arm outstretched along the counterpane.

"There—there," she crooned.

Jane raised her head.

"Did you hear—us?" she asked, and added, before her mother could speak, "of course you did. How thoughtless—how careless of me. Oh, Mother, forgive me."

"I'm such a burden," sobbed the mother. "If I were gone—"

"Hush," interrupted Jane. "Don't say such a thing; don't think it; I can't hear

it." After a moment she wiped her eyes and stood up.

"Now, Mother," she said, more quietly, "you must rest. So much excitement is bad." She picked up the bottle and held it to the light.

"Shall I give you some, dear?" she asked smoothing back the rumpled hair, "or can you sleep without it?"

The mother gave a tremulous smile.

"I can sleep," she said hesitatingly, "if you'll tell George to-morrow that he can help you, Jane. He's so—strong."

With a swift girl-like motion Jane bent and kissed her.

"You'll not think I care any less for you, Mother, dear?" she whispered.

Western Verse

THE DAY'S WORK

By Grace G. Bostwick

It is a trail on which I upward climb
Without a fear, though dark the way
may prove,
Assured of light as to the plan sublime

When I shall reach the utmost height
of love
It is a sacred cup of which I drink,
Thankful of heart that God has brewed
it so—

Mixed sweet with bitter wine—I do not
shrink,
For that the draught is good I surely
know.

It is a song of love. Each word a prayer
Each note a bit of praise that lifts the
hour
To melody of dreams. Its rhythm rare
Throbs softly in the pulse of life's own
power.

It is a trail that leads to home and peace;
It is a cup that draws each soul to soul;
It is a song of love that brings surcease
Of sorrows as, inspired, I glimpse life's
goal!

LITTLE WOODEN CROSSES

By A.O.B.

There are little plots and patches in a land
of blight and flame,
Where the world's free sunlight turns
to sombre gray;

But brightly they are shining, how proudly
they proclaim—
"We are part of dear old Canada today,"
And the tiny wooden crosses call aloud
the reason why,

As they guard each little heritage the
while:
"We called him to the sacrifice: Oh! God,
the price was high!
"But he bravely came and paid it—with
a smile!"

"He shirked not on his acres in a peaceful
land and fair,
"He saw the duty, none but he could do,
"He realized our tragedy, but he was
blithe to dare,

"For his home, his name, his Canada,
and you!"
"But he's calling, ever pleading to the ones
he left at home:

"Is my sacrifice to be at last in vain?
"Won't you vindicate me, comrades, see
that justice now is done?"

"Help the right to lift her head and
reign again?"

"From the spirit world we're watching,
we begrudge you not your joy,
"When the glad New Year shall flood
the world with Peace,"

"But remember. Oh! remember, what
the war has cost your boy,
"When you sign the pact that bids the
horror cease."

"His little bit of Canada we'll guard thro'
future years,
"No foreign foot shall desecrate his
claim;

"Oh! so proudly now he holds it, his glor-
ious title clears
"The mists that rise, as you may trace
his name."

Oh! those little wooden crosses and the
kingdoms that they guard,
Those priceless little plots of hallowed
clay,

Can we shirk their silent pleading, their
mandate disregard,
When we realize the price they had to pay

For when the call shall come for us to cross
the Great Divide,
And we're summoned to the realm be-
yond the veil,

When we stand in grand review before our
brothers who have died,
Will they greet us, knowing that we
did not fail?

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The Loss of the Blue Diamond

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

CHAPTER I

How It Disappeared

THE Rt. Hon. Hannibal Mannering, one of His Britannic Majesty's Secretaries of State, was an immensely clever man. Nature gave him brains, good-fortune made him a pillar of the Government and a popular idol. Even his hobby—for he was far too notable a person to be able to dispense with a "weakness"—had been lucky enough to seize upon the public interest, and during the fifteen years of his political life it had been paragraphed in every language of the globe. What his collars were to a certain great statesman, Hannibal Mannering's breastpins were to him.

Breastpins of gold, breastpins of silver, breastpins with heads of turquoise, ruby, sapphire, emerald, opal; breastpins with histories and without; breastpins made from jewels worn by kings upon the scaffold or taken from some world-famous shrine; breastpins with priceless cameos—Mr. Mannering's collection was invaluable and unique. Every afternoon during the Session, as he took his seat in the House, the reporters in the Press Gallery strained their eyes to discover, for the information of a curious public, which of his many treasures Mr. Mannering had donned.

Chief among his varied stock of these costly trifles was a pin mounting a magnificent blue diamond, of a size, lustre, and brilliance, believed to be without parallel in the world. When, with his gem in his ample scarf, he took his seat on the Treasury Bench, he seemed to have three eyes of a twinkling, scintillating azure—those under his bushy brows and sloping forehead; the third, that glittering star which winked and shimmered on his breast.

Among the admirers of Mr. Mannering's collection in general, and of the blue diamond in particular, was Mr. Aviragous Moss, the member for West Holborn, principal partner in the Hatton Garden diamond firm of Moss, Moss Lowenfield. He had been instrumental in obtaining for the Home Secretary some of the finest of his pins, and had given expert advice upon the purchasing of many others. The blue diamond, alas, had not only been bought elsewhere, but in obtaining it, at a fabulous sum, Mr. Mannering had unwittingly been bidding against Mr. Moss, who had been privately treating for the same stone on behalf of a foreign potentate. But Hannibal Mannering named a tempting price, and before Mr. Moss could ask his august client's permission to cover it, the owner of the jewel had closed with the offer, and the Home Secretary was victorious.

The great gem-dealer accepted his defeat philosophically enough, but it became a stock jest in the lobbies that Moss always turned green when Mr. Mannering sported his blue diamond. However, if it were still true that he coveted the stone, he sat immediately behind the Home Secretary, and, failing the discovery of spectacles with properties resembling those of the Röntgen rays, he could not, if he would, have feasted his hungry gaze upon the jewel in the fashion suggested by the wits of the smoking-room.

It will be remembered by many that the Home Secretary wore the pin in question upon the night of his extremely bitter and able reply to the Radical criticism of his Re-housing Bill. When he sat down, assuming, as was his custom, a drowsy calm, he leaned back in his seat, crossed his legs, and closed his eyes. Five minutes later an Irish member was in the thick of a tussle with the Speaker, and the House was rocking with excitement. But few noticed that during the altercation Mr. Mannering had roused himself, and was carrying on a whispered conversation with his neighbors to right and left and at his back. When the fighting Irishman had made his peace, and the tumult was subdued, Mr. Mannering got up, white, and trembling, apparently with passion.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, nervously, "I—I have to claim your protection from what is either an atrociously foolish practical joke, or an outrage on the decency of this House. When I sat down after last addressing you, sir, I was wearing a breastpin of some value. Honourable members may be acquainted

with my possibly unreasonable interest in this particular class of ornament. That I entered the precincts of the House with the article in question actually in my possession, my honourable friends the Leader of the House and the Chancellor of the Exchequer can testify; the latter of whom noticed as I sat down that I had, with its assistance, arranged my scarf in a somewhat novel fashion."

A dead silence reigned in the puzzled audience, yet a thrill of indescribable agitation pervaded it.

"A few moments ago," continued the Home Secretary, "I was astounded to discover that I was no longer the owner of the pin—a gold one, with a favourite blue diamond head. Honourable members around me repudiate any knowledge of its disappearance, and allege most seriously that neither in a spirit of playfulness nor out of any other motive have they abstracted the missing article, which, however, is not to be found in any immediate vicinity. I am therefore compelled, Mr. Speaker, to solicit your intervention."

The Speaker gasped.

"While I deeply regret the untoward incident to which the member for Leasowe has called my attention," he stammered, "I fear that neither the House nor myself has power to enter into an inquisition upon the persons or the integrity of honourable members individually."

"Then," said the Home Secretary, rising fiercely, "I have no alternative but to place the matter in other hands." And with this ominous remark he strode out of the House. The Commons poured excitedly into the lobbies, buzzing like a swarm of bees; a sensible member of the Government put up a rank-and-file M.P. to provoke a count-out, and the sitting terminated abruptly.

CHAPTER II.

"Mademoiselle Mystery."

For an hour the Home Secretary fretted in his private room, then he sprang from his chair and marched into the corridor, to meet, as fate would have it, no less a person than Mr. Aviragous Moss, the Hatton Garden diamond merchant—a stout figure in a padded frock and curly silk hat. He greeted Mr. Mannering fussily.

"My dear fellow," he began, "allow me to condole you on your loss. Everybody is shocked that it should have occurred among—er!—among such an assembly as this. May it not be possible that the whole affair is an accident? You have such a vigorous style, you know, the pin may have worked loose when you were pitching into the Opposition. It might easily have fallen out and rolled away unperceived while the attention of the House was riveted upon your arguments. Eh, don't you think so?" And he rubbed his fat hands inquiringly.

The Home Secretary scowled at the questioner.

"How far do you suppose it will roll," he asked, with chilling emphasis, "as far as Beluchistan—the Ameer might be offered it before he could hear of the way in which it was obtained."

"Good gracious, Mannering!" cried the gem dealer, "what do you mean?"

"I mean," snarled the other, "that you have always wanted that stone—why, man! its common gossip that the Ameer has doubled his limit since I bought the thing. You yourself guaranteed me fifty per cent profit if I would sell."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Moss, growing livid, as he peered into the scornful face of the Home Secretary.

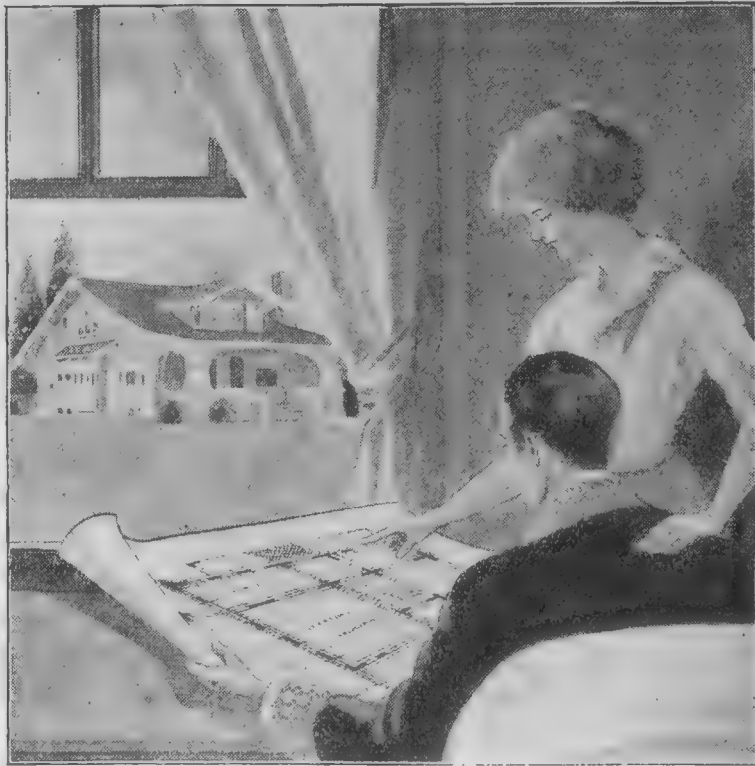
"Pshaw! retorted Hannibal Mannering, "who should understand better than you. You have sat immediately behind me every night since the Session opened—you who sat behind me to-night."

Aviragous Moss tottered.

"Great heavens, Mannering!" he whispered, "you don't mean that. You'll ruin me body and soul if you breathe that where anyone but us two can hear it. Besides, I—I wasn't in the House when you found the diamond was lost; I've only heard about it."

"An alibi, eh?" sneered the Home Secretary; "and where were you, may I ask?"

"I—I can't say," gurgled the terrified Moss, "but I'll swear I wasn't in the House to-night during the sitting."



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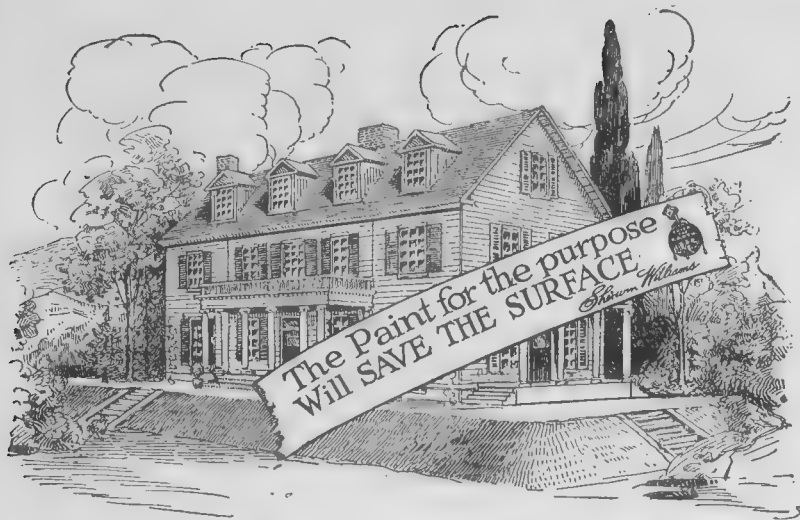
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"Lopes and Goswell were with me on the Treasury Bench," answered Hannibal Mannering drily, "and saw me speak to you."

The diamond merchant cowered in his fright.

"There's a terrible mistake somewhere," he groaned, "but for pity's sake don't bring such a charge against me—I'll get you another stone like it if I can, though heaven knows where I am to search for one. I'll spend half my fortune, Mannering, if you'll only give me time—don't, don't ruin me!"

"Restore the pin, then," offered the Secretary, relenting, "and ask for the Chiltern Hundreds, and I'll do my best to let you down easily. But after my action to-night, I must justify myself to some extent."

"I tell you I haven't got the pin," cried the M.P. "How can I have what I never had?"

Hannibal Mannering turned on his heel.

"Since you take that line," he retorted, "I have nothing further to say." And he went off down the corridor, leaving the diamond merchant alone. Aviragous Moss mopped his pink forehead with an enormous silk handkerchief. He was shaking in every limb.

A messenger intercepted the Home Secretary's progress.

"Please, sir," he said, "a lady wishes to see you," and he held out the slip of paper familiar to applicants at St. Stephen's Hall. It bore a name, a West End address, and, in the last space of the docket, the words "Private and important."

Hannibal Mannering looked at the white square. "Ask Mr. Roberts to see her for me," he instructed. Roberts was his own secretary, a discreet young Welshman.

"Yes, sir," replied the attendant, and went off along the corridor. The Home Secretary resigned himself to a throng of sympathetic inquirers. The youthful Roberts, returning from the prescribed interview, rescued his chief politely.

"That lady you sent me to see, sir,—"

he said.

"Well?" demanded Hannibal Mannering, impatiently.

"Extraordinary as it seems, sir," reported the young Welshman, "she knows something about your pin, but I could get nothing precise out of her; she insists on seeing you."

"What class does she belong to?" demanded his chief.

Roberts pursed his shrewd lips. "She's not a Vere de Vere," he decided, "but she's a very good imitation. Tall and dark, evening dress, strikingly handsome."

Hannibal Mannering shrugged his shoulders.

"Odd, extremely," he admitted. "Very well, Roberts, I'll have a look at her."

He went through to St. Stephen's Hall, and the constable called his name. A lady stepped forward—a handsome, black-browed beauty, in amber satin and a splendid opera cloak. The Home Secretary raised his hat. "I'm afraid I haven't the pleasure," he said.

"I have already given one nom de guerre," objected a pair of humorous lips. "However, I will be more honest with you, Mr. Mannering; you shall call me Mystery. You have lost a certain article of value; I come to treat for its return."

Hannibal Mannering gazed at her irresolutely.

"You are wondering no doubt," went on his visitor, gaily, "whether you should not call one of those fat policemen and have me arrested. But, consider, I am only a woman, a frail, delicate woman, with a charming figure and a pretty frock. I shall deny all you say; you will find out nothing, and you will get yourself laughed at into the bargain. Tell me, do you want your diamond back?"

"Naturally," responded the surprised politician.

"Then," responded the lady in the amber frock, "get into my carriage and I will take you to those who have power to arrange terms."

"No, thank you, Mademoiselle Mystery, said Hannibal Mannering, "you would be wanting a ransom for me next."

Mademoiselle Mystery frowned. "You shall be as safe as on the Treasury Bench," she promised.

"My pin, it appears, was not safe even there," demurred the Secretary, "so your comparison is a bad one. No, if you will state your terms here and now, I

will give them my immediate attention."

"Three thousand pounds, and no questions asked," he was told abruptly.

Hannibal Mannering winced.

"My answer is 'No,'" he said crisply.

"The diamond is worth five," protested the beauty, settling her cloak over her gleaming shoulders.

"I was not contemplating the question of price," said the Home Secretary. "In my annoyance at having the jewel so impudently stolen from me in the House itself, and so obviously by a member, I called the Speaker's attention to my loss. Incidentally, I may remark that I believe myself able to identify the probable criminal, though I must admit that I did not consider him ingenious enough to choose as his accomplice in his—his crime, a woman, nor did I anticipate his being sufficiently insolent to offer me the refusal of my own property. However, his device is useless; the publicity of my proceedings in the House to-night demands that I should substantiate at least in some measure the charge I made."

"That cannot be thought of for a moment," snapped the red lips.

"Then the matter must remain in the hands of the police," retorted Hannibal Mannering, and turned from the fair negotiator.

"No, no!" she cried, you must be sensible. We have counted all along upon your looking at it in a common sense fashion. Do as we wish, and you can have your pin back in an hour. What is two or three thousand to you?"

"I have already observed," persisted the Home Secretary, "that the question of money has nothing to do with it."

Mademoiselle Mystery, as he had called her, stamped her foot impatiently.

"Very well," she said, "I must leave you to it, I suppose, but you will never be able to prove anything, and you won't even have your diamond back to comfort you. Good-bye, Mr. Mannering; don't have me followed, it really isn't worth it—I have taken all precautions."

She bowed, and went across the Hall. As she did so, Mr. Aviragous Moss, coming from the inner lobby, met her face to face. The Home Secretary saw that he halted and looked at her fixedly. Mademoiselle Mystery tossed her handsome head, and passed towards the doors which led to the public entrance. Mr. Moss hurried after and spoke to her. She paused fretfully, and exchanged a few words with him.

Hannibal Mannering struck by an idea hastened into the interior of the House, threaded the corridors at something like a trot, got into the Palace Yard by the members' exit, and went round to the front of St. Stephen's House. A stylish brougham and pair were waiting at the pavement edge, the November fog eddying about the lighted lamps and steaming bays. A cautious glimpse into the Hall itself showed Mannering that Moss and the dark-haired beauty were still in conversation. The Home Secretary strode to a neighboring stand and chartered a hansom.

"Follow that brougham as soon as it moves off," he ordered, "and hang on to it like grim death."

The order being supported by a sovereign the Jehu nodded, and took up his whip. Hannibal Mannering got in, and strained his eyes to see if, as he suspected, the carriage was indeed that of Mademoiselle Mystery.

Yes, he was right; she came running down the steps, and sprang into the brougham as a constable opened the door. The bays went off at a daring pace, so did the dappled grey in the Home Secretary's cab. But the fog was thick, and neither could long achieve an exceptional rate of speed.

From Westminster to Maida Vale the two vehicles kept closely together. At last in a gloomy part of the latter thoroughfare, the brougham drew in to the kerb, and for a single instant slackened speed. The apron of the hansom had been left open by its fare. He leaned forward then leapt out and dived into the fog. During its momentary pause, a dark-robed shape had stepped out of the brougham and darted down a side street. The Home Secretary followed it.

Under a caught-up mackintosh he perceived a flutter of amber skirts, and knew that he had not been led astray. Tracking his prey with rapid caution, he marked her entry at an unlighted door in a dingy thoroughfare, noted the

number, and went back into the Edgeware-road.

At a convenient pawnbroker's he overhauled a choice selection of revolvers, chose a lilliputian one that had a few cartridges in its mahogany case and paid for it. In a sheltering alley he loaded the weapon, pocketed the balance of the ammunition, and threw the case away. A minute later he was knocking at the door which had received Mademoiselle Mystery.

CHAPTER III.

A Family Party

A slatternly female opened to his summons.

"I wish to see the lady who has just come in," said Hannibal Mannering. "Tell her a gentleman has called with a message from Westminster."

The old dame asked him over the threshold, and took herself upstairs. The Home Secretary waited, wrapping his weapon skillfully in his handkerchief, and slipping it into his left sleeve. The trigger was very stiff; he risked leaving the pistol at full cock.

A cracked voice called to him over the bannisters to come up. He acted on the suggestion, and found himself in a comfortably furnished, brightly illuminated apartment.

"Mrs. Moss will see you in a moment," said his guide, and went out, shutting the door behind her.

Hannibal Mannering's pulses beat quickly; he felt that he was indeed on the track of the blue diamond. He chose a corner seat that had no door or cupboard behind it, and having thus entrenched himself in a strategic position, possessed his soul in patience.

Presently "Mademoiselle Mystery" herself entered. She was still wearing the highly effective costume of amber satin. A look of absolute amazement crossed her face as she beheld him. The Home Secretary felt that he had gained a point—he had shown this extremely cool person that he could out-manoeuvre her.

"You see I changed my mind," he said. "But how—how did you know?" stammered the other.

"Easily enough, Mrs. Moss," replied Hannibal Mannering, "too easily in fact, to be worth discussing. Let us talk about my diamond. You have it here?"

"I did not say so," parried Mademoiselle Mystery. But she had experienced a second shock of surprise at the surname which he had employed.

"You told me recently to be sensible," pursued the Home Secretary, "now I tell you the same. I know that your husband stole my pin, that he sent you to act as go-between in his project of reselling it to me. Though why he has chosen to risk his liberty and reputation over a beggarly three thousand passes my comprehension."

The dark-haired beauty smiled again. "What do you intend doing?" she asked, "having been clever enough to find all this out?"

"These are my terms," said Hannibal Mannering, resolutely: "Moss must restore the pin, confess his folly to Goswell and the Speaker, attribute it to an attack of kleptomania—though I should say bankruptcy would be a better word, judging from the surroundings for which he has abandoned his bachelor establishment—and after a decorous interval, resign. On these conditions I will satisfy myself with a simple announcement that the affair has been cleared up."

"And if we refuse?"

"Then," said the Home Secretary, "I shall be reluctantly compelled to have recourse to the law, both to regain my property, and to rid the House of a scoundrel."

"Mrs. Moss laughed shrilly. "To do that," she told him, "you would have to communicate with the law, and at present you are our prisoner, should we care to make you so."

"Indeed," said Hannibal Mannering, "and how do you imagine that would effect the issue?"

"We should bore you into submission," responded Mrs. Moss, showing her white teeth. "Besides, you are badly needed just now in the Parliament, and if you don't turn up, the Opposition will make hash of your great Bill."

"I must decline to discuss the matter any further with you, Mrs. Moss," said the Home Secretary. "You know my decision—kindly acquaint your husband with it. I shall trust to hear from him

some time tomorrow. Till then I will take no action of any sort." And Hannibal Mannering made as if to go.

Mrs. Moss ran to the other side of the room, and laid her hand on the knob of a drawer. But the Cabinet Minister had levelled his revolver at her.

"Leave that alone," he said, "or I fire; scream, and I send your landlady for the police. Sit down, you mad creature, don't you understand you're not dealing with a child?"

The reckless beauty surrendered, biting her full lower lip with her white teeth, and flashing her eyes at him tigerishly.

"Now, he pursued, "give me my pin. Tomorrow I will see Moss and arrange that the matter shall be hushed up for the sake of the House and the Party."

"I—I haven't got it," said Mrs. Moss not without a certain triumph.

"You know where it is then," persisted Hannibal Mannering.

"At present I don't even know that," rejoined the dark beauty, knitting her delicate fingers ferociously.

"Then I must ring for somebody or other and send to summon a constable."

"Do," observed Mrs. Moss, "it will make nice reading in the morning papers."

The Home Secretary paused. A heavy step was ascending the stairs without; it neared the room door. The handle turned, and upon the threshold appeared Mr. Aviragous Moss.

Hannibal Mannering spoke to him sharply, giving him no time for surprise. "Sit down on that sofa," he ordered, keeping his revolver swinging in a strategic segment of a circle, "then I can have my eye on you both!"

"Good gracious Mannering, you here! How is this?" said the gem dealer, with a sickly geniality.

"Bah!" ejaculated the Home Secretary, "hand over my pin without beating about the bush. You see I know everything."

"But, my dear fellow," said Aviragous Moss, "I haven't got the pin, I tell you."

"I see," concluded Hannibal Mannering, "that I must inevitably ring and send for a constable."

"Good heavens," besought the M.P., "don't—don't be so impatient. I'll—I'll get you the diamond, or, at least, one like it. Only give me time."

"Not another second," flamed the Cabinet Minister, "my patience is at an end." And he seized the bell-rope with his left hand.

"For goodness sake, Kitty," moaned Aviragous Moss, "own up. You've got the pin for all you denied it to me so stiffly at Westminster. I wasn't fool enough to believe you for more than a minute. That's why I came along here."

"I've not got the pin, Avvy darling," said Mrs. Moss sweetly.

Completely exasperated, Hannibal Mannering plucked at the cord by his side. A bell rang in the lower regions, and at the same second the knocker on the front door sounded loudly. The knock was answered in preference to the ring. Someone entered, mounted hurriedly the steep flight of stairs, and burst into the room.

"Well, Kit, what's the news?" cried a voice.

The Home Secretary blinked incredulously. Before him stood a perfect copy of Aviragous Moss, the same pink skin, the same flabby embonpoint, the same tall figure. A light broke in upon the Cabinet Minister's soul. He fled to the door, slammed it, set his back against it, and levelled the indispensable revolver.

"Hands up, you, sir!" he cautioned the new comer.

The reply was an oath, and a plunge towards the bureau from which Mrs. Moss had been driven vi et armis a few moments before. But Aviragous Moss flung himself upon his double.

"Guiderous," he shrieked, "are you mad?—leave it to me."

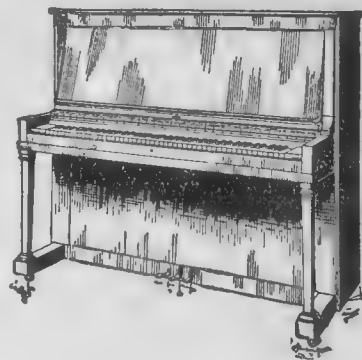
Thus adjured the other dropped moodily into a seat. Aviragous Moss pointed to him.

"That, Mr. Mannering," he said, despondently, "is my twin brother—my brother Guiderous, so named with me after some character, in a play of Shakespeare's. He is one of the most lovely blackguards in Europe, and Kitty here is a good second. For years I have been bled by him to the tune of several hundreds annually. The scandals caused by him that I have hushed up for my own sake would fill an entire number of the Times. He got me away to-night from the House

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on some fool's errand—he was supposed to be lying dying in a Westminister slum. I went. In the meanwhile, dressed as I dress, he took my place on the bench behind you, and stole your pin."

Aviragous Moss sniffed wretchedly, and mopped his forehead with his huge silk handkerchief.

"When he sent down word to his disreputable colleagues that he had succeeded in his villainous design, I was rushed back to the House, not in the least comprehending the purpose of my semi-captivity and enforced journeys. The alibi you taunted me with, Mr. Mannering, could only have been proved by his accomplices, who would never have betrayed him. What lucky accident brought you here I do not know, but you have stumbled upon a truth that I dare never have asked you to believe. I think you will admit that you owe me an apology?"

"I do indeed," said the Cabinet Minister, warmly, "and I tender it with all my heart. Is this—this person still in possession of my pin?"

"What do you think?" asked Mr. Guiderous Moss, ironically. "Not much!—I passed it on as quick as I could, but his hand twitched involuntarily toward his left breast."

"Did you?" queried Hannibal Mannering. "Let us see. Put your arms up a little stiffer." He drew closer, one eye still on the tigerish Mrs. Moss, and set the muzzle of the revolver to the temple of the luckless Guiderous. "Look in that left vest pocket, Moss," he suggested to the M.P.

Guiderous struggled protestingly, but the cold steel ring pressed against his temple, and he yielded to the inevitable. His unhappy relative searched the indicated receptacle, to produce a crumpled roll of tissue paper.

Quiveringly he unfolded it, and the light from the chandelier glittered on the bluish facets of the Mannering diamond. With uncertain fingers he replaced it excitedly in the Cabinet Minister's tie, Hannibal Mannering holding the revolver in position.

"Take it quietly," besought the miserable Aviragous, as he completed this work of restitution. "I'll give you a leg up once more, Guidy, and a real good one, so don't turn nasty over this—this little disappointment. Tell him he'd better take it quietly, Kitty."

"Don't talk to me you pack of beastly cowards," was the enigmatic request of Mrs. Guiderous Moss.

The Home Secretary and Aviragous Moss, M.P., went away together, supped amicably at the swagger club of the Party and concocted diplomatic explanations for the Speaker and the Press.

But before they departed from the abode of the defeated Guiderous, the Home Secretary put a question to that "lovely blackguard."

"Tell me how you got my pin out of my scarf without my knowing it," he said, "and I'll give you a tenner for your trouble."

"Part, first," stipulated Mrs. Moss's husband, sulkily. The Cabinet Minister complied:

"I folded my arms on the back of your bench as you lounged in your seat with your eyes closed," was the thief's explanation. "Several times you pretended to stifle a yawn—your arm in so doing gave me cover enough. I had three tries—third time I slid my hand over your shoulder, nipped your pin between my first and second fingers, and slipped it out. In another instant it was in my pocket."

The Edmonton Exhibition grounds have been enlarged by the addition of sixty-five acres, including a beautiful grove of trees which has been set aside as a camping ground for motor parties from the country; arrangements have been made to rent tents, cots, etc., at reasonable prices, and it is expected that many families will take advantage of this method of solving the accommodation problem during the exhibition week. Tenders have been called for the construction of a new Women's Building, which it is hoped to have completed for use this summer, for the housing of the health and baby welfare exhibits and the Women's Institute exhibit, a new feature this year.

The Old Home

(A Reminiscence)

Written for The Western Home Monthly by M. E. Sutherland

NOT many miles from the historic and picturesque "Old Limestone City," is situated the old home.

It is a rambling, unpainted, old farm house, surrounded by a yard in which sweet grass, ribbon grass and huge pink cabbage roses strive for dominion over bold, big red peonies and great, white snowballs. Lilacs, too, are there in profusion and almost every variety of those dear old-fashioned sweet-scented flowers, now so rarely seen.

'Tis years now since my eyes last rested on the peaceful beauty of this spot of all spots on God's beautiful earth, but even yet, the memory of it sends a restful feeling to me amid the restless, pulsing, grasping life of a Western city.

I sit and dream me dreams, and again, in fancy, I am back at the Old Home.

Time has turned backwards in its flight and I, a child once more, with my little tin can in hand, wander down the lane.

in which alarm and anger are mingled, then scampers away and in a moment is lost to sight in a hole.

Well I must be getting home, "Phew, but it is hot!"

I have reached the creek. The temptation to pull off shoes and stockings and sit on the big rock in the shadow of the old bridge and let my feet dangle in the cool water, is too strong to be resisted. So off come shoes and stockings and down I sit me. "Oh, how cool it is, and what bliss is mine to be able to run about and enjoy life! Poor little crippled Charlie (my near neighbor) how I pity him, never able to enjoy such things as this."

Thus listening to the ripple of the water I sit and dream, simple dreams, happy dreams, dreams of a future, dreams, ah, so unlike the after reality.

But the insistent call of my stomach interrupts my dreams and donning my hose and shoes, I start for home with no lagging feet. My, but I am hungry!

The Professor's Wooing

By Grace G. Bostwick

He met the maiden at a cabaret

Where he had gone to see a bit of life

First-hand, to utilize in his new book—

A scientific book which dealt with strife.

Impressed was he, oh, very much, indeed!

"A lovely creature, good and wise, no doubt;

Her beauty shows a saintly soul," said he.

While Tommy Tinker muttered: "Put 'im out!"

The wise professor, calm no longer, no,

But stirred as wise professors seldom get,

Went home with her and asked if he might call;

She smiled and murmured smilingly, "You bet!"

He called; and brought a treatise on the air

And talked of pranic ether—rather deft,

He thought, at conversation—said farewell,

And Tommy Tinker entered as he left.

He brought her books—sage volumes neatly bound,

With interlunations as to text,

In his fine script—and read them every line

And never wondered why she said, "What next?"

He never touched her hand or spoke a word

Aside. All signs of passion he forebore.

While Tommy Tinker, bearing chocolates,

Quite boldly kissed her there, behind the door.

And then, one night, impelled at last to speak,

The wise professor dared his all to stake.

"If you will marry me," he softly said,

"I'll read to you each night, my dear, to make

You happy. Knowledge fair shall be our joy,

With rarest wisdom for our daily guide."

But Tommy Tinker shouted from the door,

"Too late, old grub, she's mine! We've just been

tied!"

'Tis early summer and the air is laden with perfume from the buckwheat field that borders on the lane and in the orchard on the other side of the land the birds are having a cantata rehearsal.

On I go, across the old wooden bridge over the creek. As I cross the bridge the great bull frogs call out their greeting in a hoarse "bar-um, bar-um." But I hasten on for on the green hillside not far distant, I know, great luscious strawberries await my coming.

Now I have reached the destined spot and on my knees, with eager fingers, I pick the beautiful fruit: "Oh, you beauties, I'll soon have my can full of you."

Say, did you ever pick strawberries on a balmy June morning, while a bird orchestra sang to you from nearby tree-tops? If you have not you have missed one of the greatest of pleasures.

But now my little can is full, and "my but it is getting hot!" Well, I will go yonder and lie in the shade of the great butternuts and cool off ere I begin my walk home. Down I sit me under one of the great spreading trees but scarcely am I seated, when I espy a small brown object, busily digging near a stump not far away. "Ah, ha, Mr. Woodchuck I'm going to give you a chase."

Away I go. As I near him, the little rascal ceases his digging, gives me a look

Grandmother is alone. Uncle has gone to Kingston. She is at the door watching for me.

"Oh, Granny, I hope you have something good ready to eat."

"Oh me, Oh my! Green peas, pork ribs and roasted potatoes, hot biscuits fluffy as feathers, strawberries with thick cream. Were there ever such dainties?"

"Say, Granny dear, I don't believe Queen Victoria has anything as good as this."

How happy we are! No shadow of coming events casts itself. A little while after dinner, a dear old neighboring granny on whose head the silvering of ninety years has fallen, comes to see us.

What an afternoon it is. The two old ladies are like girls so merry, so happy. By spells they are slightly reminiscent for both remember Ontario's pioneer days. How I enjoy these tales they recall.

Quickly the afternoon speeds away—tea time arrives and again the festive board is spread and in honor of our dear old guest the quaint old blue tea set is used.

After tea, the two old ladies enjoy a short quiet chat, ere Granny D's granddaughter arrives to take her home. Now it is time for the cows to be brought home and on me to-night devolves the task, and a task of pleasure it is too. How I love

those gentle soft-eyed cows. Old Spot, Brindle, Reddy, Bess and Beauty.

Up along the lane to the pasture fields in the lengthening shadows I go. There they are at the bars, the dear old bosses.

In time to the music of Reddy's bell we march home.

"Hurry, Brindle, hurry, Bess, to-night I am in a hurry. Ah, goody! there are Vic and Jess at the stable door and Uncle Will is unharnessing them. Now I will soon know what he has brought me." How joyously I hasten on. No presentiment of the great overwhelming gulf of sorrow soon to overtake us, comes to me. Full of pleasant anticipation as to the contents of the bundles I know await me I hurry into the house. Yes, there they are piled up on the corner stand. Now for a guess. What is in this parcel. Oh, candies to be sure, and this is oranges. Now whatever can this be. I can't guess. I'll have to look. Oh, such pretty stuff for a new dress! Thus do I go through the parcels, meanwhile munching candies.

Now the lamp is lit and it is my bed time so to the room beyond, off of which is my bedroom, I go.

Seated in pleasant converse as to the day's events Granny and Uncle Will linger awhile.

Suddenly just as I am about to plop into my bed a startled call from my uncle causes me to bound back into the living room.

There, in Uncle's arms, lies Granny. For one moment I stand paralyzed then concluding she has fainted I get a dish of water. But my uncle knows better, it is no faint.

"Go for Mrs. R—" he says to me. Seizing a wrap hanging on a nail near the door, I hurry out of the house into the black night and run as fast as trembling limbs will permit to the home of Mr. R—a quarter mile away.

With Mrs. R—I hasten back and the sad truth is forced upon me, that Granny, my Granny, the only mother I could ever remember was dead.

Oh the great blackness, the unutterable misery of that awful night and the succeeding days. How can the sunshine and the birds sing and the leaves flip so merrily on the trees when dear old Granny who loved it all so is dead. Two days pass by, I know not how. In and out of the house kindly neighbors and far away friends pass. The third day dawns and carriages arrive and that great black hearse, oh, how I hate its solemn blackness. I cannot, oh, I cannot look as they bear all that is mortal to it.

Now the long line of carriages headed by that dread black vehicle are in slow motion. Onwards, onwards for four long miles and the old village church of W—is in sight. From its tower the slow strokes of the tolling bell fall like blows upon my heart.

Into the church the body is borne and the solemn service is held and then the awful course to the cemetery is pursued. Oh, I cannot bear it! I will not bear it! Put my granny in that great hole, oh, it must not be! But even so it must be and I shiver as I hear the earth falling upon the box and as it were from a great distance I hear the voice of Pastor C—as he pronounces the solemn words, the

dread-sounding words: "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust."

How awful seems my return to that old home. What an agony its voidness causes.

It is no longer a home for she who made it so is gone, but verily she is "at rest from her labors."

The Fiddler of Dooney

When I play the fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like a wave of the sea.
My cousin is priest in Kilvarent,
My brother in Moharabuee.
I passed my brother and cousin;
They read in their books of prayer,
But I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come, at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate.
For the good are always merry,
Save by an evil chance;
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance.

And when the folks there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"
And they'll dance like a wave of the sea.
For the good are always merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And even the souls of the blessed
Have love for a song and a dance.

W. B. Yeats.

A Dual Personality

About John Smithers' parentage
I've sought the truth in vain,
For while his people seem obscure
They're also very plain.

About John Smithers' manner, too;
For some, inclined to carp,
Will tell you that it's far too blunt,
And others, much too sharp.
Nor can I probe his mental state;
For it is widely held
Both that he had a narrow mind
And that his head is swelled.

To pleas for funds for any cause,
He's always found resistant;
But some collectors say he's close,
And some report him distant.
Thus, truly, Smithers would appear
An inconsistent being,
From details I have listed here—
Which jibe, without agreeing.

"Dear Friend: Your Gall-Klenz has done wonders for me when everything else failed." Those are the words Mrs. Milfin used in a recent letter to our advertiser, Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont., whose ad. appears on page 31. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

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A Voice from the Past

Written for The Western Home Monthly By C. D. Pogson

A REFRESHING June rain was saturating the fertile soil of Central Alberta. It beat lustily upon the roof of Andy McQueen's weather-beaten shack, trickled down the protruding stove pipe and sizzled on the rusty stove. In the shack Andy sat carelessly balancing himself on one leg of his chair as he delivered to his neighbor, Joe Spears, a somewhat heated tirade upon the particular follies of Kaiser Bill.

"At any rate," remarked Joe, as the invective reached an eloquent close, "If this rain continues for a spell longer it's bound to throttle the 'food shortage' cry to a great extent. Why, I shouldn't wonder but you'll be building a mansion this fall, ready for the reception of some fair helpmate."

"Mansion nothing," returned Andy. "When the fair lady comes, if she ever does, she'll come to this old domicile. Then we'll plan and build the mansion together."

"You don't mean to say that you'll bring a wife in here!" exclaimed Joe.

"Well—er—not exactly to this," smiled Andy, as his eye rested upon the greasy stove, the rusty pipes, and the unkempt bunk nailed to the wall, then wandered to the larder shelves in the opposite corner, littered with groceries, pots, pans, kettles and dishes, and finally fell upon an indiscriminating pile of clothing, boots and boxes beneath the bunk. "I suppose it might be cleaned up a little, and I could build a lean-to at the back. But what about yourself? You've got the mansion, where is the helpmate?"

"Oh, I'm all right," responded his friend. "Can't say that the helpmate idea appeals to me. Seems to me there's a good deal of hindrance connected with them. I prefer running my own show."

"Rubbish! You don't believe that hindrance twaddle. Just look at the women in this district. Think what they did before the war began, and what they have done since. You may as well confess. I think it's a case of 'sour grapes' with you. Were you ever in love?"

"Ye—s," reluctantly, "I suppose that's what you'd call it. But never again for me. She married the other chap."

"Oh, I say, that's too bad. Didn't trifle with you, surely?" inquired Andy as he noted the pained look on Joe's face.

"No, no. It wasn't her fault. I—I never told her."

"What? You never told her!" yelled Andy, as he doubled up in his chair, convulsed with laughter.

"Well, you are the limit. Of course, it wasn't the lady's fault. But try again, Joe; there are plenty of good ones yet. And be sure you tell her next time."

"There'll be no next time, she was the only one. I wish I were in France with the other lads. But what's the use wishing? The doctors have turned me down twice—poor eyesight."

"Cheer up, old chap; we're helping to feed the army. I'd have passed if I'd been three inches taller. But I may as well tell you a bit of news. I'm expecting that a war widow will be keeping house for me this autumn."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, my cousin from down East. Her husband went over with the first contingent; was killed the first week he was in the trenches, left a widow and a three-year-old boy. He's a fine youngster, too; been a great comfort to his mother. I saw them last winter when I was down home."

"Oh, I say, Joe, here's a fine idea for 'doing your bit'; marry the widow and be a father to the boy. He needs your help, otherwise his mother will spoil him sure."

One sultry August day Andy called at Joe's home to return a borrowed hand-saw, and incidentally to impart the news that his cousin had arrived.

"I tell you, Joe," exclaimed he, gleefully, "she's turned the old shack inside out. You never saw such a change. I had to build a lean-to before she got here. You won't know the place now. Come over next Sunday, will you?"

"Thanks awfully. Sorry I can't come next Sunday, but I'll try to call 'round the following one, if that will suit you."

"No trying about it, old chap. If you don't put in an appearance I'll come over and fetch you. See?"

Two or three mornings later Joe Spears hitched a fiery team of colts to his buggy, and started to town. As he reached the public road, a motor-cycle rushed by. The colts dashed down the road at a furious pace, but Spears gripped the reins firmly, and, bracing himself, was gradually gaining control of the excited animals. In crossing a rough grade, however, in front of Andy McQueen's house, one of the traces fell from the whiffletree. Instantly the pole dropped, striking an obstruction, and buggy and occupant were hurled violently into the ditch.

Andy, having witnessed the accident, was quickly on the spot. He found his friend lying in the bottom of the ditch, unconscious, with a nasty gash across his forehead. Speedily summoning his cousin, Mrs. Rose, he lifted Joe, and in a short time had him resting comfortably on a couch in the new "lean-to." The doctor was telephoned for, restoratives were applied, but all to no purpose.

Twenty minutes later the doctor's car rushed up to the door. Mrs. Rose retired to the living-room, where she took care to keep a supply of hot water and bandages, in case they should be required.

At length consciousness returned to Joe. His wounds were dressed, but the doctor, upon examination, pronounced imminent danger of the loss of eyesight. "At any rate," said he, "they must be bandaged for a couple of weeks until further developments."

Andy told his friend that the runaway colts would be cared for, and that he would bring Joe's stock over to his pasture until their owner was himself able to attend to them.

As the days slipped by, the patient recovered more rapidly than his benefactors had dared to hope. Mrs. Rose, in her motherly way, proved to be a capable nurse; while Andy, after his day's work was done, did all in his power to make the evenings pleasant; and last but not least, Willie Rose amused the invalid very much by his quaint, old-fashioned conversation and ideas.

One afternoon Joe found himself listening intently to a story which his nurse was reading aloud to her little son in the adjoining room. It was not so much the story itself, as the rendering, which gripped and held his attention.

"Where have I heard that voice before?" was the question uppermost in his mind. Long after the story was concluded the patient sought in his memory for a clue. Suddenly light dawned upon him. Ah, now he remembered.

Through the long vista of years he once more found himself in the little old Ontario school house. He heard again the soft voice of Lucy Gray reading aloud, heard the teacher's words of commendation, saw again Lucy's quick look of sympathy and kindness as some of his thoughtless classmates giggled aloud at his own blundering reading of the same passage.

Then his thoughts hastened on, on to the teen age, and still onward. Once more he was in the old red school-house, but now it was to take part in the debating society's program. Again he heard the voice of Lucy reading selections, heard her applauded and encored. Often she had been his companion to and from the debates. How he had loved her. But—he had never told her so.

In a few more days the bandages were removed from Joe's eyes.

"Your vision is saved at any rate," said the doctor as he took his departure. "You may get up now as soon as you wish."

"We are all so pleased," said Mrs.

Rose, stepping to the bedside with outstretched hand.

Joe gave one startled glance at his nurse. "Thank you. But I didn't expect to find you here."

"Meaning whom?" smilingly inquired Mrs. Rose.

"Lucy Gray. Oh—I beg your pardon. You are now Mrs.—?"

"Rose," brokenly.

"Yes, I remember now. You were married in Toronto. And so you are Andy's cousin? He has told me of your great loss. I am very sorry," murmured Joe, as he saw a tear splash on the white coverlet.

On the following day Mrs. Rose went to call upon a neighbor, leaving Joe seated by the fireside in a large rocking chair. As the convalescent's gaze wandered about the living room, a faint smile flitted across his pale face. Mentally he compared it with the same room under Andy's rather haphazard regime. The one-time greasy stove now shone until his face was reflected on its polished surface. The rusty pipes had received a coating of pipe enamel; Andy's bunk was hung up to the wall, and a curtain of softest green draped over it; the larder shelves were hidden by dainty scrim, while a cupboard for cooking utensils had been built underneath. The table wore a covering of white oilcloth, surmounted now by a cover matching in shade the other draperies in the room. In the centre of the table rested a small white centrepiece, and on this a delicate maiden-hair fern. Papers, magazines and books were neatly arranged upon shelves, instead of lying in promiscuous heaps about the room.

"The touch of a woman's hand," murmured Joe, as he reached for a book and tried to interest himself in its contents.

Presently the door flew open, and Willie burst into the room, a large sheaf of golden-rod in his arms.

"Mother! Mother! Look what I've brought you," cried the delighted child. "Why, where's mother?"

"Your mother has gone to visit Mrs. Brown," explained Spears. "But what are you going to do with that armful? Do you often bring flowers to your mother?"

"Course I do," replied the boy as he carefully placed his treasures in a basin of water. "I'm looking after mother now," continued he, sidling up to Joe's chair. "When daddy went to the war he told me to take good care of mother. She calls me her right-hand man. I'm all she's got now, cause," wistfully, "daddy won't come back to us no more, the Germans killed him. Oh, I wish they hadn't; daddy was so nice, 'n' big, 'n' strong. He wasn't afraid to go 'n' fight for mother 'n' me, 'n' the little Belgians. He wrote big long letters to us when he went away. Mother used to read 'em to me. Then one day a big yellow letter came to mother, 'n' when she opened it she cried 'n' cried, 'n' didn't read it to me."

"When we went to bed that night mother cried some more 'n' kissed me a lot. When I waked up in the night she was crying, so I just put my arm 'round her neck, and hugged her tight, tight and told her not to be afraid, 'cause I would look after her 'till daddy come home. Then mother called me 'her brave boy,' and said I was the only sweetheart she had now, 'cause a big, bad German had killed poor daddy, and daddy would never come back. Say, if I was big enough, I'd go 'n' fight that German. I'd—I'd," desperately "Why don't you go?"

"They wouldn't have me, Willie," replied the man bitterly.

"Oh, well, maybe you could help me look after mother till I get a big man?"

"Maybe," answered Joe, a far-away look in his eyes.

In another fortnight Spears was once more domiciled in his own home. But a

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dismal place it now proved to be, and many an evening was spent at Andy McQueen's.

One bright frosty December day Andy came in to dinner to find his friend seated by the fireside.

"What's up?" inquired he, noting the happy look on Spears' face. "Had a stroke of luck?"

"Yes. Sold my car of wheat to-day at a rise."

During the mid-day meal Willie leaned confidentially towards Andy; "I know something 't you don't."

"No? Bet you a nickel that you don't," returned Andy, laying a coin on the table.

"Yes, I do," excitedly. "I was in the room looking for my top, and I heard Mr. Spears ask mother if she'd let him be my new daddy, 'n' she said 'yes.' An'nen—," shouted Willie, as he was borne from the room by his blushing mother, "he—he kissed her!"

Question Drawer?

(1) Q.—To what degree is feeble-mindedness the result of heredity, and to what degree the result of parental indiscretion?

A.—The most frequent proximate cause of amentia is heredity weakness of the germ plasm. Probably 50 to 80 per cent of weak-minded patients are descendants of neuropathic stock. Dr. Goddard, of Vineland, found heredity present in 65 per cent of cases. In Switzerland heredity was a factor in 55 per cent. of the cases, and in Norway 50 per cent. Dr. Tredgold out of 200 cases traced 80 per cent to heredity.

The next factor of importance is alcoholism, though it is not definitely known how far this affects the germ-plasm and to what degree it affects the growing embryo. Potts, of Birmingham, found that 41 per cent of mentally defective children had alcoholic parents. Some of these were, of course, children of feeble-minded parents. It is pretty conclusive that alcoholism in either parent, without any other defect, may produce feeble-mindedness.

Ancestral tuberculosis is rarely the direct and sole cause of feeble-mindedness, but it has often an important indirect influence.

There is probably nothing in the common belief that children of cousins are likely to be weak-minded. History of families and races is totally opposed to this view. The practice of in-breeding is not dangerous if the strain is healthy. "At the same time," says Tredgold, "there are many biological objections to the practice, and it is not one to be advocated."

The age of parents at conception is not without influence on the vitality of children. The relation to feeble-mindedness is doubtful.

In a small percentage of cases feeble-mindedness is due to accident before, during or after birth.

There have been many family histories worked out showing the cause of amentia, for instance: (1) Healthy parents, slightly alcoholic had two children, one alcoholic; of his children one was alcoholic, but of the grandchildren only five were healthy but five died in childhood or of tuberculosis while one was feeble-minded. (2) A couple, A and B, one dying insane and other with weak heart, had five children. Another couple, C and D, one of whom died insane, had six children. Two of these families, one a neurotic and the other healthy, married, and they had eleven children—four miscarriages, three died in infancy, two idiots and two said to be healthy.

(2) What is the origin of the term Bolshevik?

A.—In the Russian Assembly after the revolution there was a marked disagreement among the members. The majority headed by Lenine were known as Bolsheviks or the big section, and the minority as the Mensheviks or lesser section. Eventually the Bolsheviks assumed complete control. It is wrong to interpret the term as if it meant a majority of the people. It represented only a majority of the Assembly, which in itself represented only a section of the people and only a small section at that. So Bolshevism in our country would mean not a rule of the majority, but a rule of a class, the workers as they call themselves. In Russia the central council with one or possibly two exceptions is composed of Jews who have no national feeling.

Where Bolshevism has been preached in other countries, these who have no national feeling—aliens, pacifists and the like—are always leaders of the movement. Soviet rule is always the rule of a particular class, a minority of the people, and class rule is never defensible on any ground.

(3) Q.—Where should I go to prepare for teaching of Domestic Science in High School?

A.—Preparatory courses are given in the Agricultural Colleges particularly at Guelph. Finishing courses are given at Columbia College, New York; Pratt Institute, New York, and Simmond's school, Boston. Normal Courses are given in Teachers' College, Columbia University, Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, Stout Training School, Menominee, Wisconsin.

(4) Q.—Can you give Whitcomb Riley's poem "The Diners in the Kitchen?"

A.—Our dog Fred, et the bread,
Our dog Dash, et the hash,
Our dog Pete, et the meat,
Our dog Davy, et the gravy,
Our dog Toffy, et the coffee,
Our dog Take, et the cake,
Our dog Trip, et the dip,
And—the worst, from the first—
Our dog Fido, et the pie-dough.

(5) Q.—How many Mary's are mentioned in the New Testament?

A.—Mary of Cleophas, John XIX., 25, probably the same as Mary of James the lesser and Joses, and sister of the Virgin Mary.

(2) Mary Magdalene, Luke VIII, 2, out of whom were cast "seven devils." She is prominent in life of our Lord, but there is no authority for identifying her with "the Sinner" who anoints His feet (Luke VII, 36).

(3) Mary, mother of Mark, Acts XII, 12.

(4) Mary, sister of Lazarus, Luke X, 40.

(5) Mary, the Virgin mother of Our Lord.

(6) Mary, a Roman christian greeted by Paul in a letter, Romans XVI, 6.

(6) Q.—I have trouble with such words as did, done, saw and seen I and me. Is there any rule?

A.—Probably the rule for done and seen that you require is this: "when using have or has with the verb use these two forms, as I have seen, we have done, but when using a word alone use saw and did, as I saw it, he did it. Never say I done it, or I seen it. When the word is a subject of a verb use I, as I see it, you and I know it. When it is an object use me, as he hit me, he told me, he told you and me, he brought it to you and me.

(7) Q.—How do you work this question? "A pile of oats on the floor is in the shape of a cone. It measures 10 feet around and is 3½ feet high. How many bushels does it contain?"

A.—A cone is just one-third of a cylinder of same base and height. The area of a cylinder is base x height. The base is ½ circumference multiplied by ½ the diameter. In this case therefore the area of the cone is 1/3 of 5 x 7/22 of 10 x 3½ cubic feet, which is easily reduced to bushels by multiplying by .78.

(8) Q.—I am seventeen years of age and have worked at home for over a year and have been paid good wages. But next summer I would like to work for a farmer probably miles away. Can my parents object? (I have always been good friends with them) and also will my wages be my own. My father is in a good position on the farm. But I would like to leave home for a change.—S.O.S.

A.—Evidently you wish to have your fling for a time; and see the world a little. There is nothing wrong in that and it is a very natural wish. Perhaps, however, it is not quite fair to the parents to leave them now as all their efforts up to this time have been directly or indirectly on your behalf. And you will have a better time as leader in your own district than as follower or helper in another, unless you are determined by experience to find out what it feels like to be a hired man. Your father would no doubt let you keep the wages you earn, but it would be ungrateful to put him in the position of asking for any part of your earnings, as a return for all he has spent on you.

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Her undergarments—her gossamer silk stockings—even her white kid slippers have again and again been washed with Lux—each time they look like new.

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46

LUX

The Philosopher

PREPARING FOR DOMINION DAY

Every Canadian should prepare to honor the coming Dominion Day, the first since the armistice, as our national natal day was never honored before. Dominion Day means more to us now than it did before the war, just as the name Canadian is a prouder name to wear now than it was before the war. Now as never before we should realize the greatness of the work of those who laid the foundations of this Commonwealth, which began its existence on the first Dominion Day, July 1, 1867. The story of the immeasurable natural resources of our country and of its incalculable possibilities of development has often been repeated; there is need of as frequent repetition of the warning that we Canadians must live up to the full measure of our obligations and our duties as citizens of such a country. The parable of the talents applies at this time in the world's history with peculiar force to all the nations, each in its own degree. This is no time in Canada for boastfulness and glib self-satisfaction—it is a time for serious national stock-taking and for rigid self-examination, looking towards the future with its requirements and its obligations, as well as its opportunities.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS

Three weeks ago The Philosopher moved from the house in which he has lived for nineteen years to a new house. Never before did he realize, as he did on moving day, that it is not merely a building put up by a contractor, who often forgets to carry away the mortgage with the other debris in cleaning up. It is true that there is no place like home; and a house is the shell of a home. There are memories and sentiments lingering in every corner of it, if it has been lived in long. To the inner ear, music, laughter, the sound of weeping echo from its walls. In this new land there are no ancient houses in which many generations have lived their lives, as there are in the lands across the sea; but there are houses which none the less have their memories of human lives, of births and deaths, of joy and sorrow, of childhood and old age. Every house is more or less a storehouse of such memories. If the full story could be written of any house that has been lived in continuously for, say, half a century, it would be a story woven of the fabric of human life.

KITCHEN MEALS AND DEMOCRACY

The London "Times" points out that one of the results of the war and the consequent shortage of domestic help in the United Kingdom is the growth of the practice of taking meals in the kitchen. The "Times" speaks of this as a "household reform," and says that its advantages are now widely recognized, and that in many households where such a suggestion would have been coldly received before the war, the family now congregates about the kitchen table. The "Times" says further that it has proved an economy in labor, light, fuel, shoe leather and economy, and has brought a feeling of perfect freedom—nay, of emancipation from bondage. In the Old Land the war has made an immense change in regard to domestic service, as represented by hired workers. It does not seem likely that there will ever be a reversion to quite the old conditions. In this newer country, even though the Old World conditions did not exist in Canada, except in a limited measure in the centres of wealth, there is a change, too, in regard to domestic service. It may be that eating our meals in the kitchen will prove to be a forerunner of a truly democratic era.

CANADA'S HEROINES

Every city, town, village and rural community in Canada has been welcoming home its returning soldiers with honor and acclaim. In many places there are public receptions, with parades through crowded and gaily-bedecked streets. In the midst of all this happiness—tinged as it is with grief for those who will not come back—there is another army that should not be overlooked, the army of women nurses and workers who have given of themselves to the utmost limit, in many cases even unto death. These splendid women are coming home in little groups, quietly, almost secretly. The bereaved women of Canada, from whom the war has taken their beloved ones, show themselves to be true heroines; and Canadian womanhood has shown true heroism, too, in the persons of the nurses and the war workers who toiled and served with such devotion and did their part nobly in the great struggle in defence of human freedom.

THE WORK OF THE TEACHERS

The conditions of life in the regions of the West remote from the centres of population often involve no small amount of hardship for teachers. True

heroism in the discharge of their duty is shown by the teachers who go to live and work in the districts opened up only a few years ago by immigrants from foreign countries. In those non-English speaking districts the conditions of life are primitive and hard. The work that is done by the teachers in such districts, true light-bearers in the darkness, is of vital and fundamental importance to the country's future. Indeed, there is far from being due general recognition of the value of the work done by all teachers. Out of all the present talk of the value of education should come a livelier sense of the value of the work done by those who teach, and especially those who teach in the rural schools, and most especially those who teach in the non-English speaking districts.

SENTIMENT IN THE UNITED STATES

One of the Toronto newspapers announces that it sees evidences of "a revival in some degree of the anti-British sentiment which during the war was dormant in the United States." Among the causes which it names as contributing to this are the Sinn Fein agitation, the desire to magnify the part taken in the war by the United States and the desire of a political group to make use of and excite anti-British sentiment in attacking President Wilson on the ground that the covenant of the League of Nations is a British instrument. But there is every good reason to believe that any attempts to stir up anti-British sentiment in the United States are not making, and cannot make now or hereafter, any material headway. An American woman, Katherine Fullerton Gerould, writing in the Atlantic Monthly, expresses her satisfaction in hearing the British anthem sung by American school children in public places, a thing inconceivable in her childhood. This is only one of countless evidences of the prevailing sentiment in the United States. All the Americans back from the front and from war service at sea will strengthen that sentiment, to which there is an answering sentiment in this country.

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING FAMILY

A friend of The Philosopher heard the speeches made at Pittsburgh a fortnight ago by Vice-Admiral Sims, who commanded the United States fleet in European waters, and Major-General Leonard Wood, one of the most distinguished of American soldiers, who was Colonel Roosevelt's second in command of the famous regiment of Rough Riders in the Spanish-American war. Both speakers sounded notes of earnest warning against the insidious attempts to foster anti-British prejudice in the United States. "Remember that it was Britain's Grand Fleet that saved you," said the Vice-Admiral. "Forget all that rotten stuff about England you read in your school histories, and know that the two great English-speaking nations must stand or fall together." Major General Wood said that "any person in the United States who listened to talk designed to create ill-feeling against Great Britain was betraying every man who died in Flanders fields." The Philosopher's friend writes: "If you could have heard cheering for Canada and Great Britain at that meeting it would have done your heart good." There is no need to worry about any danger about the two great branches of the English-speaking family not continuing bound together by friendship. Some politicians of the baser sort in the States may try to arouse anti-British feeling for their own base purposes; they are the same sort that played Germany's game during the war. The great mass of the people of the United States know that the whole English-speaking people must and will stand together, and that world peace and world progress depend on their standing together.

WHEN IS A MAN OLD?

The Philosopher had an experience recently which has made him remember a passage in Tolstoy's reminiscences—the passage in which Tolstoy records that it was upon his overhearing two of his nephews speaking of him as "the old man" that he first realized he was growing old, though he felt himself to be in his prime. When is a man old? At fifty-five Sir Walter Scott lamented that he was an old man. Dr. Samuel Johnson once said that at thirty-five a man had reached his peak, and that after that his course must be downward. Physiologists tell us that in all mammals except man the period of life is five times the period of growth. A dog gets its full growth in two years, and lives ten; a horse in five years, and lives twenty-five. On this basis, a man should live from a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five years. Why were Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott old while their years were still the years of comparatively young men? Because they felt old and acted old. William James said that "some men are old fogies at twenty-five." And in

saying that he was undoubtedly saying a true thing. When a man ceases to keep a fresh outlook upon life, when his mind is shut against new ideas, when (in a word) he ceases to grow, he begins to grow old.

PROOF OF THE EX-KAISER'S GUILT

Proof of the ex-Kaiser's guilty accountability for the atrocities committed by the German troops is furnished by a letter brought to light at Vienna. This letter, which was written in the early days of the war by the "War Lord" himself, then in Berlin, to the aged Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria-Hungary, is as follows:

My heart breaks, but everything must be put to the fire and sword. Men, women, children, and old people must be butchered. Neither tree nor house must be left standing. With these processes a terror which alone is sufficient to impress people as degenerate as the French, the war will be over in two months, whereas if I should show a humanitarian spirit it might go on for years. Despite all my repugnance I have, therefore, chosen the former system.

Thus the head of the Hohenzollern dynasty admitted in his own handwriting, in a letter to the head of the Hapsburg dynasty (both dynasties now ended and done with) that he had ordered that "men, women, children and old people must be butchered." The German troops carried out his orders in full measure and heaping over. Should he not be punished for his monstrous criminality?

HONOR AND ENGINES

The latest copy of "The Times," of London, that has come to The Philosopher's table contains a notable letter from Prof. Middleton Smith, of the University of Hong Kong, who was called upon not long ago by the Chinese proprietors of a factory to make an inspection of their establishment and report whether it would be advisable to substitute gas or oil engines for the steam plant. He found that in 1889 the Chinese merchants who built the factory for the manufacture of certain goods previously made by hand had bought engines and boilers from a firm in Scotland, which were shipped to Hong Kong and then freighted several miles inland. Professor Middleton Smith says in his letter to "The Times" that it was with a glow of pride that he found those engines and boilers, the work of his own countrymen, still in service. Native Chinese had handled them all the time, and made what repairs were necessary. He adds:

The impulse seized me to send to the makers of that machinery a cable somewhat as follows:—"Respectful congratulations concerning your work of 30 years ago. Can you guarantee the same quality materials and workmanship now? If so, you are an Empire asset." Those engines and boilers far inland in China, doing their work every day, stand for qualities in the British character which have won for the British respect and confidence all round the world.

A DEFENDER OF TITLES

The discussion in Parliament over titles brought out convincing proof of the strength of Canadian sentiment against any further planting of titles in this country. Outside Parliament, too, there has been no lack of manifestations of that sentiment. At the same time there have been in evidence a few curious manifestations of the opposite sentiment. One lover of the survivals of feudalism in the Old World, writing in indignant censure of the members of Parliament who declared that there should be no more of them, says in a letter printed in a Toronto newspaper:

They attack the whole system of Royal honors, the development of a thousand years of British tradition, and talk vacuously about some special form of democracy supposedly indigenous to the soil of Canada. It is a false and stupid democracy which seeks to obliterate all outward distinctions, which dams or diverts the Fountain of Honor and walls up the Sovereign in an enchanted castle. This is the language and the thought of hysteria.

The anti-title Parliamentarians declare that they have no objection to military decorations. In that very concession they are clumsy enough to wreck their own case. For generations the King of Great Britain conferred none but military titles. Only the soldier was considered as a useful servant of the State. But the value of civilian work was pressed upon Royal attention. We have no doubt that the democrats of the day hailed as a triumph the first knighthood given to a non-military person.

Note how the writer of the foregoing sentences deliberately confuses decorations for heroism and titles. No decoration, from the Victoria Cross down the list, carries a title with it. Decorations won by heroism are objected to by nobody; such honors are gladly approved of by everybody. If everyone deserving of such a decoration had one, there would be many more of them; not all deeds of heroism are so rewarded. As for the King being "the Fountain of Honor," it is obvious that no matter how good his intentions may be, he cannot examine into the merits and claims of millions of people to be singled out for distinction. Better than any artificial distinction is the spirit of reverence for humanity. There are true knights and noblemen, saints and heroes everywhere. Let us try to discover them and recognize themselves. True democracy does not mean irreverence. On the contrary, it means reverence for every man and woman who deserves it.

Improve the Quality —Then Increase the Quantity

SHEEP have made big returns during the last few years and will **CONTINUE** to give big returns if the maximum production at the minimum cost is obtained. To get maximum returns at minimum cost it is necessary to produce **A1** lamb, mutton and wool.

Requirements for A1 Lamb and Wool

1. Use pure bred rams.
2. Castrate and dock the lambs.
3. Grow summer pasture crops.
4. Finish lambs before selling.
5. Keep fleeces free from chaff.
6. Tie fleeces with paper twine.
7. Keep tags and black wool separate.

To get the best market returns sell lambs, sheep and wool through the local or provincial co-operative associations.

Have no fear of over-supplying the home market. In 1918, \$42,000,000.00 worth of wool and its manufactures were imported into Canada.

The Dominion of Canada Department of Agriculture, through the sheep and goat division, announces a new policy to demonstrate to every sheepraiser on his own farm the value of the **PURE BRED RAM**. Sheepraisers who have never used a pure bred sire and purchase one for their flocks this year will be given a premium of \$5.00 annually for two years. Write the Chief, Sheep and Goat Division for further particulars.

A Directory of Breeders, Pamphlets on the production of A1 lambs and wool and all branches of sheep-raising will be sent free of charge to all who write the Chief, Sheep and Goat Division, Live Stock Branch, Ottawa. They are yours for the writing.



A scrub ram

His greatest fault—he lived too long.

In a law court last year a judge gave the decision that each lamb out of a pure bred ewe by a pure bred ram was worth \$26 more than if a scrub ram had sired it.

In 1918, over 4,000,000 pounds of frozen Australasian lamb and mutton were consumed in Canada.

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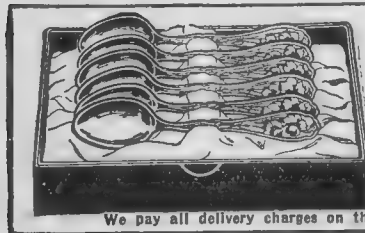


97 Piece Dinner Set and lovely Silverware Given To You

YOU can secure without a penny of cost this magnificent complete 97-piece English Dinner Service and a lovely set of half-dozen Wm. A. Rogers teaspoons. Each dinner service is guaranteed full size for family use, its 97 pieces comprising 12 cups and 12 saucers, 12 tea plates, 12 dinner plates, 12 bread and butter plates, 12 soup plates, 12 sauce dishes, 2 platters, 2 oval covered vegetable dishes, a cream jug, covered sugar bowl, a gravy boat, pickle dish, and a salad bowl. It is handsomely decorated in rich floral design and will surely delight the most fastidious housekeeper. The beautiful set of Teaspoons are in the famous Wm. A. Rogers French Carnation design with French grey handles and brightly polished bowls.

Read our Wonderful Offer

We have just produced a delightful new perfume known as "Coronation Bouquet." It is so deliciously fragrant that every woman who tries it once will use it always, and, best of all, "Coronation Bouquet" is such a great bargain that no one can resist it. Lovely vials of generous size put up in handsomely labelled containers sell for only 15c. each.



BEAUTIFUL FRENCH CARNATION TEASPOONS

Genuine Wm. A. Rogers make—the most beautiful pattern ever seen. These magnificent spoons will delight any housekeeper and they are guaranteed to give every satisfaction in wear.

We pay all delivery charges on these Grand Premiums.

Will you sell just 22 bottles among your friends at only 15c. each?

You can easily do this because everyone you know will be glad to try this new perfume. To make it easier still, every bottle is accompanied by a Famous Picture Coupon, entitling every purchaser of a sample bottle from you to receive her choice of four magnificent full color reproductions of famous war pictures.

SEND NO MONEY—Just send your name and address to-day and we will send the 22 bottles postage paid. You will be able to sell them quickly and easily in your spare time. Then return our money, only \$3.30, and we will promptly send you, all delivery charges paid, the beautiful set of spoons, and the handsome dinner set you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine reward among your friends and getting only seven of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premium as you did. We pay all delivery charges right to your door.

REMEMBER YOU TAKE NO RISK. You do not spend a cent of your own money. We trust you with our goods until sold and if for any reason you cannot sell them we will take them back and give you beautiful premiums or pay you a big cash commission on the quantity you do sell. Write to-day if you wish to take advantage of this liberal offer. It gives you the opportunity of a life-time. Address:

THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. R. 21

Toronto, Ont.

Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

In 1914 the writer of this column said something about the pleasures of a spring holiday in Victoria, little thinking that it would be five long years before a similar opportunity would be enjoyed; yet five years to the day a start was again made for Victoria.

Following the same plan as on the previous occasion, a few days were spent at Banff, and on April 15th we docked at Victoria at 7.30 in the morning, just in time to see the glories of the Olympics with the rising sun striking their snow-clad peaks. Old-timers said that the spring was the latest in twenty-one years, and it was certainly later than the spring of 1914. But, oh! the change from the brown, bare prairies to this city where crocuses, daffodils and narcissus seem to spring up at every corner, and where the delicious odor of wallflower and sweetbrier mingle with the fresh breeze from the sea.

In the early morning it was hard to believe that such a thing as war had existed, but as the day crept on it was brought home very forcibly by the number of returned men to be seen about the streets, the majority of them more or less disabled; for Victoria has proved a valuable asset to Canada in a way that was never dreamed of in pre-war days, namely, as a spot in which so many of our men who have been injured may recuperate, at least to some extent, to their former health and strength. There are great convalescent homes at Esquimalt, and Dunsmuir Castle is rapidly being turned into a permanent convalescent home. There are other spots on the island that are being utilized, and no doubt the number of these will be increased as the medical authorities realize the benefits to be gained by this mild climate and the chance to live entirely in the open among so much that is exquisitely beautiful.

The stray tourist sees very little of the beauties of Victoria. Almost the only provision made for the tourist is the sight-seeing car of the B.C. Electric, and while this certainly gives the passing tourist a drive to many of the places of beauty and interest—because it would be impossible to drive in Victoria at all and not see places of great beauty—it falls far short of giving any adequate idea of the great beauties of the city and its environments.

The writer had the privilege of a long afternoon's motor run with the great-

grandson of the first physician who located on Vancouver Island, to wit, Mr. John Tolmie. It was an afternoon of in and out, and round about, and each turn of the road seemed to bring out unexpected beauties. The dogwoods were just coming to their full glory of snow-white blossoms, and, as they frequently occur among the dark evergreens, the effect is lovely.

One spot visited on this afternoon was the falls on Niagara Canyon. This is reached from the lower portion of the famous Malahatt Drive, and it is safe to say that hundreds of people pass over the drive without an idea that they are close to one of the most picturesque falls in Canada. The old-timer knows, however. We descended a flight of steps which are entirely unnoticed from the roadway, and walking up the canyon for possibly a couple of hundred yards, we turned the corner and came to these falls. The exact height has been forgotten, but it is very great. The fall—not wide—gives the impression of a portion of Niagara, the portion that is divided from the main fall by Goat Island. The rocks on each side of this waterfall are covered with exquisite ferns that everywhere sparkled and glistened with the spray, and from high above, between the big fir trees, that crowned the top of either side, there could be caught a glimpse of blue sky. The water falls into a great pool and from there in rapids to the bed of a stream on the Malahatt Drive. A little rustic platform has been erected where the falls can be viewed to the greatest advantage. It was a spot where one might have lingered the whole afternoon, but was only just one of the many lovely things that you see when a real old-timer takes you driving on Vancouver Island. Along the roads the woods were filled with trilliums and delicate white lilies which nowhere seem to grow to such perfection as they do on this favorite island.

Perhaps one of the greatest wonders of Victoria is the sunken gardens at Brentwood on the Butchart estate. A good motor road and also the B.C. Electric run out to Brentwood. If you take the latter, you walk a short half-mile down a lovely shady road and through the wide gates which stand hospitably open, and follow an avenue until you come upon a beautiful bungalow, which in June is almost smothered in roses. Turning to your left through a little group of trees, you arrive at a rustic summer house perched upon a big boulder. Three or four steps cut in the stone lead up to this, and as you mount the steps and cross to the open window you look down on a picture which is absolutely unique on the Continent of America, and possibly has no counterpart in the whole world. There you are, looking down into what seems to be a valley blasted out of solid rock, yet hanging with flowers and carpeted with lovely soft grass; in the distance a waterfall and a series of lily ponds. In the centre of the valley is an enormous rock with a winding staircase, reaching to the top which is abloom with flowers. To the left, as you look down, is the suggestion of a great dragon sprawled on the floor of the valley, but it is a dragon made of wallflowers, tulips, hyacinth, narcissus and a vast number of flowers that are unknown to the ordinary prairie dweller. Perhaps a foot and a half above these flowers is a mass of vines with leaves and buds, and along the spine of the dragon are rows of curious shapes which, on closer inspection, show that these are rose trees trained as only a Chinese gardener can train them. In June, when the spring flowers have faded, this great dragon-shaped bed will be a mass of roses.

The Butcharts are manufacturers of cement and the secret of this valley is a worked-out quarry, usually one of the most hideous blots on the landscape, but here turned into a dream of exquisite beauty. In April we found gardenias and camellias in bloom in this sheltered spot. It was a woman's idea to turn

this used-up quarry into a thing of beauty. Rough stone steps led down from the summer house to the bottom of the quarry. It takes hours to make the tour and you come away feeling that there are so many things you have not seen. The sound of the falling water coming to you pleasantly, and as you walk along the series of pools or ponds in which it is carried away you find aquatic plants in great profusion.

Gazing at the immense walls of stone you find that an artist's hand arranged the planting of the walls with just the kind of flowers and plants that are best suited to the scheme, and you are not surprised to learn that Mrs. Butchart did this work herself, having been lowered in a basket over the edge of the cliffs. There are many plants from Japan, India and China, and all of them have found spots which make them feel at home. All of the work has not yet been completed; a section of the quarry yet remains to be converted into a garden. When you realize that three years ago this quarry had just been worked out, it seems almost as if you had stepped upon the Magic Carpet of the Arabian Nights.

But the beauty and glory of the Butchart gardens does not even end here. Lingeringly you ascend out of the quarry garden and cross the road, and find yourself in one of the most wonderful Japanese gardens. Continuing your walk, you come also on a garden of old-fashioned English flowers, but everywhere roses, roses, roses. In June this place must be a veritable heaven. There are little summer houses standing in tiny lakes, and they are reached by stepping stones or quaint rustic bridges. Water rushes from the mouth of a green dragon and falls in a miniature cascade.

Almost satiated with the wonders of these gardens, you turn down a path to the native woods and walk along the shores of Todd's Inlet where the waters of the Pacific lie at the very foot of these gardens. Gazing down into the clear depths, you see wonderful green and red starfish, like exquisite flowers on the bottom of the sea. The windows of the bungalow look through a vista of trees across the Japanese garden and down this inlet. Returning along a wide path, on your right you come to a large rustic summer house, charmingly furnished and with the latest magazines on the table. A little notice is pinned up against the door and, stopping to read it, you learn to your amazement that if you have brought your lunch you can get water from the Chinese cook at the bungalow and eat your lunch in this charming spot.

All this beauty and charm has been created by private enterprise and private capital, and yet the owners of these wonderful gardens keep for their own use only two afternoons a week; Wonderful Thursday and Sunday afternoons are the only times when you may not go to these gardens and view them from every angle and stay as long as you please. Yet so little effort is made on the part of Victoria as a city to take advantage of this great opportunity that hundreds of tourists and visitors, even visitors who stay for months, never hear and never see this marvellous place.

One of the most delightful drives out from Victoria is that up to the new observatory. The observatory is unique in many ways, and for a number of things has not its counterpart on this continent. The difficulties, experienced in securing the wonderful lens and also securing its proper placing is a sort of fairy story all by itself, and this work was carried on during the war. Where the observatory stands is between 750 and 800 feet above sea level. It is reached by a circular drive which winds round and round the hill or mountain from base to summit, and from every turn of this road a gorgeous panorama of the island is to be seen. The observatory is especially for the study of the stars and its findings. The photography of them is not only contributable to science, but is also a great aid to mariners.

The writer is too abysmally ignorant on the subject of astronomy to speak of this observatory. On Saturday evenings for certain hours the public is given the

opportunity of looking through the immense telescope. A great many people avail themselves of it. To the ordinary tourist the drive itself up the mountain is of sufficient delight, even without a glimpse of the far-away stars.

In addition to all the glories mentioned, there is the glorious drive up over the famous Malahatt, to say nothing of a day's sailing among the islands.

It seems a pity that with such a climate and such marvels of beauty so little has been done to make of Victoria and Vancouver Island a winter and spring resort for the Canadians. Millions of Canadian money goes into the resorts to the south, and while by no means all of it could be retained on Vancouver Island, under any circumstances, yet very much of it could be retained if only an effort was made by the Provincial Government and the City of Victoria to supply certain things which are especially attractive to those who have only a short holiday to spend.

In the first place, there is no adequate hotel accommodation and living is extremely high. Even the foods produced on the island are dearer than they are in Winnipeg. Most extraordinary of all, there is no particular provision made to take advantage of sea bathing. It is well known that the Pacific as far north as Vancouver Island is not suitable for sea bathing except in the summer months, but at a comparatively small outlay baths could be erected that would be an enormous attraction to the people, and would be very remunerative to the city and to the island generally, yet nothing of this kind is done.

There is a great colony of people in Victoria who have retired from the prairies to make homes where the climate is milder, and they are anxious to see Victoria and the other coast cities of the island developed along these lines, but there seems to be a determined effort on the part of certain of the old-time population to balk every attempt of this kind. Enormous sums have been spent both by the province and by the city in

the construction of good roads for motoring. The taxation is extremely high, and yet there is nothing done to turn the expenditure for roads into an asset by encouraging the people from other parts of Canada, and from many parts of the States, to make of Vancouver Island a great holiday ground for which purpose it is so admirably suited by Nature.

In another article there will be something to say about the possibility of intensive farming on the island, particularly on the Saanich Peninsula, Saanich, by the way, meaning "Pleasant Land." A more appropriate name would be impossible to imagine.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

By Billy Sunday

I know there are various opinions held by men as to what they believe or think constitutes the sin against the Holy Ghost.

What It Is Not

It is not swearing.

If swearing were the unpardonable sin, lots of men in heaven would have to go to hell today, and there are multitudes on earth, on their way to heaven, that would have to go to hell, and I would have to go with them, because I am standing here to tell you that you never looked into the face of a man that could swear more than I could, and I think a man is a dirty low-down dog that will cuss.

It's not drunkenness.

There are multitudes in heaven that have crept and crawled out of the sewers of infamy and drunkenness. Some of the brightest lights that ever blazed for God have been men that God saved from hell.

It's not adultery.

Jesus said to the woman committing adultery: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

Out of Mary Magdalene He cast seven devils.

It's not murder.

Men's hands have been red with blood and God has forgiven them. The Apostle Paul's hands were red with blood.

What It Is

To me it is plain. It is constant and continual and final rejection of Jesus Christ as your Saviour.

God's offer of mercy and salvation comes to you, and you say "No," and push it aside. I do not know when the time takes place in the life of an individual when you can say "No" to God for the last time, but I do know that there is such a thing as a last call to every man and to every woman, and when a man or a woman says "No" as God's Spirit strives within you in these days may for ever seal your doom.

You hear the call; you go about your business; go about the cares of home, about the requirements and demands of society, and God will keep on calling, and you will keep on saying "No," until there will come a time in every man's life when God will call for the last time.

It is no special form of sin. It might be swearing, it might be drunkenness, it might be adultery or theft.

Any sin becomes unpardonable if God keeps calling on you to forsake that sin and you keep on refusing to forsake it for the last time, and if you don't, then He will withdraw and let you alone, and that sin will become unpardonable, for God doesn't ask you again to forsake it.

Who Can Commit It?

Any man or woman that says "No" to God's offer of mercy. You may be a man down in sin, or, like the Pharisees, you may be the best man, morally, in the community. You may even defend the Bible, the Church, you may even be my friend; you may even stand on the street and speak well of this campaign; but I say, let Jesus try to get you to walk out publicly before the people, and you say "No" to every appeal, and He will keep on asking you, and there will come a time when He will ask you for the last time, and then He will let you alone. He will pass you by. God pity you!

SUMMER TOURIST FARES

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

THE GREATEST CANADIAN WOMAN

Who is the most useful woman in Canada at the present time, and why? What woman is doing most for Canada? A prize of one dollar has been offered for the best reply. We have had a splendid response. We are pleased to see so many emphasize the home woman. The prize this month is awarded to M. R. C. I am sorry the correspondent does not wish her name published; she is one of our Saskatchewan readers.

THE IDEAL CANADIAN WOMAN

By M. R. C.

Who is the most useful woman in Canada at the present time? There are so many fine, unselfish Canadian women devoting their lives to the good of humanity, as well as to the interests of Canadian citizenship, that to single out one as the ideal Canadian woman one feels one would be doing the others a great injustice. Yet I doubt if anyone is doing more than she who gives to her country a number of healthy, useful, God-fearing, self-respecting citizens, whether she lives in a mansion or in a humble farm home.

My ideal woman is a good mother, educated and refined, the queen of the home, having always the welfare of husband and children at heart; not satisfied except with the best; the best training and teaching; the best morals and ideals for her children, but not living for her family only. She keeps herself and family informed on the progress of those events which are shaping the future of her country and of humanity, seeing to it that that progress is in the direction of the greatest good to the greatest number. She has also a love of the beautiful, and takes time to cultivate the ability to express it in music, in painting or drawing, in dressing herself and children beautifully, not elaborately nor expensively, but simply and tastefully, and in making her home beautiful, furnishing it with these things: Hospitality, contentment, Godliness, order, sunshine, laughter, growing plants and beautiful pictures as far as her purse will afford as to the latter, and with the companionship of pleasant people. She is loved and honored by all who know her and her influence for good will surely reach further than the next generation. This ideal, calling for all the powers, both physical and mental, of the strongest woman, is perhaps only possible in its fullest attainment to a few, but it is one to which in my mind many a pioneer woman, struggling against adverse circumstances, has come nearer to attaining than most of those who, all their lives have had every advantage of wealth and luxury.

The following replies are worthy of honorable mention:

Mrs. Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

Dear Madam: To your question, Who is the most useful woman in Canada at the present time, and why? I would unhesitatingly reply, Mrs. Louise C. McKinney, M.L.A., of Claresholm, Alberta, because as a member of Parliament she has the best opportunity for usefulness, as she has a voice in the making of the laws of the country, and her influence will therefore be felt by the next generation. As president of the W.C.T.U., she did much good, and was an indefatigable worker in the late prohibition campaign, not only in the towns along the railroad, but in the out-of-way places. She is a forceful speaker, logical in her arguments, liberal in her views, honest in her convictions, persistent in her demands, is sympathetic and trustworthy. In short, she is a womanly woman, who works for the interests of her constituents and the community, who knows what she wants, and uses her influence to get it. Although not distinguished as an authoress, her utterances and addresses have been published and read throughout the length and breadth of Canada.

Pearl Richmond Hamilton, Editor of the Young Woman and Her Problem: I have noticed in the April issue of The Western Home Monthly a request for

readers' replies to the question of Who is the ideal Canadian woman? I am going to endeavor to send my opinion.

The question of Who is the ideal Canadian woman? is to many a problem, and unfortunately there are many false ideas of it. The ideal Canadian woman is not the woman who is striving for medals, military honors, popularity, and successful pink tea parties. It is not the woman who is doing war work to have her name published in the press. The woman who can guide the footsteps of the young at home or at school, teaching and showing by example the way of a true Canadian is a stamp of the ideal Canadian woman.

These women who are doing this are to Canada the most useful women of today. They are not afraid of going out of their homes to help others, but they do not neglect their homes at the same time. The woman who is helping, sacrificing, giving her all to her country, is doing the most for Canada, by making it a more clean, true, loyal and better land.

MY MOST BEAUTIFUL MEMORY OF MOTHER

The one dollar prize is awarded to Miss Alice M. Mosier, Daysland, Alta.

To me, my mother has always been a beautiful woman in appearance. But as I recall my most beautiful memory of mother was a few years ago when there were four of us taking music lessons. One evening just at twilight when she thought she was all alone, I heard her play and sing in her sweet voice (for the first time in my life) that old familiar hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." She made a lovely picture. When she had finished she rose from the piano, with an odd little laugh, and passed into another room.

THE CALL TO THE WEST

Mrs. Wm. Torans, of Okotoks, Alta., has sent us a beautiful poem in The Call to the West. The spirit of the pioneer so vividly pictured should make us thrill with the pride of patriotism. We who come after these heroes and heroines who have made Canada have a big work to do in keeping up with their reputation. Honor and love for our country must be first in the ambition of every honest-minded man and woman—boy and girl. A returned soldier hobbling along on crutches sat down to rest on a bench near me—a big, splendid brave man in appearance he was. He began to praise Canada—everything Canadian looked "good" to him. "I was born in the States," he said to me, "but I've earned the right to be a Canadian. I fought in the South African War and in August, 1914, I enlisted in this war. I was returned wounded and I feel that I am a true Canadian. This is the best country I know. I want to get back on my ranch." As we talked, his enthusiasm for support of loyalty to one's adopted country was so impressive that I felt it was too important for only one hearer. He should have had an audience of a thousand who had not been born in Canada. "I have done better in Canada than elsewhere, therefore I owe my allegiance to Canada," he concluded, as he lifted his painful bandaged foot to a more restful position on the bench.

Men like this brave, loyal soldier make citizens. When such hearts beat under coats of khaki girls in Canada must do everything in their power to be useful, efficient and loyal in their particular place in life. Whatever our work is let us improve and determine to make it better for Canada.

This is Mrs. Toran's poem:

The Call to the West

From the slowly, plodding open and the old Red River carts
To the snorting locomotive on the track,
Is a tale of struggling heroes, with their brave unflinching hearts,
Men who never gave a thought to turning back.
It's the man who does the work in the West,
And the wife who does not shirk in the west.

In order to reach the highest point of perfection each of the new square Royal Yeast Cakes will be wrapped and sealed in waxed paper by machinery. This makes them practically airtight, and keeps them fresh longer.

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It is just the thing for tired, sore, aching feet. Takes out the sting and burning and gives the feet "increased mileage."

Helps limber up heavy tennis legs and takes the stiffness out of golf shoulders. Good for ridding stiff joints and muscles of inflammation; for lameness and swellings.

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Postmaster of Hereford Points the Way to Health to Other Sufferers from Kidney and Bladder Trouble.



Hereford, Que. (Special).

Mr. A. Peabody, the veteran postmaster here, is one of the many old people who claim to have received a new lease of life through the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Peabody is in his 84th year, but wonderfully strong and active for one of his age. But he was not always thus. "For six years," he says, in telling his story, "I suffered from kidney and bladder trouble. I had those sharp, streaky, lightning pains through my muscles, even to my finger tips."

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Costs less than one cent a day to make and keep your face white and smooth. Has the effect of the finest powder, covers and removes blemishes, tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads and all skin diseases. A fine finish for the toilet. Price, postpaid—\$1.00. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont. Sold by

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

This it is that tells the tale;
This that weathers every gale;
That is never known to fail
In the West.

Oh—the months of bitter heartaches as
the woman longed for home,
Yet she kept the anguish hidden in her
breast.

She smiled courage to her husband.
Now her happy glances roam
Round the home she helped him make
here
In the West.

It's the man who reaps and mows
In the West,
And the wife who sweeps and sews
In the West.
There is independence sweet,
There's enough to drink and eat,
And a life that can't be beat
In the West.

There are countless acres waiting to be
turned to fields of wheat;
Future homes are waiting for the men
at night,
Who are full of hope and courage and
who will not see defeat.
God will bless them as He ever does the
right.

Here the balmy chinook calls
To the West;
Young Alberta welcomes all
To the West,
Who have hearts as true as steel,
Who are quick to know and feel,
Who will stick to woe and weal,
To the West.

PRIZE OFFER FOR JULY

What is the greatest need to-day of
the wage-earning girl? One dollar will
be given for the best reply to this question.
All communications must be in by
the first of August. This includes both
the city and country girl. We want to
hear from every interested young
woman. We want no selfish replies.
Keep in mind the idea of usefulness.

AN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL TEMPLE FOR GIRLS

The greatest need of girls in the industrial world to-day is education. Girls want clubs and social life. They must have wise leadership who understand and live true ideal citizenship. There are thousands of girls in our city and other cities who drift aimlessly from day to day. Our splendid women could form clubs and societies for them that would direct them to constructive achievement. If we do not, some emotionally, insane women will gather them into groups and infuse them with destructive, poisonous influence.

The majority of our girls start out clean and with determination to improve themselves. We must do everything in our power to direct them on the right path to progressive citizenship. Our girls must learn to look at their work in the largest way possible. They must realize its value as a contribution to the welfare of society as well as a benefit to themselves. Addington Bruce says: "View it and welcome it as giving you a special chance to render useful service to your fellow-men. Don't measure it solely by its return to you in dollars and cents. Visualize it as an element in promoting the common good. Be an enthusiastic worker, then you may feel confident of becoming an unusually successful worker, achieving perhaps success beyond your fondest dreams.

So I see before me an industrial educational temple for girls—a large building where all kinds of girls in the industrial world may meet in club rooms and auditoriums, and also reception halls, for there must be in the temple all kinds of opportunities to satisfy in a legitimate, helpful way the hunger of girls for education and social life. The most progressive women of the city and the generous-hearted men would plan and provide speakers and teachers to instruct them in lessons of true citizenship. Every girl would have an opportunity to grasp the meaning of the true value of her place in the industrial world—of the true value of citizenship in Canada and reverence for constructive national patriotism.

The temple would be a central meeting place for girls. There would be classrooms where they could take up new

studies to better themselves in their work. Besides the direct educational advantages, it would be a safe social centre. Entertainment that stimulates to growth instead of dissipation that weakens womanhood would be provided. It would not be a place to board and room. This industrial educational temple for girls might be financed by business men and women. Perhaps business men would think the investment worth while when it would mean more efficient help and contented, loyal service. The board of management would be composed of both men and women. Then the great dragons, Ignorance and False Attractions, would not have a chance to hold in their clutches the thousands of well meaning girls that they now squeeze and destroy. No, the industrial educational temple managed by our splendid men and progressive womanly women would be the best possible investment in good citizenship. We must, through an educational campaign, starve this great monster, Ignorance. We must see that our girls have a chance for clean, wholesome social life, and thus counteract destructive forces that gather in our girls. Let us think about this industrial educational temple for girls.

EVERY GIRL'S OPPORTUNITY

"Maker and High Priest,
I ask Thee not my joys to multiply.
Only to make me worthier of the least."

So wrote Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Of this one thing I am sure — every reader of this page has eyes—yet I presume there are girls who think they are abused, misunderstood and too handicapped to make success of their lives. "Eyes have they and see not." They have not the courage to see. A great deed or victory is not the accomplishment of an hour. Faith in one's self and one's life rallies all difficulties to endeavor.

The first question for every girl to ask herself is—How may I best prepare for service to humanity? And then she must love—love—love, until not a seed of hatred or selfishness or envy can find room to germinate in her character, for the seeds of hatred will poison and destroy the life eventually. The life that is clean and inspiring will do more for our community than volumes of sermons. Again from Mrs. Browning I read:

"None knelt at her feet confessed lovers
in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used,
that was all.

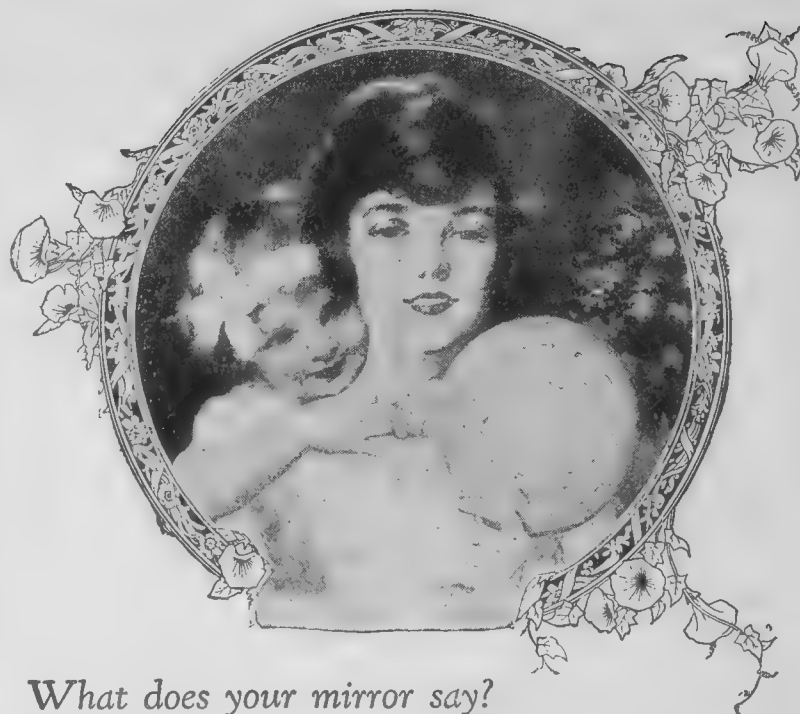
If you praised her as charming some
asked what you meant;
But the charm of her presence was felt
where she went."

I wonder if there is as great a crime in the world to-day as the lawless use of an unbridled tongue. It creates restlessness, inactivity and blindness of soul vision. It is the torch that inflames destructive forces. Only the honest, lawful life develops constructive growth in the home, the community and the nation.

"Her air had a meaning, her movements
a grace;
You turned from the fairest to gaze on
her face;
And when you had once seen her face,
head and mouth.
You saw as distinctively her soul and her
truth."

Nature teaches us the truth of law. I have two garden seeds. One I plant; the other I place on a shelf. The one according to the law of growth, with the aid of sunshine, moisture and cultivation, develops into a beautiful plant bearing fruit which yields seeds for years and years of produce. The other seed on the shelf withers away into a useless, lifeless atom. We must climb the ladder of life; there is no elevator to lift us up.

Girls have written me, saying they are so lonely in the country that they want to come to the city. Make capital of that loneliness. One such girl, several years ago, lived in a lonely environment and she sent for a set of histories. Five years later she had a position in a good high school as teacher of history. The quietness of the environment and her clear-minded ambition created a fertile opportunity for success. Every one of us inherits all the wisdom and genius and benevolence of the ages. We can reach the noblest possibilities. We live in an age when the zeal and strength of



What does your mirror say?

Does your mirror show that
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A pure, free-lathering soap
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Choice, balmy oils are "mellowed together" in Fairy Soap
— blended, in every pure

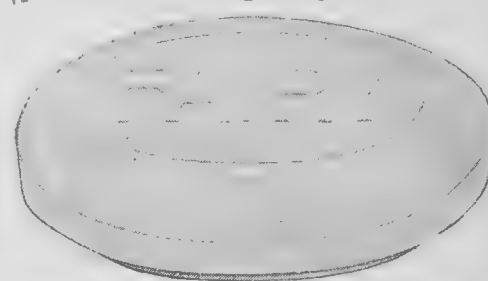
process of its making, for the
particular care of the skin.

Perhaps you don't realize
how helpfully Fairy Soap deals
with tender complexions.

Make friends with Fairy
Soap. Buy several cakes. Use
"Fairy" regularly, thoroughly.
Make your mirror reflect a
soft, clear, glowing skin.

For toilet and bath

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You know by your own experience the truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and that it is undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it?

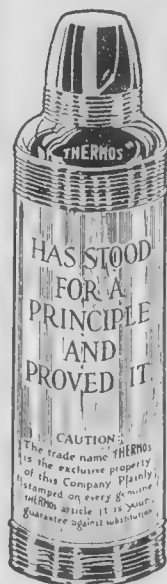


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Trial Plapao and illustrated book on rupture. Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so the rupture can't come down. No charge for it, now or ever; nothing to be returned. Write today—NOW. Address, Plapao Co. Block 696 St. Louis, Mo.

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Hot as a griddle
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cier—as zippy
as it came from the oven, as
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box, as fresh as it came from
either, as good as they came
from both!

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In United States, Norwich, Conn.

young men and women are greatly in demand. There is a prize for every ambitious girl. There is little competition at the top. The crowd is at the bottom. They are too lazy or too emotionally crazy to see above the first rung of the ladder.

If we look up and fight every enemy that would sap our ambition for usefulness and make a stepping stone of every difficulty, and climb, we shall find, when we are about half-way up, these enemies to success gradually disappear, making it possible for us to go on with great hope. Then when we are near the top shall we be able to dictate our own terms—for the reward of honest, skilful, earnest, productive work shall create respect for our judgment.

One of the most lamentable sights in the world is a young, healthy girl complaining because she has no chance to make good. I have a friend who was once the child of a poor washer-woman. She wanted an education, and determined to earn it. Everyone she knew discouraged her. She went to a town thirty miles from home and worked hard for her board while attending school. On her eighteenth birthday the little children in the neighborhood of her new home bought a gold ring for her with their pennies. She graduated at the head of her class, and to-day is a leading teacher. Again with Mrs. Browning we see the woman of honest, patriotic influence:

"She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men
at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the
whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at
her gown."

WOMEN WHO HAVE SAID "I CAN"

Girls who say "I can't" are lacking in practical application. Edna Ferber, a successful magazine story writer, says: "The entire outfit of my job depends upon me. All the wheels, belts, wires, bolts, fires, tools—the whole manufacturing scheme of things—has got to be contained in the space between my chin and my topmost hairpins." Sometimes we see girls on whose forehead we might read this mental sign: "For rent, fine, large, empty head." The girl who gets ahead is the girl who exercises her will and trains herself to do hard, unpleasant things. When I was a child this riddle was popular at school: "Why is a girl like a bottle of poor ink? Because she needs a good shaking sometimes before she will do good work." Any of us can say: "I would like to be a capable teacher or stenographer, or the head of a business." But sometimes nothing but a good shaking will make it possible for us to carry out our wish. We turn almost invariably to the easy thing. We talk about easy hours and a three months' business training. One time I went to my teacher with that martyr-like feeling and said: "I have the problem. I spent four hours on it." "You must be very stupid," he replied. "If you had concentrated your mind clearly you should have solved the problem in half an hour." It is not the time we spend that counts, but what we accomplish in that time. Success and achievement do not lie at the end of easy roads. In fighting our way up we have to "stack our arguments and personality, mentality and power over others."

Almost anyone can cultivate a good memory if she really tries. Self-consciousness blocks good memory. A crisis comes sometimes in every girl's life and it requires constant constructive training in character building to handle successfully that crisis when it comes. Mary Roberts Rinchart says in her creed that love and work is the foundation of every normal life. Someone says: "Success is feeling we are doing a work worth while and our work is recognized." Mrs. Clara Pressler, of Cincinnati, Ohio, faced the world a few years ago with three small children to support. Her cloud appeared to have no silver lining. She had been left not only penniless, but with debts on a cafeteria that amounted to fifteen hundred dollars. Her creditors had confidence in her ability and integrity, and to-day she has her debts paid and her restaurants serve three thousand persons daily.

Arunda Byrd, of Colorado, was an office girl. She filed a claim for one hundred and sixty acres in Colorado, had a little shack built, which she called "Hard Tack," and moved in. She did her own farm work and lived alone for fourteen months. As a result of her experience she was engaged as a lecturer on gardening and earns a large salary.

Some years ago Mrs. E. S. Wilson was propped up in a Detroit hospital. She was worried because her physician said she would be deformed for life. She would be able to do no active work. She was then past forty. After her physician left she began to wonder how she would make a living. A robin flew to the limb of a tree near her window. She watched it. Then the thought flashed: "I can study birds." After two years of study she became such an authority on birds that she was employed by the Indiana Department of Agriculture. She is now one of the national lecturers of the National Association of Audubon Societies. She is also a field worker for the Department of Agriculture and has travelled all over the continent. Nearly every week she receives letters from college professors seeking information. This woman when past middle life took up a new line of work and has gained the recognition of a nation's executives as well as of the professors of colleges. And her deformity has gone. Her faith in herself and her interest in her work have overcome it.

Katherine Stinson, the queen of the aeroplane, emphasizes in her training the courage of confidence. She says it is so simple to say: "Well, if other people have done this I don't see why I can't. I think I should feel like saying that about anything I wanted very much to do."

Miss June Rand is only twenty-two, and is president of a factory that uses twenty power machines and employs 100 persons. Two years ago she determined to show her rich relatives that she could earn her own living. She applied first to clerk, then as a ranch cook, but was refused. Having made some unusually pretty gingham dresses and housecaps to wear on the ranch, she sold some, and she then put on one set, went to the principal dry-goods store in the town, and went home with orders for six dozen sets. She had a hard time to borrow fifty dollars for the gingham. At first she began her factory work in a tiny room with two old sewing machines. People liked her dresses and the demand increased. To-day her family treat her with respect, banks compete for her account, and men want to marry her. She was quick and alert in making capital of an opportunity. No mentally lazy girl ever really has a good idea. Energy and imagination are important factors in a girl's life.

Elizabeth Rachell Wylie teaches other women to understand business. She has discovered the hidden secrets of many women and by her training has made them happy and efficient. She says her largest reward is when some woman says that her whole life has been broadened and changed by the lifting of the veil of mystery that often surrounds the simplest of business problems.

Gay Zenola MacLaren makes her living by giving performances of whole

plays. She repeats all the lines and imitates all the actors. She knows twenty plays. Each season she adds two or three Broadway successes. She attends a play five or six times, then she has it learned. Someone asked her how she remembers so well. She replied: "I make pictures in my mind—all the time. Most people have poor memories because they don't use their eyes at the same time they use their ears. If you observe carefully, both words and actions will fade quickly from memory." Miss MacLaren imitates over two hundred characters. She has acted before audiences all over the continent. These are only a few of many, many girls and women who have said: "I can."

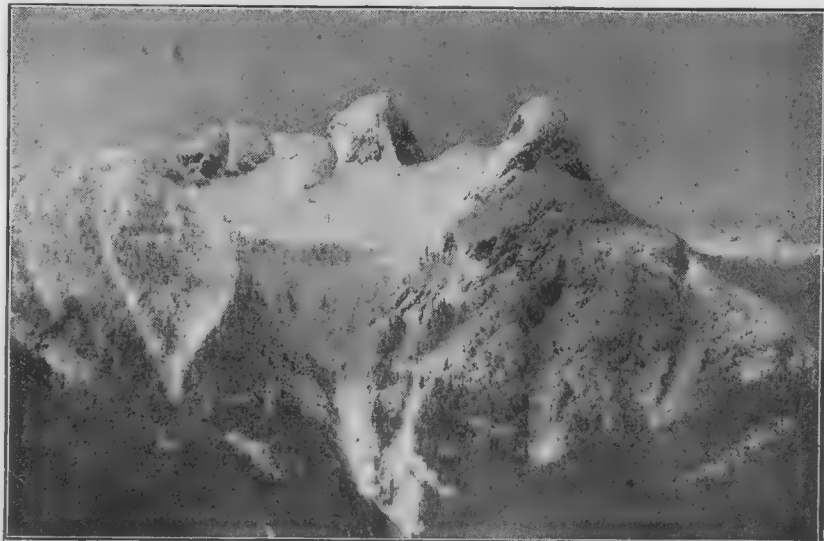
Fifteen Years For a Picture

Written for The Western Home Monthly
By Francis J. Dickie.

"Lion's Couchant," the twin peaks, marvellously by Nature alone carved, which rival the work of Landseer, whose lions guard Trafalgar Square. These twin peaks in the form of sleeping lions are one of the famed wonders of the Pacific coast, and are known to almost every mariner in the world by reason of their position overlooking the harbor of Vancouver, Canada. Thousands of photos have been made of the "lions," but owing to hostile atmospheric conditions and cloud and light effects which hindered, no photograph, until one shown here, has ever been procured which adequately brought out the true scenic grandeur of these peaks. For fifteen years Leonard Frank, a Canadian artist, has been attempting to overcome the handicap of Nature, for only on very rare occasions were the atmospheric, light and weather conditions and the cloud effect all right at exactly the same time to make possible a picture which would truly reproduce the benign grandeur and magnificent austerity of these peaks. Recently the artist, Leonard Frank, of Vancouver, succeeded in getting the accompanying photograph which has been the subject of much artistic discussion since its taking recently. It speaks for itself whether or not the artist has been rewarded for his many attempts, spread over so long a period of time.

Among the Indians these peaks are known as the Twin Sisters. They are, according to Indian legend, the twin daughters of a great Indian chief. Through their diplomacy at the time of the feast given in their honor at attaining to womanhood, they caused peace to be brought about between many warring tribes, and by the Indian god, Sagalie Tyee, were made immortal as a reward. The twin peaks are Peace and Brotherhood, according to the Indians.

The Famous Orange Lily Home Treatment for women, advertised on page 31 by Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont., is also procurable from the local Agent, Mrs. Main, 631 Notre Dame Ave., or at Graydon's Drug Store, Edmonton, or Woodward's Dept. Stores, Vancouver. To introduce the treatment to new friends a trial box is sent free to any lady who may write for it.



"Lion's Couchant." Famed Natural Wonders of the Pacific Coast

**40°
BELOW**

Means nothing to the

HECLA

Warm Air
★Feature Furnace

Extracts all the heat from the coal—keeps all the heat in the house. Easy on the coal bin. Easy to look after. The Hecla-heated house is always a cheerful one. Our booklet "Comfort and Health" tells you many things you should know about furnaces.

Use the Coupon

★1—Steel Ribbed Fire Pot	4—Individual Grate Bars
2—Fused Joints	
3—Cast Iron Combustion Chamber	5—Circular Water Pan

Clare Bros. Western Limited, Winnipeg, Man.
Please send me "Comfort and Health," also guaranteed house heating plans. Dept. E

Name _____
Address _____

Poultry Chat

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. E. Vialoux

For several years we have been advising people, especially farmers, to raise more poultry to help out the food problem and keep down the H. C. L. which has taken possession of the world. No doubt the poultry industry has increased wonderfully in Canada, but now the call comes to us to help replenish the sadly depleted poultry flocks of France.

Are we in a position to do this, and send thousands of fowl overseas in the near future? I am afraid not, but at any rate, we can raise all the chickens we possibly can this season and extend the hatching period to June 20th or later. Bring off another hatch in the machine and set the broody hens. Give the chicks extra good care and they will develop by the time frosty fall days have set in. France needed no less than three million breeding hens this spring as eggs and poultry production have decreased 50 per cent in the past four years in France. Poland and Belgium are no better off, but, as feed is very scarce in all these countries, until a crop is harvested, there will not be a heavy shipment of Canadian fowl, until next autumn when the Canadian government will take up the matter in earnest. Though three million breeding fowls were needed this spring in France few were sent. Some Barred Rocks and Buff Orpingtons were shipped from the eastern provinces, but not many. The French peasant prefers a fowl with a white skin, but, if a trade could be worked up in yellow skinned birds with yellow shanks such as the Barred Rocks, and Wyandottes and Rhode Island Reds so much the better.

We know the American housekeeper insists upon a yellow skinned fowl! The popular French breeds are "La Flesh," "La Bresse," and "Favolles," so the English Orpington will appeal to them as they are white skinned.

The later part of March eggs were retailing in the shops in France at 80 cents to \$1.20 per dozen. The only country shipping fresh eggs in large numbers this season to France is Morocco, and the eggs are very small weighing only 17 to 18 ounces to the dozen. These figures are taken from the market report of The Live Stock Branch, Dominion Department of Agriculture. W. A. Brown of The Live Stock Branch, is now in Europe as poultry representative of Canada, and attended the international poultry conference recently held in London, England. Now Canada will have not only an excellent market at home to cater for, but an immense market abroad both for fowls and eggs. Packing houses in Winnipeg this season were buying eggs for cold storage from 42 to 45 cents per dozen—a higher price than ever before, and they predict that storage eggs will retail at 75 cents before the snow flies this fall.

My advice to housekeepers is to preserve all the eggs they can secure right away. By sending out to storekeepers in the small western towns good eggs can be bought by the crate at a reasonable rate. Either water glass or lime will keep them perfectly, for use next winter. At the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, experiments have been carried on in preserving eggs for no less than 21 years, and 25 different preparations and fluids have been used to preserve eggs. The various experiments have proved

that lime water solution is superior to any other method used, though water glass or "sodium silicate" comes second in value as an egg preservative. Both of these solutions are easily prepared but care must be taken always to pack only fresh eggs, as a couple of rotten eggs may spoil a whole crock of hen fruit. Salt may be used in making the saturated lime water, but there is no necessity for using the salt and the eggs become more encrusted with lime when salt is added to the lime water. One pound of fresh slaked stone lime will make five gallons of the solution. Slake the lime in a little water, stir thoroughly, then leave a few hours and mix with 5 gallons of water. Leave over night, again stir, let settle then pour off the clear lime water and pour over fresh eggs in a large crock or candy pail. About 15 dozen could be immersed in 5 gallons of lime water. Have the eggs well covered, whether lime or water glass is used, and should they need more solution as time goes on, make some fresh and pour over them.

The vessel or crock should be covered with a wooden board, an old cotton sack covering the eggs with an inch of the thick lime upon it. When eggs are bought by the crate I think the housekeeper should "candle" them before packing. An egg tester only costs a few cents, and can be readily used with electric light, or a good lamp then one is sure no bad eggs are "preserved" for winter.

The baby chick business has grown immensely in the States the last few years, and huge incubator plants turn out many thousands of baby chicks of all breeds during the hatching season. Some of these mammoth hatcheries turn out half a million chicks in one season. The state of Ohio and parts of New Jersey, are where most of these hatcheries are located. Ohio leads the way in baby-chick production. The general rule is to contract for the hatching eggs from general farms and poultry flocks in the vicinity of the hatchery, and strict supervision is kept over the breeding stock on these farms. Adult birds are not kept at the hatchery at all with a few exceptions.

A word in closing, in regard to "the annual clean-up" in the poultry house and yard. Now all crops are seeded this important work should be done. Clean, disinfect and whitewash, then mites and lice will not abound in the house; use coal oil freely on the roosts and sprinkle fowls with insect powder.

Untimely

A ducky, coming around a corner in a Texas town last winter, was met square in the face with a blow of bitter cold north wind.

"Huh!" he said, indignantly, "whar wuz you lass July?"

The "Good Luck Hair Tonic, as advertised on page 31 by Mrs. Ladd, Windsor, Ont., is said to produce astonishing results in all cases of hair and scalp troubles. If interested, write Mrs. Ladd, Windsor, Ont.



A Happy Family

Classified Page for People's Wants

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisement Columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c word. Minimum 50c. Cash with order.

Agents Wanted

WANTED RELIABLE AGENTS—To sell fruit and ornamental trees, small fruits, seed potatoes, etc. Good pay. Exclusive territory. We grow varieties recommended by Government Experimental Farmers for our Western trade. Nursery of six hundred acres. Reliable stock. Write Pelham Nursery Co., Toronto, Ont. T.F.

Educational

MODERN ARITHMETIC—If backward in this subject, send postal note for 25c for my series of lesson sheets. Harry E. Gooch, Hanover School, Ford, Sask. 7-19

Fruit and Farm Lands

IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR EXCHANGE YOUR PROPERTY, write me. John J. Black, 14 St., Chippewa Falls, Wis. 6-19

Help Wanted

WANTED—A good live salesman in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to represent "Canada's Greatest Nurseries." Special list of hardy stock, thoroughly tested and recommended by the Western Experimental Stations. Fruit trees, small fruits, seed potatoes, hardy trees for wind-breaks and shelter belts, flowering shrubs, vines, roses, perennials, etc. Highest commissions paid. Exclusive territory. Handsome free outfit. Stone & Wellington, Toronto, Ont.

WANTED—PERSONS TO GROW MUSHROOMS for us at home; from \$15 per week upwards can be made by using waste space in cellars, yards, gardens, etc. (start now); illustrated booklet sent free. Address Montreal Supply Company, Montreal. 7-19

WANTED—Married couple for farm work. Address, Box B, Elardee, Sask. 7-19

Nursing

TRAINED NURSES earn \$15 to \$25 a week. Learn without leaving home. Send for free booklet. Royal College of Science, Dept. 9, Toronto, Canada. T.F.

Miscellaneous

J. D. A. Evans—Teacher of English Composition, etc., Crystal City, Man. T.F.

STOCK FOR SALE—Registered Aberdeen-Angus calves, about 8 months old. Prices reasonable. Write D. M. Kean & Sons, Orillia, Ont. 6-19

ST-STU-T-T-TERING, and Stammering cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Potomac Bank Building, Washington, D.C. 7-19

BILLIARD TABLES—For farm homes, portable and stationary, slate bed. The game of kings, \$75 up. J. D. Clark Billiard Co., Winnipeg. T.F.

CABBAGE CUTTER, SIX KNIVES—Slices all vegetables rapidly; excellent for potato chips; prepaid \$1.00; three for \$2.00. Lusher Brothers, Elkhart, Indiana. 7-19

ALL MAKES SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED—Send machine head only. Needles and parts. (Repair Dept.) Dominion Sewing Machine Co., 300 Notre Dame, Winnipeg. T.F.

FOR SALE—"Heaven and Hell." Swedborg's great work on the life after death and a real world beyond; 400 pages, only 25c postpaid. W. G. Law, 486 Euclid Avenue, Toronto, Ont. 7-19

OPERATIONS UNNECESSARY—Gall stones removed. Appendicitis corrected in 24 hours without pain. Not sold by druggists. Mrs. George Almas, 524 4th Avenue, North, Saskatoon, Sask. Sole manufacturer. 6-19

Patents

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.—The old-established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. T.F.

PATENTS—Trademark copyright, Consulting engineers. Agencies in all foreign countries. Inventors' Adviser sent free on request. Marion & Marion, 164 University Street, Montreal; 918 F Street, Washington, D.C. Over thirty years of continual practice. T.F.

DO YOU WANT WATER?—I have an instrument with which I have located over 400 wells in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Registers only on springs, no soaking shown. Terms moderate. This instrument not for sale. E. A. Hobart, Water Expert, Brandon, Man. 6-19

Poultry

LONGMORE'S Champion White Wyandottes, better than ever. A few nice cockerels at \$5 each; also a few good Buff Orpingtons. Been breeding and exhibiting for 25 years. Custom hatching and baby chicks. John C. Longmore, 11823-85th Street, Edmonton, Alta. 6-19

TWENTY-SIX YEARS' BREEDER OF show and utility; Rocks that are barred and bred right from grand laying hens. Eggs \$2 for 15, 30 for \$3.50. Order direct from this advertisement; satisfaction guaranteed. W. Bennett, Box 43, Kingsville, Ontario. 7-19

ALBINO POULTRY FARM. Pure-bred White Wyandottes, Martin and Tom Barron strain. Eggs \$3 per 15, 30 for \$5, post paid. Miss Ruth Lloyd, Morden, Man. 7-19

HIGH CLASS Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds. On two entries won 1st and 3rd pullets Manitoba Winter Fair. Eggs \$3.00 and \$4.50 per 15. John Duff, Mekiwin, Man. 6-19

SINGLE AND ROSE COMB White Leghorns, Indian Runner ducks, \$2 per 15 eggs. Jas. A. Jackson, Leduc, Alberta. 7-19

Stamps for Sale

STAMPS—Free package to collectors for 3 cents postage. Offer hundred different foreign stamps, including war issues, hinges, catalogue, 10 cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamps Company, Toronto. T.F.



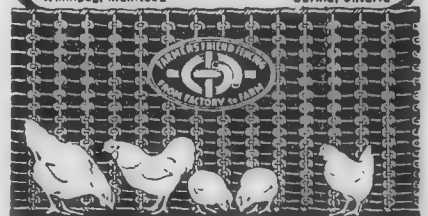
SARNIA POULTRY FENCE

The Canadian farmers and ourselves have been friends for more than eight years. Our business relations have been very intimate and profitable both ways—to the farmer and to us. We have given full measure of service—real fence value. That means repeat orders. Once a Sarnia fence customer, always a Sarnia fence customer. That is especially true of Sarnia poultry fence. You get real fence value, durable and strong, with all extra profits eliminated, when you deal direct with us on our Factory to Farm one profit plan.

We Save You Money

Buy no Poultry fence any part of which is made of light wire. The life of the fence will only be the life of the lightest wire. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. The Sarnia knot—in fact all parts of our fence are made of the same size wire. We guarantee the Sarnia fence to be made from Government gauge, high grade wire that stands the acid test, and to be the most perfectly woven Poultry fence on the market. Western Canada supplied from Winnipeg. Get our low price list and descriptive literature before you buy Poultry Fence. Address nearest office.

THE SARNIA FENCE CO., Limited
Winnipeg, Manitoba Sarnia, Ontario



GOOD LUCK" HAIR TONIC AND GROWER,

The latest scientific triumph in successful hair-growing. A preparation, delightful to use, that removes the cause of dandruff and itching, cures all scalp diseases, checks falling of hair, makes hair soft, silky, lustrous and best of all by nourishing the scalp and stimulating its circulation starts up a heavy growth of fine, new hair. "Good Luck" Hair Tonic and Grower gives excellent results when used on children, as well as grown-ups, who have thin, straggling hair. Price \$1.00 per bottle, postpaid. May be procured at Eaton's, Winnipeg, Graydon's Drug Store, Edmonton or Woodward Dept. Stores, Vancouver. Address, Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont.

Practical Books for Practical Men

RUN IT YOURSELF—You can quickly learn to run steam engines by studying Young Engineer's Guide. Save the expense of hiring an engineer. Book recently revised to 254 pages, illustrated. Endorsed by engine manufacturers and leading engineers everywhere. Price, bound in cloth, postpaid \$2.00. Write for Catalogue of latest and best practical and mechanical books.

Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.

PUFFIN' BILLY

By May Heward



BABY WILTSHIRE.

Too weak to take milk.

256, Francis Road, Leyton.

Dear Sirs,

I wish to thank you for the benefit our baby girl got from Virol. We say Virol saved her life. A fine child at birth, but began wasting at 7 weeks. At 2 months the doctor advised us to try Virol. We had lost all hope of the child living, she was so thin. From 2 to 3 months she lived entirely on Virol, being too weak to take milk; but when she improved we gave her Virol and milk, which she has had ever since, and is a lovely baby now. She sleeps well, and is cutting her teeth fine. This photo was taken when she was twelve months old. She is so bonny and has nine teeth.

Yours truly,

A. M. WILTSHIRE.

Virol increases the power of resistance to the germs of disease, and replaces wasted tissue, it is therefore a valuable food in Measles, Whooping-cough, Infantile Diarrhoea, etc.

VIROL

Sole Importers: BOYRIL, Ltd.
27, St. Peter Street, Montreal.

S. H. B.



NO NEED SUFFERING FROM PILES NOW

Golden Pile Remedy will cure your Piles—try it! The trial is absolutely FREE. Simply send us your name and address and we will send a liberal free treatment by return mail.

It is a mistake to dose yourself with so-called Pile cures. They will do you more harm than good. Why don't you begin right to-day to overcome your piles. You can do it by using Golden Pile Remedy. The results from the full treatment, which sells for \$1.30, are amazing; the itching, burning and swelling, along with the other well-known symptoms, soon disappear and leave you completely cured.

Write to-day for a free trial treatment and be convinced. Enclose 3 stamps. Sold by leading druggists everywhere, or direct by mail. Price \$1.30. Address

GOLDEN REMEDY CO.

Box 191 WINDSOR, ONT.

Also sold by Graydon's Drug Store, Edmonton; Woodward Department Stores, Vancouver.

The Little Engine had been very happy, plying up and down the little side line, and he was sorry when the Boss told the Engine-driver that that bit of line was to be closed and only the main line used.

The Engine-driver, cloth in hand, turned back to the polishing of the Little Engine's shining handles.

"Well, Billy," he said, "that's a o'er."

"Woof!" answered the Little Engine, puffing hard as he got up steam.

"What'll the little 'un say, Billy?" went on the Engine-driver, still polishing.

And Puffin' Billy became very still, thinking.

By the side of the little bit of line where he panted up and down there stood a neat little cottage, with the prettiest flowers in the garden, and in that cottage lived the Engine-driver's little son with his mother. Every day as Puffin' Billy passed he would whistle long and shrilly and out would run Billy too, his yellow hair full of sunbeams, his little overall blue as the summer sky.

Everyone called him Billy too since someone had asked him his name, and he answered "Billy."

"But," they said, "that's the name of your father's engine."

"Yes," answered the little boy, "but me's Billy too."

Now Puffin' Billy sat on the line thinking about Billy too. How he would miss them, he, who was used to sitting on the fence all day watching the trains go up and down. He had been so proud of the Little Engine's smooth body and shining sides, the big wheels and strong piston-rods, and now he would never see them unless he came to the big railway station where all the Engines were.

Well, well, what must be must be.

"Puff! puff!" said the Little Engine, and they were off on to the main line for their day's trip.

Up and down, up and down they went day after day, and they both wearied for a sight of the little house and Billy too.

One day when the Engine-driver was busy oiling up ready to start the Boss came along.

"Hello! Bolter," he said, "how's the wife?"

"She's quite well, thank you, sir."

"And the boy?" asked the Boss with a smile, he had a son of his own about the same age.

"He's not all that well, sir. The Missis thinks it's a bit of a cold; he seems to fret for the trains like, won't play in the garden, says it's lonely."

"Poor little chap, but he'll have to get used to that."

"I'm afraid he will, sir."

But the next day when his Driver came Puffin' Billy saw his face looked grave and worried; he drove carelessly, jammed on the brakes roughly and jerked the Little Engine's handles.

"I don't mind," shouted the Little Engine to the sky as he sped along, "he doesn't mean to hurt me but how's Billy too? How's Billy too?"

All day long the Little Engine called and called "How's Billy too?" but no one answered him. The other engines weren't interested, the birds and the wind did not go that way, and the Engine-driver did not understand.

Night came and work was over; the Engine-driver backed the Little Engine into his old sleeping-place, raked out the fire and left all secure for the night; or, at least, he thought so, but the Little Engine kept back some fire in his glowing heart.

"If they won't tell how's Billy, too, I'll go and see," he said.

So by-and-by when all was quiet he began getting up steam, breathing softly, panting to and fro.

"Do shut up!" said the other Engines, "how restless you are."

"Go to sleep," retorted Puffin' Billy, "don't you worry about me. Puff! puff! puff!" and as the fire in his heart burned up he moved slowly out of the sleeping-place and stole away down the old familiar side line where he used to be so happy.

Meanwhile the Engine-driver had hurried home as fast as he could, for Billy too was very ill indeed. All day he lay with flushed cheeks and tumbled curls whispering hoarsely,

"Mummie, I want to hear the trains come; it's most time for Puffin' Billy, open the window, I want to hear."

But everything was still and silent save for the wind in the chimney, and Mummie, who knew there were no trains coming, didn't know what to do.

Downstairs the Boss and Engine-driver were talking.

"What! doctor says the little chap won't pull through! That's hard luck, Bolter," said the Boss. "Is there anything I can do? anything you can't afford to get, I mean?"

The Engine-driver shook his head sadly.

"He's just fretting for the sound of those trains, sir," he answered, "there's nothing that'll do him any good but that, and that will soon be too late."

"Look here"—the Boss suddenly laid a hand on his arm—"look here, get up to the terminus and get your Little Engine. I'll put it right with the company."

"You're very good, sir," began the Engine-driver. Then they both stood silent, heads up listening, for above the rumbling of the wind in the chimney came the unmistakable thunder of an approaching train.

Out rushed the Engine-driver, out rushed the Boss to stand staring at the Little Engine coming slowly round the corner and running down the slope to where the siding ended.

Bump! he ran against the buffers and stood there panting and snorting, the fire in his heart glowing fitfully.

"Here I am," he cried, "how's Billy too? How's Billy too?"

"Well, I'm blessed!" said the Engine-driver and scrambled aboard. He dumped coal on to the dying fire and his hand flew here and there among the shining levers. Soon Puffin' Billy began to whistle and backed joyously to where the Boss was standing.

"Got loose, I suppose," he said, as he climbed into the cab, "it's a mercy she didn't run over the points on to the main line. I'll see to her for a bit, Bolter, you go in and see—"

"How's Billy too?" shrieked the Engine.

"Exactly," laughed the Boss and Bolter went, leaving Puffin' Billy snorting outside.

When the Driver came back the Boss leaned down to him in the darkness.

"Well?" he said.

"He's sound asleep, sir, he'll pull through now," answered Bolter, "thanks to Puffin' Billy."

THE LURE OF THE PRAIRIES

By Fred Scott Shepard

As through the growing summer air,
We first behold the prairie fair,
And see the wondrous green of it,
The beauty and the sheen of it,
We wonder at its charm so rare—
So monotone when first 'twas seen.

We note the varying shades that creep
Across its face, and feel the sweep
Of gentle breeze or storms that blow
And see through all new beauties glow—
From that which seemed before asleep,
Charmed visions wake for us to know.

As o'er the sweep of level plain,
We see the fields of golden grain;
Behold the herd that feed at ease
On grass-lands, billowy as the seas;
We e'en forget the world of pain
And see God's loving hand in these.

Again we see it brown and sear,
Or in the grip of winter drear,
But ever there is lure to it
That draws and holds us sure to it—
It's changing moods and scenes are dear,
When once we know its charm so pure.

A patronizing young nobleman, says the London Tit-Bits, was seated opposite the late James M'Neill Whistler at dinner one evening. During a lull in the conversation, he adjusted his monocle and leaned forward toward the artist.

"Aw, y' know, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I pahssed your house this mawning."

"Thank you," said Whistler, quietly. "Thank you very much."

"Orange Lily Saved My Life"

These words, or expressions having the same meaning, are contained in hundreds of the letters I have received during the past year. Many were from women who had suffered agonies from falling of the womb;



others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors and ulcers had been removed by the action of Orange Lily; and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as Women's Disorders, Orange Lily furnishes a positive scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organs, and its operation is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby offer to send, absolutely free, a box worth 45c, sufficient for ten days' treatment, to every suffering woman who will write for it. Price, \$1.30 per box, containing one month's treatment. Address with 3 stamps—

MRS. LYDIA W. LADD

Windsor, Ont.

Sold by leading druggists everywhere.

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU
The Book of Love, Courtship and Marriage
200 Pages



This is just the treatise to be in the hands of every young bachelor or maiden, every married man or woman, every widow or widower, young or old—in fact it is a complete marriage guide. Write for catalogue.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO. - WINDSOR, ONT.

I CAN HELP YOU

if you suffer from Piles, I can tell you how to treat yourself at home to get rid of

PILES FREE TREATMENT

A free treatment of my new absorption method will give early relief and prove to you its value.

Send no money, but write me to-day, and tell your friends about the free trial treatment.

MRS. M. SUMMERS,
Box 86 WINDSOR, ONT.

COMBINGS

Special to Ladies

Any amount of combings made up for \$2.00. New hair added, if desired, from \$2.00 worth up.

15c. postage.

All toilet articles carried.

ELITE HAIR PARLORS

283 Smith St., Winnipeg, Man.

Do You Ever Eat?

We offer you a 46-piece Combination Dinner and Tea Set in return for only nine new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly.

Heart Palpitated

Faint and Dizzy Spells
WOULD FALL DOWN IN FAINT

Palpitation of the heart is very often accompanied by weak, faint and dizzy spells, and is generally caused by some sudden fright, or associated with conditions of a nervous breakdown, but whatever the cause, it is of considerable importance that the heart should be strengthened, and brought back to its regular beat.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are just the remedy to do this for you.

Mr. Henry Fawcett, Killam's Mills, N.B., writes:—"I have used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for heart trouble. I was very weak and run down, my heart would palpitate, I would take faint and dizzy spells, and sometimes I would fall down in a faint. I started to take your pills and I must say they have done wonders for me. I will always speak a good word for your Heart and Nerve Pills."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

GALL STONES

—Pains in right side, radiating to back, shoulders, under shoulder blade and across hips. Avoid these through the use of **Hepatola** (\$5.50 treatment). Information on request.

Owing to the confusion in mail orders of this medicine, we are advancing the price from \$5.20 to \$5.50, and paying all charges. This will give our many customers quicker service.

Mrs. Geo. S. Almas
524 4th Ave. N. Saskatoon

Memorial Cards

Cards showing portrait of deceased. Particularly suitable for soldiers who have fallen in the great war. Our cards are of highest quality. Their cost is reasonable. We would be pleased to furnish particulars on request.

STOVEL COMPANY Ltd.

Printers, Engravers, Lithographers
BANNATYNE AVENUE WINNIPEG

Grocery Catalogue

Farmers, ranchers and others, living within 175 miles of Calgary, who desire the largest and best selection of groceries at fair prices, write for **FREE COPY** of our new enlarged Grocery Catalogue, just off the press.

S. G. FREEZE
P.O. Drawer 449 CALGARY

Sunday Reading

Prayer and Law

Bob Graham was speaking with great earnestness.

"But I can't see any use in prayer," he said. "The laws of cause and effect are what rule the world. Wherever a cause is set in motion, a result will appear, and only then will it appear. Prayer hasn't anything to do with the government of the world. If the world were ruled by some arbitrary monarch, it might avail to petition him, but in a world of law and order, of cause and effect, the necessary thing is to start some cause going. It isn't to fall on one's knee and pray!"

"But it's only in a world of law and order and cause and effect that there could be any value to prayer," said Dr. Brown, thoughtfully. "If effects did not come from causes, if the world did not conclusively show the presence of law, I could never have real confidence in any prayer. But, my dear fellow, can you not see that prayer itself may be a most powerful cause? It itself is a cause that inevitably produces its effects. When you really pray, you do start some cause going! Only God knows all the result!"

"Do you mean to say seriously that a man's prayer can really change anything?" asked Bob.

"Nothing is more certain than that it does," replied the rector. "Mind reacts upon mind. Mind reacts upon the body. Every psychologist knows the truth of both statements. Real prayer may produce unlimited effects upon the minds and the bodies of the universe. As to just how all the effects of prayer are produced, I don't profess to know and I don't need to. I don't know how or why the sun has such a marvelous effect upon seeds buried in the ground, either, but I keep on planting seeds

and profiting by doing so. You don't at all understand why gasoline in your automobile makes the car run. Yesterday when I asked you about it, you showed that you didn't at all clearly understand the matter, but later you jumped into your car, put your foot on the self-starter, moved the spark and throttle, and away you went. You follow the experience of the race with seeds and with your automobile and elsewhere; why isn't it reasonable to do the same with prayer, which the wisest and noblest men and women of the race for twenty centuries testify has proved the greatest of all helps that men can know?"

"I see it now," said Bob. "It is reasonable to pray. I can see that it is possible for prayer to produce results even if I can't see how. A reasonable man must heed such testimony of its value. I'm going to pray!"

"You will begin really to live just when you begin to pray," said the doctor solemnly.

Opportunities

Many persons who would like to live upright, useful and God-fearing lives feel that they have had no opportunity to do so. They complain to themselves that they are so handicapped by inherited weaknesses, so fettered by grim necessity or circumstance, that they have no chance to broaden their lives into the ideal manhood or womanhood.

One has inherited a violent temper, another is cursed with a crabbed disposition; still another is so entangled in "cutthroat" methods of business that in self-defence he feels compelled to do things that he knows to be mean and unscrupulous. These are only a few of the excuses. They are all variations of the same complaint: "We have no

Forget It!

If life's long furrow runs up hill and times are pretty tough,
Forget it!
If friends you thought were on the square begin to use you rough,

Forget it!
Don't let them see you feel it, but with laughing Western bluff,
Let them see you're made of good old sand, Canadian fighting stuff,
Just stagger to your feet again and take another cuff,
And forget it!

If three per cent is all you reaped of last year's blighted yield,
Forget it!
Aren't you going to get another chance to seed the same old field?

Forget it!
You've weathered thro' the winter and your heart is good and stout,
Don't croak about a "failure" and whine you're "down and out,"
When the April rains are sinking, and the wheat begins to sprout,

You'll forget it!
Tho' your outlook's not the brightest, don't let people see you're blue,
Forget it!

It's where a fellow lands, that counts, not what he struggles through,
Forget it!

Your meadow-lark is waiting just to sing you spring's a dream,
And that to-morrow's troubles will be smaller than they seem,
And convince you that the only life is right behind a team,
So forget it!

Oh, life is up and life is down, no smile without its tear,
Forget it!
Let's boost the joy and chase the frown e'er nineteen twenty's here,

Forget it!
Trust a Providence who in the past has always used you right;
Who has got you safely out of other corners twice as tight,
And who will never fail you while the eye of hope is bright,
If my rhyming way of putting this don't seem to you just right,
Then forget it!).

HAD PIMPLES

ALL OVER
HIS BODY.

The nasty, unsightly little pimples that break out on the face and other parts of the body are simply little irritating reminders that the blood is out of order and requires purifying.

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Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

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Every Step Made Simple
as A B C

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Nothing Unless Satisfied

How often have you
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to play the
violin or

piano—or whatever your favorite instrument may be—or that you could take part in singing?

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And now—at last—this pleasure and satisfaction that you have so often wished for can easily be added to your daily life.

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My method of teaching music by mail—in your spare time at home, with no strangers around to embarrass you—makes it amazingly easy to learn to sing by note or to play any instrument.

You don't need to know the first thing about music to begin—don't need to know one note from another. My method takes out all the hard part—overcomes all the difficulties—makes your progress easy, rapid and sure.

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When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let me send you my free book that tells you all about my methods? I know you will find this book absorbingly interesting simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now I am making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—

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The Noble Nature

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.
Ben Jonson.

The Mountains

Howe'er the wheels of Time go 'round,
We cannot wholly be discrowned.
We bind, in form, in hue, and height,
The Finite to the Infinite,
And, lifted on our shoulders bare,
The races breathe an ampler air.
The arms that clasped, the lips that kissed,
Have vanished from the morning mist;
The dainty shapes that flashed and passed
In spray the plunging torrent cast,
Or danced through woven gleam and shade,
The vapors and the sunbeams braid,
Grown thin and pale; each holy haunt
Of gods or spirits ministrant
Hath something lost of ancient awe;
Yet from the stooping heavens we draw
A beauty, mystery and might,
Time cannot change nor worship slight.
The gold of dawn and sunset sheds
Unearthly glory on our heads;
The secret of the skies we keep;
And whispers, 'round each lonely steep,

opportunity to follow Christ; we are tied down by conditions that we cannot alter."

The thoughtful man discovers here some misconception as to the true nature of an opportunity. Life may be likened to a football game; its opportunities are the openings, the gaps in the line of opposition, through which we may plunge for a great gain or a touchdown. But in a truer sense, an opportunity consists not in freedom from restraint but in the very restraint itself. In the limitations and obstacles that oppress him a man finds his chance to show the mettle of his soul. They are the challengers that rouse the Christ spirit lying within him, that dare it to come forth and wrestle with them. Were it not for them the Christ spirit might have no occasion to bestir itself and show its power.

Here is a little fourteen-year-old girl. She has spent the last nine years of her life in a wheel chair, a helpless cripple. You might well ask. What opportunity has she for a life of cheer and contentment and usefulness? But were you to watch her in her father's house, you would see strange things. Each morning she wheels herself into the dining room to set the table, into the kitchen to make the coffee, back and forth across the parlor floor pushing a carpet sweeper, or up to the piano to play a lively tune or sing a song; the happiest, brightest, most helpful little girl you could ever wish to see.

Fate, like a cruel giant, trod upon her and left her broken.

"There now," said Fate, "there you are. What can you make of yourself now?"

"Thank you for the opportunity,"

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It is made full length, form-fitting, with neck-band and tapes for tying at back. One piece—no seams. The pattern is a neat blue and white check which can scarcely be distinguished from gingham.

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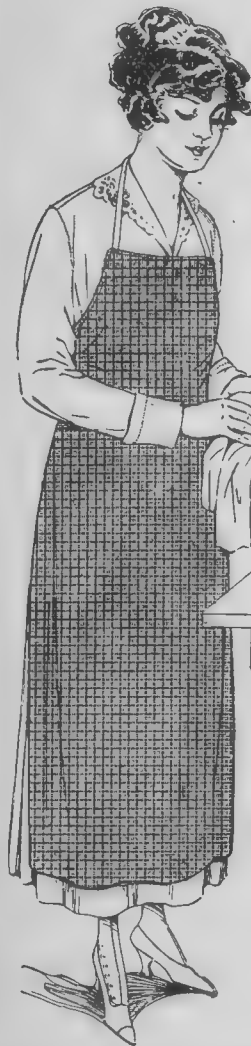
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Please send me the Waterproof Household Apron as premium.
Yours truly,



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replied her indomitable spirit. "I will show you what I can make of myself."

The chief task of life is not to be great, but to bring out into the light the hidden Christlikeness of our natures, the patience and cheer, the hope and courage, the determination and gentleness of which every soul is capable. And in this task the very hindrances to our Christlikeness are the truest opportunities for its cultivation.

A Better Day Promised

By Prof. E. C. Moore

Already there are abundant signs that, without the least disparagement of charitable or philanthropic work there is a recurrence to that sense which was so strong in our fathers that the real problem of life after all is that of the inward man, of the attitude of mind, of the state of the soul.

And that inward life, which is in the least like Christ's and can do something of the work of Christ in the world, was never gained or kept without that practice of prayer which is submission to God, communion with God, co-operation with God. It is this inward life, fostered by the spirit of prayer, which makes a man victorious over the ills which beset him and in his own measure the creator of a world in which those ills are to be done away.

I should not know how to touch the prayer-life of a congregation save by impressing them with the fact that prayer is indeed no substitute for our work; but it is the atmosphere of all our work, and then by making every hour of work for missions begin and end with prayer.

Allure and promise, yet withhold,
What bard and prophet never told.
While Man's slow ages come and go
Our dateless chronicles of snow
Their changeless old inscription show,
And men therein forever see
The unread speech of Deity.

Bayard Taylor.

A Song, Sent With a Rose

Yes, every flower that blows,
I pass'd unheeded by,
Till this enchanting rose
Had fix'd my wand'ring eye;
It scented every breeze,
That wanton'd o'er the stream,
Or trembled through the trees,
To meet the morning beam.

To deck that beauteous maid,
Its fragrance can't excel,
From celestial shade
The damask charmer fell;
And as her balmy sweets
On Chloe's breast she pours,
The queen of Beauty greets
The gentle queen of Flowers.

John Cunningham.

Is That All?

The following suggestive parable, which we find in the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's church paper, is unsigned, but is doubtless from the pen of the gifted author of "In His Steps."

He was weeping bitterly as if he had met with some great calamity, and the angel who was going by stopped and kindly asked:

"What is the matter?"

Got Gophers?
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KILL-EM-QUICK
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Cured Mrs. Larson's Sore Back, and
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Bergland, Ont. (Special)

"I am glad to have an opportunity to give fair credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills, for the good they did me, and also my family," Says Mrs. John S. Larson, a well-known and highly respected resident of this place. "We have been using them as a family remedy for sore back.

"At the time I ordered Dodd's Kidney Pills I did it more for a fancy than from any belief in their curing value.

"But I was all in from an aching back. I caught a bad cold and that settled on my kidneys so bad that I could not sleep, and I could not work.

"When I stooped forward my back was so sore that I had to brace up my body by putting my elbows on my knees and I could hardly rise up again.

"After taking two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills the pain decreased some, and my back is fairly good unless I overwork.

"Also one of my young sons had diseased kidneys, so that he had to get up every half hour during the night. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him, and now he can sleep all night.

"I am very grateful to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have been curing kidney ills for over twenty-five years. Ask your neighbors about them.

"I have had a terrible loss," replied the man.

"I am very sorry to hear it," said the angel, with a tear of sympathy. "Is it very terrible?"

"Very," answered the man, weeping harder than before.

"Would you mind telling me what it is?" asked the angel, gently. "What is it you have lost?"

"I have lost my money!" exclaimed the man, weeping as if his heart would break.

"O," said the angel, "is that all? I thought from the way you were weeping that you had lost your soul."

Better Than a Monument

Mr. Moody used to tell a story of a father who, when returning to his home from his place of business, was met by his wife at the door, and she said to him, concerning their boy, who had been sick for months: "The doctor says he cannot live, and we must tell him."

The father made his way into the sick room, and said to his boy, "My boy, the doctor says before to-morrow morning you will be with Christ"; then he turned away and sobbed. The little fellow said, "Don't you cry about it, father, for just as soon as I see Jesus Christ, I shall tell Him that ever since I can remember you, you tried to lead me to Him."

Mr. Moody said he had rather hear those words than to have a monument of gold that would pierce the clouds.

Beyond the Trenches

I wandered among the graves one day
In the Land where the Dead Men dwell;
And sorrow seemed hundreds of leagues away

From the heart of that quiet dell;
And I heard no moan and I heard no sigh,
And no one rose with complaining cry,
But they slept on under a peaceful sky
In the Land where the Dead Men dwell.

I noticed the roses red in bloom
In the Land where the Dead Men dwell;
And the lilies, white in the twilight gloom,
Stood guard as the shadows fell;
And the violets, there in the waning day,
Knelt down by the hearts of the dead to pray,
And the wind stopped by with a word to say.
In the Land where the Dead Men dwell.

I saw no sin and I saw no strife
In the Land where the Dead Men dwell;
And no one wailed at the woes of life
At rest in the narrow cell;
But they held their course through a dreamless sleep
Where never a care or a pain might creep;
And why should one ever come to weep
In the Land where the Dead Men dwell?

Have Your Children Gracious Manners

The country child soon catches the spirit of service—the basis of good manners. When you are in the country and want help you get it every time. It will be done as freely for a stranger as for a neighbor. The doing for others cheerfully has a most refining influence. The care of domestic animals has a most humanizing result. To move gently and quietly among the

animals, to love pets and care for them regularly, breeds a thoughtfulness and consideration that will surely reflect themselves in the child's intercourse with people. Someone has said that you can tell a gentleman by his dog. Yelling at a team should not be tolerated. The domestic animals will detect by a sure instinct a coarse and cruel nature. Beware of the man from whom the animals run.

Hospitality shown your neighbors horse is always appreciated. Train the boys to put the horse into the barn and feed it and water it. Never let a horse that has been driven stand in the cold unblanketed. Many a farm boy of good intentions does not think of all these needful courtesies. Your husband is away from home and the guest does not feel at liberty to ask for them. While you and the girls are making the caller comfortable inside, the boy must do so for the team and for the dog if he happens to come along, too. These may seem like trifling suggestions, but the child who will look after the little thing will not neglect the larger. A horse brought to the door is restive. Teach your boy, instead of trying to help the lady, to go and hold the horse by the head until she is in and has the reins. Gallantry consists of doing the things most needed.

The habit of gratitude needs to be cultivated in some natures—in fact in most natures. Children are apt to demand, take things as a matter of course. They are not grateful for what they get, but vexed for what they do not get. Gratitude like sympathy, is one of the finest flowers of a thoroughly good heart. Christmas is not long past. Are the children more glad over the gifts or the givers? True gentleness take nothing for granted. They do not presume. They are not making demands on others for attention or for service. They are looking for a chance to be of real service, and when some favor is done them they are graciously glad and they have the gift of showing it. We can keep a child until it gets the "thank you" habit, but it may still be an ingrate at heart and therefore essentially ill-mannered. If a child promptly forgets a favor refer to it later. When the joy of receiving from your own children begins to be yours, the hearty way in which you show your own appreciation will serve as a model and inspiration for them. Gratitude can not be taught—it must be caught. As sympathy is learned through suffering, so gratitude will come through service. When a little one learns the joy that comes of being appreciated, then it will be more appreciative. The time element in growth cannot be left out. You will have to wait. When at last the flowers of gentility begins to bloom in the lives of your children your home will be full of fragrance.

—From "The Country Gentleman."

"What is loaf sugar?" inquired Mrs. Justhicht.

"Why, it's sugar in the form of loaves, I suppose," answered her spouse. Why?"

"I was wondering," said Mrs. J., "if that was what they made sweet-breads of."

Miller's Worm Powders are a pleasant medicine for worm-infested children, and they will take it without objection. When directions are followed it will not injure the most delicate child, as there is nothing of an injurious nature in its composition. They will speedily rid a child of worms and restore the health of the little sufferers whose vitality has become impaired by the attacks of these internal pests.



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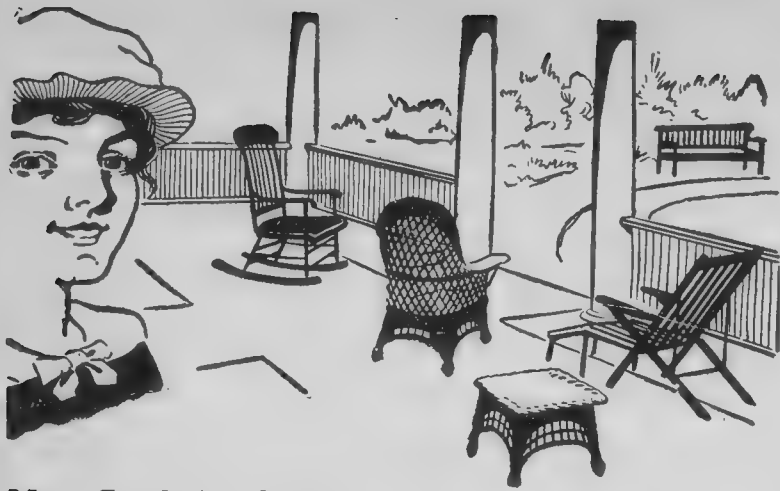
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growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars.
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509 William Avenue, Winnipeg, Man

About the Farm

(Conducted by Allan Campbell.)

Classify your Cows

Cows, with other live stock on the farm have been divided into two main classes, viz., producers and boarders. There are many factors that go toward the establishment of a good herd of producers, and the longer the non-productive cow is suffering to be fed and cared for, the greater is her board bill. After a given period she will reach a stage when she will be unable to meet her liabilities and then her owner may register a notch of dead loss each day that she remains in his possession.

There are ways and means to check up the desirability of retaining certain cows in the herd and an excellent plan is that of adopting the use of the milk record sheet and weigh scales. By the means of these two valuable additions to the barn, any increase, decrease or fluctuation is immediately noticeable and may be investigated and to some extent rectified if undue falling off is shown.

The system of keeping milk records is a simple one. The milk sheet is hung in the cow barn and ruled off into the days of the month by horizontal lines and then each cow's name heads a column ruled perpendicularly. As each cow is milked the pail containing her milk is weighed, and the cow credited with the weight (less the weight of the pail of course). A good plan to get the net weight is to adjust the scales so that the weight of the pail just brings the scale up to zero, and beyond that will be the actual weight of the milk. If this is not practicable on some scales, the weight may be recorded gross to save repeated sums in mental

in the likely profitable class, but if the calf is from a cow of a much lower productive strain, then it may be placed in the boarder class and its chances of being retained on the farm will be small.

Many dairymen are keeping these sheets and they give the system credit for the success they are achieving in their dairying operations, as the system of record keeping throws considerable light on the profit and loss side of their work and the very clear way in which it shows them where they stand, lends an interest to the daily work and eliminates to a great extent the danger of running their business into the shallows of unperceived losses.

Alfalfa, a Valuable Crop

Alfalfa, once safely established on the farm, is worth a great deal to the farmer. There are many reasons for this; it yields two crops each year and it has the power of transmitting nitrogen to the soil. For raisers of stock it is an especially valuable crop, as it is readily eaten and greatly relished by cattle, sheep, etc. Coming nearer the domestic side of the farm, it may be said that chickens improve by its use.

It should be sown on well drained land as the plants do not thrive on wet, soggy land for any length of time. The plants have the tendency to bore down for moisture when the season happens to be dry. It is very necessary that the land on which alfalfa is sown is free from grasses and weeds and for the best results summer fallow, or land that has been in



A Fine Scotch Herd

arithmetic on the part of the person who is milking, and at the end of the month when the sheet is taken down and a fresh one started, the total gross weights of each cow's milk as shown by the sheets should have the weight of the pail, multiplied by the number of milkings per cow for the month, deducted from it, and this will give the net weight of the month's milk of each particular cow. To get a good survey of the general performance of the cows, each cow's total for the month should be divided by the number of days that she was milked and thus get her daily average.

By the above system of keeping a close watch upon the milk production of the cows, the future of the herd may be intelligently planned. The poor producers may be disposed of and good ones retained. The progeny of the latter cows will have a far higher value right at the start when the facts of the productiveness of the dam are known, especially if the sire is an animal with a good record than is possible where there has been no record kept.

As the milk sheets are necessarily large, it is a very good plan to store them away after transferring the totals and averages for the month into a small and handy well-bound book, that can be kept in the house in a place where it can be found at any moment for the purpose of reference, and this book can be made the deciding factor in arranging the survival of the fittest. The sale of young stock can be to a great extent governed by the records noted in the milk book and values adjusted accordingly. The record of the dam will place the young beast in a certain class, and say the dam has a record of over 5,000 pounds of milk for the year, the calf will take its place

hoed crops and therefore reasonably clean should be used. This crop, to be a success must have the soil inoculated and this is done by the application of nitro culture. If the soil is not inoculated, the crop may flourish for the first season, but later it will be noticed that the plants will have a yellowish tint, and will be generally lacking in vigor. The reason for this is that the bacteria necessary for the absorption of the nitrogen in the air, and passing it on to the plants, are not present. The inoculation described above will cause the bacteria to act as nitrogen collecting agents and assure maximum vigor in the plants.

Alfalfa seed may be obtained from most of the seed houses now, and among the best varieties are Grimm, Turkestan, Montana and Baltic. About fifteen pounds of seed should be used per acre, and it may be sown from about the middle of May to the middle of June or even later.

A crop of hay must not be expected from the alfalfa the first year it is sown, but the mower should be used on it once or twice in the first season for two reasons, viz., to check the growth of weeds and also to prevent the young plants from growing too tall, thus causing them to put more of their growth in their root system. The cuttings from these preliminary mowings, if not too heavy, may be left on the ground to act as a mulch. It should not be cut very late in the season as a growth should be left to catch the snow for winter protection.

The second year, when a harvest may be expected, the plants should be cut when they are young, and not allowed to grow tall as in the latter state the stems become woody. It is chiefly the leaves that provide the nutriment and in putting up the cocks the hay must be

handled very carefully so as not to shake off the leaves. The general advice in regard to time of cutting is when one-tenth of the field is in bloom. In a normal season, two crops of hay may be taken off. Do not attempt to cut a third crop, as growth of about a foot in height should be left as a winter protection.

The foregoing particulars may indicate that alfalfa is a good deal of trouble to start, but if care is used in the first year, the subsequent years will certainly make amends for when dry seasons come and hay is scarce, the alfalfa crop certainly demonstrates its ability to stand drought. The hay commands a high price, and its high percentage of protein makes it a feed of high value among various classes of live stock. It is not advisable to pasture it as the animals are likely to eat off too far down to the crown of the roots and damage the plants. When the hay is stacked in the field it should be roofed over with some hay of tighter texture such as timothy, as the alfalfa being of an open nature is not able to shed water to best advantage.

When buying alfalfa seed be sure that it has been grown in a northern climate, otherwise you are risking failure at the very outset.

In the Vegetable Garden

Some very satisfactory results have been obtained from the growing of tomatoes in the West. There appears to be a keen demand for them both in their green state and also ripened. A good plot of tomatoes is always attractive "show item" in the garden beside the fact of their multifarious uses in the house. A large area would be devoted to the growing of tomatoes if there was more confidence of success, for there have been premature frosts. The plants in the care of those who have given them justice have repeatedly demonstrated their claim to general adoption.

At the present juncture, the most timely advice would be on the matter of cultivation, etc., as we are assuming they have been generally adopted by growers of vegetables. It is not advisable to set out the tomato plants until the danger of frost is past, the period extending from the middle of May, to the first week in June. About three feet each way is the right distance for those that are staked, and very good results have been obtained from this method. It is a good plan to mound up the soil about the plants to protect them from frosts. The above arrangement of staking will permit of cultivation both ways, that is, north and south and east and west. Keep the surface soil loose. In staking tomatoes, only one stalk should be allowed to grow, the others being pinched off as they grow up, as young shoots. In this way the single stalk is thoroughly exposed to the sun and the ripening of the fruit is thus hastened.

Among the varieties that have given a good account of themselves are, Chalk's Early Jewel, Earliana (Sunnybrook strain) and Alacrity.

As cut-worms are often prevalent at the time when tomato plants are set out, poisoned bran in the proportion of half a pound of Paris green thoroughly mixed with fifty pounds of moistened and sweetened bran should be scattered on the soil about the plants. The cut-worms will eat this and die.

The cabbage is a successful vegetable in almost any part of the country. It requires a soil that will retain moisture but at the same time has good drainage. Thorough cultivation is an essential. The cultivation should be continued until the hoeing is practically crowded out by the fact of the leaves covering the ground. The cabbage is a very susceptible plant to good cultivation, and responds very readily to it. Among the best varieties are, Early Paris Market, Copenhagen Market, Early Jersey Wakefield, Flat Swedish.

If the Cabbage Butterfly is prevalent pyrethrum powder will prove a good insecticide for its control and the following directions should be followed:

Mix thoroughly one part by weight of the Pyrethrum Powder with four parts of cheap flour and keep in close vessel for twenty-four hours, then dust over the plants. It is advisable to watch for a second brood of them and give them the same treatment.

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.



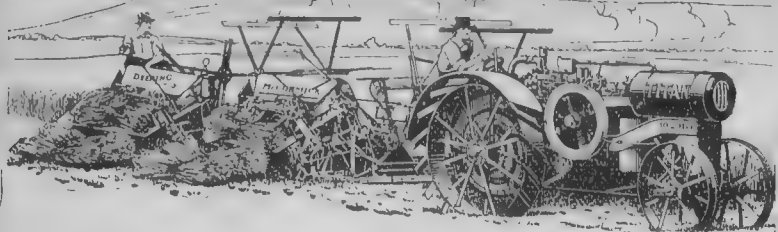
Oh Boy!

The owner of an Overland owns all out of doors. To him even more important than *where* he drives is *how* he rides. In his model 90 he goes in comfort, and with an enjoyment possible only because of the high quality and fine appearance of his car. He probably was first attracted to it by the praise of owners. Now he makes new friends for Overland by his own enthusiasm over the exceptional economy and the faithful performance of his car. This kind of appreciation among the thousands of Overland owners is a safer buying guide for you than specifications. It explains why so many people are buying Model 90 right now.

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How About Your Binder?

EVERY sign points to a prosperous year. For years you have been cheerfully complying with Government request to save materials by repairing your old machines rather than making replacements. Now that the need for this has passed, would it not be real economy to buy new machines and be assured of uninterrupted service at a time when a break-down would mean serious embarrassment and loss.

Deering and McCormick Harvesting Machines will harvest all your grain crops without waste. Generations of farmers have tested and approved until these machines are spoken of in much the same fashion as an old and trusted servant.

See the local agent early and have your binder delivered in plenty of time to assure the complete harvesting of your crop. Our organization being an essential industry has been speeded to top-notch efficiency. By anticipating your needs and ordering early, you make it easier for us to take back our soldier boys without disturbing our present organization. It will be wise also to make your purchase of binder twine as early as possible.

Service follows Deering and McCormick binders to the grain fields. That this service be full measure, 16 branch houses keep informed of your needs and equipped to supply them. Write now for catalogues and order early.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited

BRANCH HOUSES

WEST—Brandon, Man., Calgary, Alta., Edmonton, Alta., Estevan, Sask., Lethbridge, Alta., N. Battleford, Sask., Regina, Sask., Saskatoon, Sask., Winnipeg, Man., Yorkton, Sask.
EAST—Hamilton, Ont., London, Ont., Montreal, Que., Ottawa, Ont., Quebec, Que., St. John, N. B.

The Harvest of the Poultry Yard

We often tell ourselves that appearances are deceitful, but in the sphere of marketing the person who neglects appearances in regard to produce will find that sales are largely affected by the way the goods are made to attract in the first place. A hen is a hen, we will all concede, but on the other hand, the public is not running its business on philanthropic lines but goes to buy on the merit system and looks for articles of produce that have the appearance of cleanliness and freshness as a backing to sterling quality.

The plea may be advanced that there is generally little time for putting the finishing touches to poultry products before they leave for market. Time is certainly money, and the time spent in such improvements has its value and will considerably enhance the chances of sale. Grading is an essential. Any poor looking specimens will, figuratively speaking, put the good ones under a cloud, and the loss on the crate will in a good many instances not be in proper proportion. In marketing eggs the same thing applies, as by omitting the grading principle, many good eggs will be subject to prejudice for "keeping bad company".

There are many means employed to bring about improvement in poultry produce intended for market, and cleanliness stands out as a very important one. Clean crates for fowls and clean cartons for eggs will put a good push into the sale. Uniformity of size is another important item.

ing had free range and the necessity of working for their feed to a great extent will find the lack of exercise while in the crate together with a large amount of easily gained feed too much for their digestive powers. It is a good policy to let them go without feed twenty-four hours after they are put in the crate.

All feed should be finely ground. Corn, oats, barley, etc. are recommended, and such a mixture mixed with buttermilk produces good results. Milk is very important for mixing the feeds. If buttermilk cannot be obtained, then skim-milk may be used in its place.

To summarize, it is necessary to follow the fresh air rule in regard to the health of the flock. Do not try to follow up a line of breeding from weakly parent birds, but kill these birds as soon as possible. Swat the rooster after the breeding season is over, in order to obtain infertile eggs that will keep advantageously.

Poultry Advice

Get rid, at once, of all your non-producing stock, also old stock. Secure stock with pedigree laying strains, but be sure never to breed from a male bird being related.

In setting eggs, it is always advisable to wash them in some disinfectant, cleaning off all dirt and excrement, which may adhere to the eggs. Some poultry breeders use methylated spirit diluted. It is very effective and cleans the eggs readily. A whole batch can be done in a very short space of time.



The system of dating eggs as they are collected and having special boxes for them is a step in the right direction to general improvement, and though the advantage to the producer may not be immediate, the reputation of the producer will be enhanced and he will be assured in the future of having a name for reliability. In marketing chickens or eggs, there are instances of really good stuff not getting full justice owing to the fact that it is not in a presentable state as it might be, that is, it may be badly packed, or the containers may be dirty.

In regard to market economy, as broilers bring very much more per pound in May or June than they would bring as roasters in the fall, it is considered a good plan to market all cockerels that are large enough in the former period and save considerably in cost of production.

Crate feeding of poultry is an essential to marketing and all crate fed poultry will commend a higher figure than they would do if just taken from the yards. This applies especially to cockerels. It is considered that about two weeks is sufficient time to crate feed females, though cockerels may be given up to four weeks. Keep the fattening crate clean and disinfected. White wash will prove a good disinfectant for the crate.

Fattening crates can be made from light lumber and building laths, to be used as slats. The lumber will make the oblong framework while the slats form the walls, roof and floor, the slats being spaced sufficiently in front to allow the chickens to feed from the trough. The floor slats should be closer.

In crate feeding it is most important to avoid over feeding, as the poultry hav-

This is a great preventative for white diarrhoea in the chicks, which plays terrible havoc with a brood causing death.

Take great care of growing young. They should have lots of attention, kept from getting wet from the rains or in wet, especially long grass, as by crowding, as they do together at night for warmth, a cold is soon started, and with wet nostrils and swollen eyes, they soon give their owner a great deal of trouble, and it is a great drawback to their health and growth.

Keep the hen free from all insects. See that her nest is wholesome and clean, and that she has ventilation in the top of the setting box. It helps both the hen and eggs.

It is best during cold, damp days to use a little tonic powder in the soft food. This will keep off the colds and the birds in good health, which of course, will increase the supply of eggs. I don't agree with giving tonics for all time, as with us, so with birds. When we feel a little out of sorts, a tonic helps. Where the temperature varies very much, it is bound to sorely try the health of the birds, and a tonic will be found to help counteract the influence.

Don't forget that frosty nights and days destroy the fertility of an egg, which renders it useless for probable hatching purposes. Remove an egg from the nest as soon as possible after being laid, as it is more susceptible to be frost bitten, than when cold.

An important need is both flint and grit for the welfare of your poultry. Many imagine that there is plenty and enough in the ground, yet that ground may never be turned over, and what grit may be found is mostly of no benefit. It will be found that far better results can be ac-



The Western Home Monthly

And the Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine

Both for one full year for only

\$1.25



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THE New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine is essentially a family newspaper, with features of interest to every member of the home.

"The Farm and Its Interests," "Sunday at Home," "The Poet's Corner," "Woman's Domain," short and serial stories, are only a few of the many features that have made The New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine the most popular newspaper published west of the great lakes.

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POST OFFICE

PROVINCE

complished if these two essentials are supplied, as flint is to poultry, exactly as our teeth are to us. Without it they cannot grind their food up properly, and so do not get the best out of it.

The oyster shell is one form of lime that without which the birds cannot make their egg shells, and it also acts as a tonic to the birds.

Money in Breeding Useful Dogs for Farmers

This terrible war has proven that for utility purposes, none has proved superior at the front, in dogs, than the smooth and rough coated collies; the old English sheep dogs and Airedale, for intelligence. It has been recommended and tried by Mrs. Anita Baldwin, of Anokia Stock Farm and Kennels in California, to cross the Old English sheep dog with the Airedale, which proved successful, according to reports a puppy at ten months old delivered a despatch over a mile away from his home.

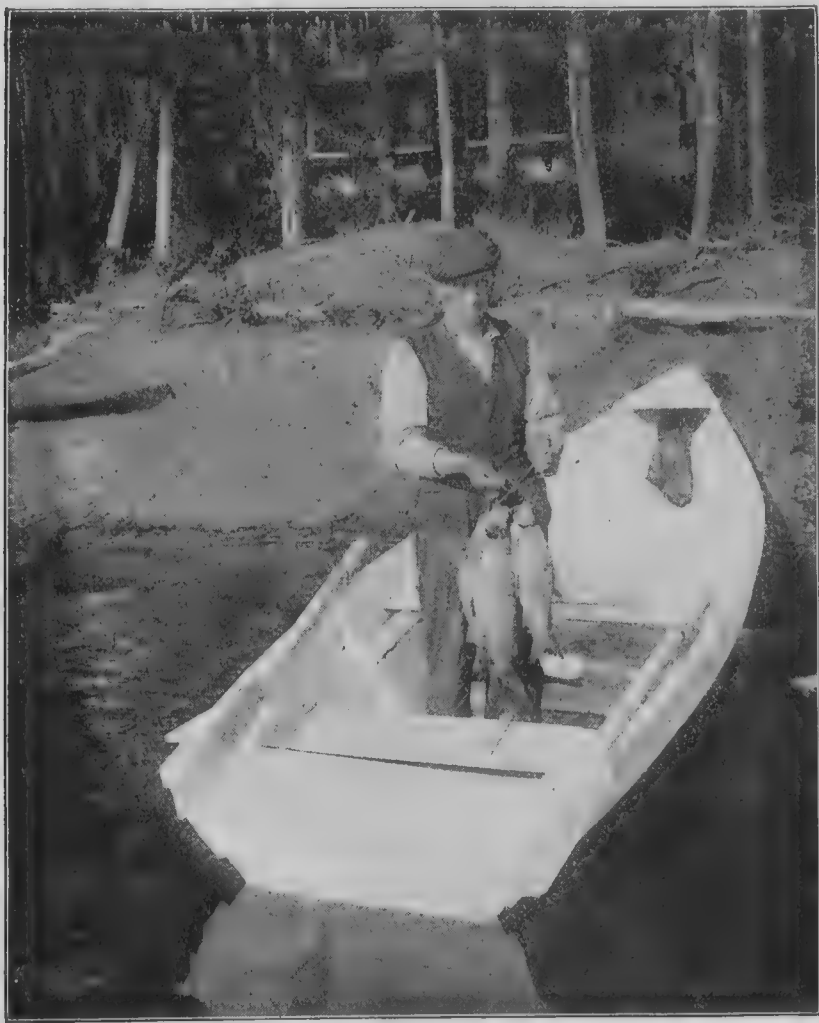
There are a great many farmers all over Canada and the United States, who are ready and willing to pay the price

mother can be procured it is advisable to keep the whole of the litter if so desired. By keeping a small number of pups they will grow all the stronger, the dam having only a few to keep, she will herself grow stronger and recover quicker. Pups should be weaned at five weeks old.

Feed first on sloppy foods such as gruel, bread and milk and such foods for the first three days, then give each a tablespoonful of raw meat daily, increasing the dose daily. Always worm the dam with areca nut, enough to cover a 50c piece. The second and third week after mating, say Sunday for instance, after starving her for twenty-four hours, give a teaspoonful of castor oil. Half an hour later, also worm the puppies at five weeks old, with enough areca nut to cover a 25c piece.

Some prefer to hunt coyotes on horseback, but it tires out the dogs, especially if the coyotes have a big start. But the best way to my mind, is to keep them in a sleigh or buggy until one is seen and then to let the dogs loose.

Many instances of the dogs' devotion to their master farmers by saving their lives, in many instances cases of fire by



Famous White Fish, Lake Wabamun

asked for a good working cattle or sheep dog, one that fully understands his business. Such a useful strain will always command high prices especially sheep dogs and collies, or the Belgian, Alsatian or German shepherd dogs, which have become very popular in America, also in England, and are splendid, intelligent and useful dogs, such a dog as a farmer needs, as not only is he a good working dog but is very fast and has proved good at coyote killing. Greyhounds, Russian and Irish wolfhounds, deer and staghounds are all adapted for hunting big game; coyotes being their principal prey. A good pair of dogs can catch as many as eight in a single week, considering the skins are bringing as high as \$16 each for good ones at present prices. It is a very profitable business as well as sport. The greyhound and wolfhound is a very popular cross. A trained dog at twelve months will easily bring \$100 each. There is a big demand for same always.

A person should keep four brood matrons and a good stud dog, producing six litters per year, with average of six pups in each litter means 3600 annually with success. Never keep more than six pups in any litter. Be sure and keep all the males possible. If a foster

warning, also of finding and rescuing farmers lost in snowstorms, saving from drowning and leading rescue parties to their masters who have perhaps been accidentally shot and unable to walk.

In selection of a dog, pick one out that is built short and cobby, on hackney or cart horse lines, one that has parents known for intelligence, possessing big boned limbs, good eye and muzzle and short body.

The wife and kiddies will feel protected and safe if they have a good dog while you are away from home. As a companion and pal, for faithfulness whether in sickness or poverty, healthy or wealthy, he is just the same true faithful friend, watching and waiting patiently for you or the family's return, a pleasant word or a pat is all that he asks.

Always Serviceable.—Most pills lose their properties with age. Not so with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. The pill mass is so compounded that their strength and effectiveness is preserved and the pills can be carried anywhere without fear of losing their potency. This is a quality that few pills possess. Some pills lose their power, but not so with Parmelee's. They will maintain their freshness and potency for a long time.



LIGHT ALWAYS ON TAP

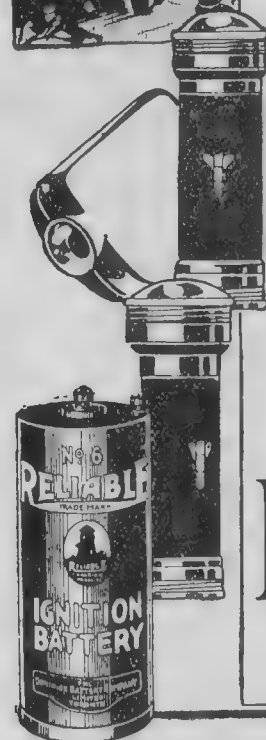
A Reliable Flashlight instantly penetrates darkness—makes night travel or night working easy and safe. Focused as easily as you can point your finger—safe, clean, non-extinguishable, certain.

Searchlights and Tubular Flashlights made of metal handsomely enamelled in red, brown, blue or green, and all standard types and sizes of fibre and metal Flashlights. Good for long, intermittent service.

Reliable Ignition Batteries are best for your car or truck—for your bell or electric lighting plant. They abound in energy that is lasting, as all Reliable Products, made in Canada, do.

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DEPARTMENT OF

THE NAVAL SERVICE



Royal Naval College of Canada

The Royal Naval College is established for the purpose of imparting a complete education in Naval Science.

Graduates are qualified to enter the Imperial or Canadian Services as midshipmen. A Naval career is not compulsory however. For those who do not wish to enter the Navy the course provides a thorough grounding in Applied Science and is accepted as qualifying for entry as second year students in Canadian Universities.

The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honour, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development of further specialization.

Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

Pending erection of buildings to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimalt near Victoria, B.C.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.
Ottawa, February 3, 1919.



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As used in Great Britain and Colonies for the last fifty years

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Sold in bottles at 50 cents each, with full directions by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Montreal. Branches in all parts.

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OWES HER LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

The Wonderful Medicine, Made From
Fruit Juices and Valuable Tonics.



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29 St. Rose St., Montreal.

"I am writing you to tell you that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. This medicine relieved me when I had given up hope of ever being well.

I was a terrible sufferer from *Dyspepsia*—had suffered for years; and nothing I took did me any good.

I read about 'Fruit-a-tives'; and tried them. After taking a few boxes, I am now entirely well. You have my permission to publish this letter, as I hope it will persuade other sufferers from *Dyspepsia* to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and get well".

MADAME ROSINA FOISIZ.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made from fruit.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of longstanding or recent development, whether it is present as Hay Fever or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

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Work for Busy Fingers

Man's Plain Gloves

Cuff and Hand. Cast on 60 sts, join and k in ribbing of k 2, p 2 for 45 rounds, then k 25 rounds (2½ inches) plain. With an end of contrasting color k the first 12 sts of next needle, slip them back to the needle they were knitted from, and then k them over again with the regular yarn, k to end of needle. K 22 rounds even.

First (Index) Finger. Counting from 1st (thumb) st, k 9 sts, run all the sts of the hand, except the last 9 sts, on to a thread, cast on 4 sts next to the 9 sts just knitted, k the last 9 sts. Work even on these 22 sts for 26 rounds; next round, n, k 9, n k 9 (20 sts); k 2 rounds even;



1 round * k 3, n, repeat from * around 2 rounds even; 1 round * k 2, n; repeat from * around, 1 round even; 1 round decreasing in every st, when 6 sts will remain. Draw them together and darn in end on wrong side.

Second Finger. Take the next 7 sts from the inside of the hand, cast on 4 sts on a separate needle, take the last 7 sts from the thread and pick up the 4 sts cast on for the index finger—22 sts in all. K 34 rounds even and decrease as in the index finger.

Third Finger. Take the next 7 sts from the inside of the hand, cast on 4 sts, take the last 7 sts from the thread, pick up 4 sts on the 2nd finger and k 1 round plain, decreasing twice on the picked up sts (20 sts); k 30 rounds and decrease as the 20 sts on other fingers.

Fourth Finger. Take the remaining 14 sts and pick up the 4 sts cast on for the 3rd finger; k 21 rounds even and decrease at top as before.

Thumb. Draw out the 12 sts knitted with contrasting yarn, stitch for stitch, and slip the freed sts on to two needles (sts from upper side on one, and sts from lower side on the other), pick up an extra st at each side and divide these 26 sts on 3 needles. K even for 3 rounds, then 1 round k 13, n, k 9, n; k even until there are 21 rounds from beginning. Next round * k 4, n, repeat from * around; 3 rounds even; decrease remaining 20 sts as in other fingers and fasten off.

Cover for Tea Caddy in Crochet.

Abbreviations.—"Tr," treble; "sp," space.

Materials.—Peri-Lusta Crochet. A space consists of 2 ch miss 2 of previous row, 1 tr in next. A tr completing a sp counts as one in following group.

Make a ch of 127; turn with 3 ch, and into each stitch of the foundation ch work 1 tr to the end. Turn with 3 ch (which stands for a tr).

1st row—9 tr in next 9 stitches, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, * 20 sp; work backwards from * turn with 3 ch.

2nd row—3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 6 tr, 11 sp, * 6 tr (centre); work back from * turn with 3 ch.

3rd row—6 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 6 tr, 7 sp

6 tr, 1 sp, * 12 tr (centre), and back from * turn with 3 ch.

4th row—3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 7 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, * 6 tr (centre), and back from * turn 3 ch.

5th row—3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 8 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, * 2 sp, (centre), work back from * turn 3 ch.

6th row—6 tr, 2 sp, 6 tr, 8 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, * 18 tr, work backwards from * turn with 3 ch (this is done every row and will not be repeated).

7th row—6 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 6 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, * 2 sp, work back from *.

8th row—3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 9 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, * 6 tr, work back from *.

9th row—3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 9 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, * 2 sp, and work back from *.

10th row—6 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 7 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, * 6 tr, and work back from *.

11th row—6 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 6 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, * 2 sp, work back from *.

12th row—3 tr, 10 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 3 tr, 1 sp, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, * 12 sp, work back from *.

Your Eyes

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murline Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write Murline Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

27th row—3 tr, 8 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, * 12 sp, work back from *.

28th row (begins shaping for top of covey)—Slip along first group of tr in last row; 3 ch, 3 tr, in 1st sp, 2 sp, 12 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, * 6 sp, work back from *.

29th row—Slip along 1st group 3 ch, 3 tr in 1st sp, 3 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, * 4 sp, and work back from *.

30th row—Slip along 1st group 3 ch, 3 tr in 1st sp, 7 sp, 6 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, * 4 sp, work back from *.

31st row—Slip along 1st group 3 ch, 3 tr, in 1st sp, 3 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, * 4 sp, work back from *.

32nd row—Slip along 1st group 3 ch, 3 tr in 1st sp, 1 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, * 12 sp, work back from *.

13th row—3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 8 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, * 6 tr, 2 sp, work back from *.

14th row—3 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 9 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, * 2 sp, work back from *.

15th row—3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 9 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, * 6 tr, work back from *.

16th row—As 7th row.

17th row—As 6th row.

18th row—As 5th row.

19th row—As 4th row.

20th row—As 3rd row.

21st row—As second row; end of centre medallion.

22nd row—As 1st row.

23rd row—3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 6 tr, * 20 sp, work back from *.

24th row—3 tr, 6 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, * 20 sp, work backwards from *.

25th row—3 tr, 1 sp, 12 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, * 16 sp, work back from *.

26th row—3 tr, 3 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 6 tr, * 16 sp, and work back from *.

15 tr, * 2 sp, work back from *.

33rd row—Turn with 3 ch, and work 3 tr on 1st group (no slip), 5 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, * 2 sp, work back from *.

34th row—Slip along 1st group, 3 ch, 6 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, * 2 sp, work back from *.

35th row—Slip along 1st group 3 ch, 6 tr (over 2 sp of last row), 3 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, * 4 sp, work back from *.

36th row—Slip along 6 tr of 1st group 3 ch, 8 tr, over 2 sp, 18 sp, 6 tr, at end of row.

37th row—Slip stitch along 1st group, 3 ch, 9 tr, 12 sp, 9 tr.

38th row—Slip along 9 tr of last row, and work in treble stitch over the 12 spaces of last row.

Mount the lace upon a silk or sateen foundation of some pretty colour; an effective way is to draw the foundation up into puffs between the two lace sides, and to secure the latter by tying them across with ribbon bows of the same colour so that they can be easily taken off for washing.

Children Can Drink
as many cupfuls of
POSTUM
as they like.

There's no harm in
Postum—no drugs
to hurt them and no
after-regrets.

"There's a Reason"

Fashions and Patterns

Catalogue Notice

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date spring and summer 1919 catalogue, containing 550 designs of ladies', misses' and children's patterns, a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking, also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

A Stylish Costume. Waist 2844, skirt 2854. Comprising ladies' waist pattern 2844, and ladies' skirt pattern 2854. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A medium size will require $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for the entire dress. The skirt measures about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards at the foot with plaits extended. This illustration calls for two separate

fabric. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard for the bloomers. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Up-to-date Model. 2832—This will be very attractive for combinations of figured and plain foulard, for crepe and satin, plain and checked gingham, gabardine and georgette, or silk and georgette. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow finish. The jumper portions may be tucked up over the belt or worn loose over the skirt. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material for the dress and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards for the jumper. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Smart Costume for the Growing Girl. 2845—This makes a pretty suit for linen, taffeta, shantung, gabardine or serge. The waist could be of matched satin, or of organdie. The design is also nice for gingham. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires 5 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Very Comfortable Dress. 2525—This model will make an ideal play or school dress for warm weather. The bloomers are comfortable and may take the place of petticoats. The sleeve portions of the dress are cut in one with the back and front. Gingham, galatea, percale, chambray, seersucker, voile, repp and poplin could be used. The bloomers may be of the same material or of sateen, linen, repp or any other serviceable

A Comfortable Work Dress. 2477—For this serviceable model one could use galatea, khaki, drill, linene, percale, gingham or chambray. The fullness of the fronts forms a panel plait at the centre, under which the belt is fastened. The belt confines the fullness over sides and back. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length, or in loose style, at elbow length. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The dress measures about $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Very Desirable Neglige. 2833—This model is nice for figured crepe or voile, for satin, silk, percale, batiste, handkerchief linen, lawn or percale. Flannel, albatross and gabardine, are also suitable. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size

Anxious little Faces

Hurrying Feet

and Impulsive Hands reaching eagerly for

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS

The Dainty Solid Chocolate

Don't disappoint the little Tots—

Take Home some MAPLE BUDS

G30

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME



The dainty little watch that can be worn in whichever style that fashion may dictate

WALTHAM Convertible Bracelet Watch

WITH all the accuracy for which Waltham has become world-famous, this dainty little watch possesses unique beauty and distinction.

It is pre-eminently the watch for women.

At the bottom of the case is a small eye to which, when open, one end of the bracelet is attached.

But if you desire to wear the watch in some other way—on a chain or brooch, or as a ribbon wrist watch, for example—a slight pressure of

the finger folds the eye back flush with case, leaving no indication of its use as a Bracelet Watch.

This versatility of wear is very useful because the watch can be worn in whatever manner fashion may dictate.

As a gift for a bride, or a girl graduate, or as a birthday gift or a present for any like occasion, the Waltham Convertible Bracelet Watch enjoys wonderful vogue.

Ask your jeweler to show you this popular model.

Waltham Watch Company, Limited, Montreal

Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products in Canada

Factories: Montreal, Canada; Waltham, U.S.A.

requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Here is a New and Practical Apron. 2446—This design is good for gingham, chambray, lawn, percale, drill, Indian Head, jean and alpaca. The back has belt extensions which hold the fullness at the waistline and are fastened at the centre front. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42 and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Set of Garments for Infants. 2846—This comprises a pretty dress, suitable for lawn, nainsook or batiste, a comfortable petticoat for which cambric, long cloth or lawn may be used, also practical diaper drawers, and a dainty wrapper. The drawers may be of rubberized material, of drill, linen or

for ruffles. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Just the Style for your New Dress of Silk or Cotton. 2512—The tunic may be omitted, or it may be of contrasting material. This model is good for foulard, taffeta, lawn, batiste, gingham, chambray, gabardine, serge, wool or silk Jersey cloth. The sleeve may be finished at elbow or wrist length. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 40-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Girl's Dress and Sun Bonnet. 2860—Here is a comfortable "warm weather outfit" which will please any little girl who likes to play or work out in the sunshine. Gingham, percale, seersucker, linen, drill, pique or poplin could be used for both the bonnet and



domet flannel. The wrapper of flannel, cashmere, crepe or cambric. This pattern is cut in one size only. The dress will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards with ruffle and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard less without ruffle, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lace edging for ruffles. Diaper drawers $\frac{3}{8}$ yard, kimono (long) $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards, kimono (short) $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards, Petticoat $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards, with ruffles, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ without or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of edging or lace, all of 27-inch material. Dress and petticoat may be finished without ruffles. The wrapper may be cut in sack length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Practical Undergarment. 2857—This model is cut circular, with ample, desirable fullness, and may be finished with a plain hem or with the ruffle, which could be of embroidery, lace or material. The pattern is in open style. It is cut in 6 sizes waist measure: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches. A 26-inch size will require 2 yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard

dress. With bloomers under this dress, petticoats may be dispensed with. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for the dress and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard for the bonnet. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Natty Play Suit for the Small Boy. 2838—Here is just the model for a beach suit, for romping and outdoor wear. It is good for linen, gingham, linene, drill, pique, seersucker and khaki. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Trim Business Costume. Waist 2851, skirt 2837.—For the waist of this model, pattern 2851, was selected. The skirt is fashioned from pattern 2837. Plaid suiting or gingham, serge, linen, gabardine or satin could be used for the

A Big Special!

The Western Home Monthly

FOR ONE YEAR

The Weekly Free Press Prairie Farmer

FOR ONE YEAR, AND

The Parisienne Embroidery Outfit

ALL FOR \$1.25

This is the big offer of the year:

Two dollars' worth of good reading material and the most up-to-date Embroidery Outfit ever issued

USE THIS COUPON

Date.....

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and The Parisienne Embroidery Outfit.

Name.....

Address.....

skirt and lawn, madras, linen, crepe, silk or satin for the waist. The skirt pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 will require $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 44-inch material. The width at lower edge with plaits extended is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The waist pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 34 will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Simple Pretty Frock. 2529—Net over organdie, or dimity, organdie, batiste, lawn, crepe, washable silk, foulard and charmeuse, voile and marquisette; all these are nice for this style. The waist is made with surplice closing. The sleeve may be gathered to the cuff or finished in short length, loose and flowing. The skirt is joined to the waist. A girle or sash of ribbon forms a suitable trimming. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. Size 18 requires $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Practical Apron With or Without Pocket. 2576—This apron slips over the head and is adjusted at the shoulders. Its fulness is held by a belt which may be omitted. Deep pockets may be arranged on the front. It is nice for gingham, seersucker, drill, percale, khaki, sateen, lawn or cambric. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42 and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing Frock for a Growing Girl. 2855—Striped gingham or percale could be combined with lawn, cambric, repp or crepe for this model. The bolero may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Dotted Swiss or voile and organdie combined, are nice for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 27-inch material, with 1 yard for bolero. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Summer Dress. 2456—This is such a pretty style for lawn, organdie, voile, crepe, foulard, satin and taffeta. The closing is at the side. The tunic portions could be omitted, also the overwaist portions which are closed at the shoulders. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 5 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Becoming House Dress. 2348—For this, striped seersucker, checked or plaid gingham, or percale, could be used. Lawn, linen, drill and cotton gabardine are also desirable. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length, or in $\frac{3}{4}$ length. The chemisette may be omitted. The skirt is a three-piece model and measures about 2 yards at the foot. The pattern for this pleasing model is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

The Smallest Owl

Written for The Western Home Monthly
By F. M. Christianson.

Reds and greys were the main colors on a small owl that I caught last night. He was seeking shelter and blundered into the house through a window left open at the top. Anyone acquainted with owls will know at once which it was. Its feathers are grey-brown, sides nicely mottled with black and white, while underneath the body the feathers are white streaked with black. On the upper part of the head are dear little ear-tufts that look for all the world like little horns. These horns are only in evidence when the owl is at perfect ease.

Frighten him and he at once pulls them down as if he were frowning, which he no doubt is.

This little screech owl, so called from the tone of its weird cry, is one you'll not forget once you hear it. It is one of our smallest owls but the most valuable. He eats borers, insects, grasshoppers, etc., and is an indefatigable mouser. He keeps vigil every night around the granaries and outbuildings, and the mouse that eludes his watchful eye is indeed a clever one.

The screech owls are non-migratory birds, and once they become attached to a farm will remain there unless they are tormented more than they can endure. In many orchards there are neglected trees, whose trunks contain cavities and



The Screech Owl

woodpecker holes. These just suit the little screech owl. Every farmer, who finds that this owl has taken lodgings in his orchard, should consider himself especially favored, for he will discover in this owl his close second in keeping away mice, bugs and insects.

To have plenty of birds about one's place is most desirable. Most birds, however, hunt in the day-time, but in the little screech owl we have a night bird, which is especially active very early in the morning and about dark at night, and to enlist his services means a crusade against night-flying insects at a time when other birds are not feeding.

The wonderful eyes of the owls are constructed especially for seeing in the dark, and at that time he is particularly wide awake, alert, active and voracious. Owls hide themselves away in the day-time.

This little owl lays from three to five pure white eggs early in the spring, depositing them in some dark hole in an old tree trunk so that color is safe enough for her eggs. The screech owl is always



The Smallest Owl

satisfied with the home she secures and during incubation the parents take turns covering the eggs and are most faithful to their trust. You may know the owl is on the nest, but no amount of noise you may make on the tree or about it will ever attract the owl to his window and door, and if in desperation to bring him out you should insert your hand to try conclusions with him you'll find that an owl's home is his castle, and that he resents intrusion and will turn on his back and put his sharp beak and claws into the flesh of your hand in a twinkling.

Owls have a habit of ejecting the indigestible parts of their food in the shape of little balls. These contain feathers, fur, bones, etc., the remains of food taken into the stomach. The finding of these remains is often a clue to their home.

The most obstinate corns and warts fail to resist Holloway's Corn Cure. Try it.

Cost per 1000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	25¢
Round Steak	41¢
Veal Cutlets	57¢
Average Fish	50¢
Hubbard Squash	75¢

A Woman's School of Economy

Would Have Lessons Like These

Lesson No. 1



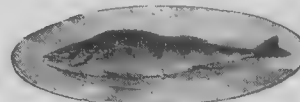
Quaker Oats
1810 Calories Per Pound
5½¢ Per 1000 Calories

Lesson No. 2



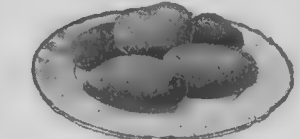
Round Steak
890 Calories Per Pound
41¢ Per 1000 Calories

Lesson No. 3



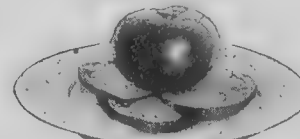
Average Fish
288 Calories Per Pound
50¢ Per 1000 Calories

Lesson No. 4



Potatoes Turnips Parsnips Squash
Average 186 Calories Per Pound
One-Tenth Quaker Oats

Lesson No. 5



Tomatoes Beets Cabbage Celery String Beans Cucumbers Lettuce Spinach
Average 104 Calories Per Pound

One thing to know in buying food is the cost per calory unit. That's the energy measure of food value.

Meats and fish on this basis cost about ten times Quaker Oats. And some foods cost up to twice as much as meat.

Each 35c. package of Quaker Oats used to displace meat at breakfast saves about \$3.

Another thing to know is the sort of nutriment.

The oat is the food of foods. As a vim-food it has age-old fame. In protein it equals beef, and stands first among the grain foods. It is rich in needed minerals.

Quaker Oats with milk forms almost the ideal food.

One needs a mixed diet. Some costly foods are necessary.

But the supreme breakfast is a dish of Quaker Oats. The cost is one-half cent.

It means a delicious breakfast, an extremely nutritious breakfast. And the trifling cost will average up the costlier meals of the day.

Quaker Oats

Extra-Flavorly Flakes

Make your oat dishes delightful by using Quaker Oats. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Get the extra flavor which we bring you in this way.

Two Sizes: 35c and 15c—Except in the Far West

(3133)

Children

The Two Towns

By Ralph M. Jones

"Pray, can you tell me, little maid, The way to Grumble-town?"
And first she pointed up the road,
And then she pointed down.
She pointed up and pointed down—
Then shook her pretty head:
"I've never been to Grumble-town,"
The little maiden said.
"Then maybe you can show me, child,
The Town of Pleasantville?"
"Oh, yes, indeed," she said, and smiled;
"It's just beyond the hill.
"Good sir, it's just beyond the hill;
And if you'll come with me,
I'll take you into Pleasantville;
That's where I live," said she.

The Star Dipper

Once upon a time, in a country not very far from here, there lived a little girl who was very unhappy. She did not run and play but sat on her doorstep all the time thinking about her dear mother who was very sick. The doctor had said that her mother could not get well unless she had some water to drink. You would think that that would be the easiest thing on earth to get her, but it was not in that country, for it had not rained for so long that all the wells and the rivers were dried up. When the little girl turned on the spigot no water came. She went to all her neighbors, but no one had any water. She was, oh, so thirsty herself, but she did not think of herself very much, but just wished and wished that

she could get some water for her mother.

One day she thought she would go to the woods where she had once seen a little stream. She got her hat and a dipper to carry the water in, should she find any for her dear mother. It was a very hot day and the little girl was so thirsty that the sun almost made her sick, but she did not go back. She kept on and on down the dusty road till she came to the woods where the trees were getting yellow, and the birds had stopped singing because there was no water. She came to the place where the stream had been, but everything was dry and hard. The little girl wanted to cry, for she kept thinking what the doctor had said about her mother. But still she did not turn around and go home. She just kept on walking and walking through the hot woods, till she was, oh, so tired. All of a sudden she heard a little noise up in

some rocks. It sounded like water! She listened again! Yes, surely that was little drops of water that she heard! She climbed up the sharp stones and tore her dress and cut her hands, but do you think she went back? No, indeed! If there was any water she must get it for her dear mother. And sure enough, when she got to the top of the rocks, there was a little line of water, coming drop drop, drop, oh, so slowly. The little girl held her dipper under for a long, long time, and when it was full she climbed slowly and carefully down again and started home with her dipper full of water. She did not take even one drop herself, although she was so hot and thirsty that she could hardly walk.

As she was going along the road, she heard someone moaning and moaning. She walked over to where the sound came from, and there she saw an old man lying at the side of the road.

"What is the matter?" the little girl asked him.

"I am dying because I can not get any water," the old man said.

The little girl looked at her dipper and thought of her mother. Then she said to the old man:

"I have a little that I am taking to my sick mother, but I guess I can share it with you."

She handed him the dipper, and, oh, how good the water was to the poor old man. When he handed the dipper back to the little girl there was not nearly as much water in it, but a most wonderful thing had happened! Instead of being tin, as it was when the little girl had given it to him, it was now beautiful, bright, shining silver.

The little girl went on along the road and soon met a little yellow dog whose legs could hardly hold him up. Now what do you suppose was the matter? Yes, he wanted a drink. When he saw the dipper he tried to bark, but he was too thirsty. He could hardly even wag his tail, but the little girl knew what was the matter. She thought of her mother, and of how thirsty she herself was, but the little dog's tongue was hanging out, and the little girl thought that she could not go on and leave him there to die. So she poured out a little of the water in her hand and held it down for the doggie to lap. Oh, how thankful he was! Now he could bark and wag his tail, and he did both to say "thank you" to the little girl. And what do you suppose had happened to the dipper? It had changed to solid gold! But the little girl did not see it, for she was so anxious to get home to her mother.

When she got there and handed the dipper to her mother, the mother said:

"I can not drink any until my good nurse has had some. She has worked so hard for me, and needs a drink more than I do!" So she handed the dipper to the nurse, who drank; and what else do you suppose happened to the dipper? It changed to a beautiful diamond one, sparkling and wonderful.

When the nurse had drank, she handed the dipper back to the mother but do you suppose the mother drank yet? No! She said that her dear little girl who had walked so far in the hot sun should drink first. And then the most wonderful thing of all happened! The diamond dipper changed to stars, and that night when it got dark, the little girl and her mother and nurse saw hanging away up in the sky, their beautiful star dipper! And it is still there every night, for people to look at and think about the little girl and her mother who would not drink until everyone else had had some water.

"I WISH I WERE"

By Clara Ingram Judson

One summer morning a fairy awoke so late that the dew was all gone from the flowers and he had to run down to the brook to get his before-breakfast drink. And after he had had his drink he discovered that he was too late for honey, too; he could not find a speck of honey, not even one taste. You see, the fairies usually get up so early that they can eat all the honey they want long before the bees start from their hives.

But on this particular morning the lazy little fairy had slept so late that the bees had been round and eaten all the honey—every scrap—and that made the fairy so cross that he did not even remember that he might stir round and hunt for something else to eat.

He sat down at the foot of a tree, in-



"I don't think I can go, Jessie, for I just feel wretched"

"O H, I'm so sorry, for I did so want you to be there."

"I hate to disappoint you, dear, but you know how miserable I have been lately."

"Yes, but I thought you were better."

"So I am some days, and then I just seem to be as bad as ever again. I get so weak that I do not feel able to stir."

"What is the trouble?"

"The doctor says I am anaemic. He says the blood is thin and watery, and I do not get the good of the food I eat. Goodness knows I do not eat much, either, for I have no appetite."

"Why not try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food?"

"Would that help me, do you think?"

"I do not see why it should not. You remember how pale and weak I used to be. Well, it was nothing else than Dr. Chase's Nerve Food that cured me. And I am not looking as though I needed any medicine now, am I?"

"If I could only be strong and healthy

like you are, Jessie, I would give anything."

"You never will be unless you try, and I do not think you would be disappointed with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It is not only my case, but there are so many other girls we know who have been benefitted by it."

"Will you get me a box at the drug store, Jessie, and I will start right in to-day? If this will only give me an appetite and make the blood rich and red, so that I can get some strength and color, I will be a happy girl."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is so gentle in action, and yet so potent as a restorative, that it is a great favorite with women of all ages. It seems to be admirably suited to the needs of their delicate nervous systems, and on this account it has come to be universally used as a means of restoring vigor and energy to a rundown, nervous system. 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.

GOT UP IN MORNING WITH HEADACHE AND SICK STOMACH.

Mr. P. M. Phelps, Stanbridge East, Que., writes:—"I have been taking Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills with such good results I thought I would write you. I had stomach and liver trouble, and would get up in the morning with a headache, stomach sick and feel dizzy. After taking two vials I was cured of these troubles, and constipation as well."

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tending to sulk all day long; but before he had more than started sulking a robin came by.

"Good morning, Friend Fairy!" said the robin cheerfully. "Isn't this a fine day?"

"No, it's a very bad day," said the fairy crossly, "and I wish I were an apple!"

"What a funny wish for a fairy to make," said the robin, laughing. "If you change into an apple, I'll eat a hole in you."

"Then I won't be an apple," replied the fairy crossly, "for I don't want a hole eaten in me! I'll be something else."

The robin laughed and flew away just as a big toad hopped out from behind a tree.

"Good morning, Friend Fairy!" he croaked. "Isn't this a fine day?"

"No, it isn't," said the fairy crossly; "and I wish I were a spider!"

"What a funny wish!" croaked the toad. "Don't you know that spiders have to work very hard and spin a web before they can crawl on it through the air? But I hope you do change into a spider; I'm looking for spiders this very minute, and if you become one I'll gobble you up."

"Then I won't be a spider," said the fairy, "for I certainly don't care to be gobbled up. I'll be something else."

The toad laughed and hopped away, and the fairy was left alone to sulk.

"I don't know what I want to be," he sighed fretfully. "This is such a horrid world—no dew, no honey, no nice wishes! I think I'll be a star."

"A star?" exclaimed a soft little voice by his side. "Would you be a star and leave this beautiful world—all the flowers and birds—to live up in the bare sky?"

Somebody's Papa

By J. V. Roach

As I was walking about in a little, old cemetery by the country roadside in Alabama, I came upon a pretty incident. You know, "away down south in Dixie," they do not so often observe Decoration Day as we do. Perhaps, had we been on the losing side and had so many of our dead buried among strangers, we might not make the 30th of May a holiday either.

With a thought of my northern home and my northern friends carrying flowers and flags for the loyal ones who died that a Nation might live, I stepped into the cemetery to see if I could decorate the grave of some brave soldier, who might be resting there. I looked with interest at the rude headstones, the little shells outlined a newly made grave, and the weather-worn shelter houses built of hewn logs and cypress shingles so that neither rain nor four-footed marauders could disturb the dead. I strolled slowly over towards a little girl who was strewing flowers over an otherwise neglected grave. She kept quietly on with her work and I thought she was unaware of my presence until she turned to me a sweet, serious face, framed in a snow white sun-bonnet and asked: "Don't you think I'm making it right pretty?"

I assured her that I thought she was, and ventured to inquire who rested beneath the mound she was decorating so lavishly.

"O," she smiled prettily at me, "I sho'ly don't know his name. It's on'y jes' a Yankee soldier. You see we'lls don't have a Decoration Day, and I nevah thought about it until my papa went to the Cuban war. He came back to us, but if he had died away off there



The Industrious New Zealand Kangaroo Providing for its Young

The fairy turned and looked. There, near by, was a tiny ant tugging away at a big grain of sand.

"Do you think this is such a fine world?" asked the fairy. "I should think you would hate it. You have to work all the time."

"To be sure I do," replied the ant proudly. "That's the reason I like to live. Working is the jolliest and most interesting thing in this whole big world—didn't you know that? It's true." And the sturdy little ant picked up his burden and started away.

Left by himself the sulking fairy began to feel very foolish and very sorry. He remembered the flower bud he ought to have opened long ago; and he thought of the sunbeams he should have helped.

"What I should be wishing for," he whispered to himself, "is work. And then I should hunt round and answer my own wish."

Slyly he slipped round the tree to open a buttercup bud he was sure he had seen there. And as the flower opened, what do you suppose that surprised fairy found? A drop of fresh, sweet honey all ready for him to eat!

As he sipped the honey and planned what to do next, a cardinal bird hopped by.

"Good cheer! Good cheer, Friend Fairy!" called the cardinal. "Isn't this a fine day?"

And the happy little fairy called back, "A fine day for working, indeed it is!"

I should want some little Cuban girl to put flowers on his grave once a year anyways! And this, you know," she patted the grave tenderly, "may be somebody's papa."

I thanked the little maiden from my heart, and felt sure that her kind deed was recorded by the angels up above. This incident is surely a lesson for you and for me, who may, with little trouble, decorate the neglected grave where somebody's papa lies at rest.

A Keen Observer

The following dialogue, which took place when a Hungarian applied for naturalization papers, is reported in Everybody's Magazine:

"Who is President of the United States?"

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"Who makes the laws?"

"De Kungress."

"Who elects the President?"

"California."

He got his papers.

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Two years ago I used it for one of my girls. She had a cold and cough, but the doctor's medicine was no good for her. I got six bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and it gave her a perfect cure. I can not praise it half enough."

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Peru, Ind.—"I suffered from a displacement with backache and dragging down pains so badly that at times

I could not be on my feet and it did not seem as though I could stand it. I tried different medicines without any benefit and several doctors told me nothing but an operation would do me any good. My druggist told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it with the result that I am now well and strong. I get

up in the morning at four o'clock, do my housework, then go to a factory and work all day, come home and get supper and feel good. I don't know how many of my friends I have told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. ANNA METERIANO, 36 West 10th St., Peru, Ind.

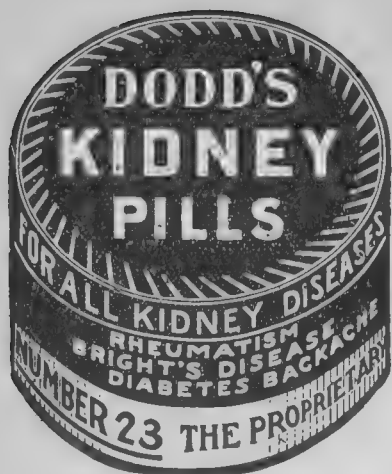
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Champions the Returned Men

Dear Editor:

May I come again? Have just been reading over some of the letters in your last issue; some of them are very interesting. In reply to Capt. G.'s inquiry, would say that dancing has played a very small part in the lives of the Canadian people during the past four years. However, I do not agree with some of those modest critics who would blush to "have a man put his arm around them." I wonder if they ever shake hands with a man? If so, I am surprised at their lack of modesty. The very idea of allowing a man to hold hands with them.

There has been a lot said about dancing in war time. For my part, I always felt like saying: "Dance while you may; another day will bring enough of sorrow." Surely there is no need of meeting sorrow half-way. It comes to all of us soon enough. But, really, dancing is such a little thing; can we not find some bigger subjects to discuss?

I think that one of the biggest problems of the day is that of the returning soldier. What are we going to do to help these men to get back to civil life again? I think that many people are too much inclined to "baby" the returned man. These men are returning bigger and broader men than when they went away. They see life from a different view. They do not want to be patted on the back and told they were "good little boys" to go and fight the Hun, while we stayed at home and had a good time. They will not go far towards helping them to get a job or to bring in a living. The "Boys" do not want charity; they know what their rights are, and all they ask is a square deal. It's up to us to see that they get it, for if we don't, they will. I am not soliciting votes, so will not go into detail as to how we can accomplish this.

Another great problem is that of Prohibition. Being a girl, I shudder at the thought of liquor coming back to this fair Dominion of ours. Yet I realize that it is going to be a hard fight, and it will be fought to a finish before very long, so let us be up and doing. I would like to see some discussion on this subject.

Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success.
Soldier's Sister.

The First Attempt

Dear Editor: I have been getting The Western Home Monthly for quite a few months now, and like the magazine very well. I also like reading the letters in the correspondence page. I think it is a great thing for the young people to correspond with one another. I think that "Daughter of Oden's" letter is very good and true, and I agree with all she says. I live on a farm and like the farm life very well. There is lots of work to do to keep you out of mischief. The work and the pure, clean air makes you strong and healthy, and gives you a hearty appetite. I like dumb animals very much, especially horses. I think riding horseback is great, that is if you have a good goer. As this is my first letter to the magazine I will not write any more just now, so I will close wishing The Western Home Monthly and its readers every success. I will sign myself
Mutt.

P.S.—My address is with the Editor if anyone cares to write.

The Philosophy of a Schoolma'am

Dear Editor: Many a time and oft have I contemplated writing to your very interesting column but have never before mustered enough courage and time together. I am one of those creatures called a schoolma'am in the wild and woolly west. To make matters worse I have red hair and the accompanying temper and freckles, and was born in auld Scotland. With such a pedigree don't you pity my poor little hopefuls. At present my school is closed because of the "flu" so I am a person of great leisure. I am hugely enjoying the rest, but it is with horror I think of the work piling up. Well, "Chips," I really would like to give you my opinion on the ideal marriage question you present, but having had no experience on the matter I do not feel quite qualified. Personally I can't see that it makes much difference what

color the hair is because the man grows bald and the woman grey in a few years anyway. I sympathise with "Seventeen," for I am one of those only children, too, but, of course, I am not spoiled. I cannot sing so I express my feelings by talking instead. I am fond of music, and sports also the debated dancing and reading. The latter is my hobby. Books are my brothers and sisters. I would like if some fair or dark customers of from 18 to 25 years or so would write, but please write first. I will sign myself
Bashful Eighteen.

A Jolly Pair

Dear Editor: Giddap! Whoa! Haw! Gee! Hi Imp, pull that rein tighter, easy round the corner. There! well, here we are at last. Just dropped in for a few minutes from Idyle Wyld. We feel so cold and tired, wonder if we would be allowed to sit around your cheery fireside and have a little chat. You will wonder what on earth has come rushing into your peaceful family circle in such a flurry. So I guess we must explain our intrusion to gain permission to enter. Just imagine two happy-go-lucky ranch girls still in their teens enjoying life's ups and downs, always smiling to be in style. Probably some would describe it as a ten cent grin. We're especially fond of outdoor life and all kinds of amusement, (mischief, oh, wow!). What harm can be done in dancing? None at all! It's the harm people make out of it for themselves, as there is good and bad in almost everything, and as for overalls they are the pure whack for farm girls. We feel perfectly at home toggged up in overalls or boy's clothes, romping around doing the various duties of farm life. There's nothing like them. Hurrah for overalls! Our stay will have to be brief this time till we see what kind of an impression we make on the readers, and how many nice correspondents we gain. We will call again when these frisky colts get broken in to stand still a few minutes. Giddap! Away we go. So long, everybody.
Two Idyle Wyld Imps.

Interested in Canada

Dear Editor: I have been a reader of your Western Home Monthly for some time, and have taken great interest in the correspondence column, my brother having sent the magazine regularly to me from Canada. I am greatly interested in Canada and should like to correspond with some of your readers and learn a little about city and country life in Canada. Before I conclude this letter I would like to mention that I am an English girl, early in years, and as regards looks, well, would pass in a crowd. I am fond of all sports and enjoy the open air. If any of your readers would care to write they will find my address with the Editor.
English Violet.

An Accomplished Farm Girl

Dear Editor and Readers: I have taken The Western Home Monthly for a few months only, but now am sending in a year's subscription. I like reading the correspondence page. I live on a farm three miles from town. I milk nine cows night and morning. We have eight horses, seven calves and about thirty young chicks. Last summer my sister and I stooked about seventy-five acres of grain. I disked six acres of land with a tractor. We have one hundred and ten acres of wheat in now, and I expect to spend next winter in the Agricultural College. I agree with "Daughter of Oden." She surely must have lived on a farm for she seems to know what farm work is. I am eighteen years old and five feet seven inches in height, brown hair and blue eyes. I am fond of horseback riding, skating and best of all, dancing. I can play the piano a little and am taking lessons. We have a consolidated Sunday School in our town. My sister and I go every Sunday. There are about two hundred in attendance, and most of the teachers are day school teachers, too. Now I will close as my letter is getting long.
A Lover of Music.

Cannot Be Without The Western Home Monthly

Dear Editor: It is a long time since I wrote to the correspondence page, but

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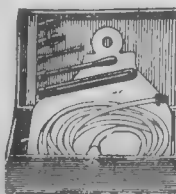


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30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS
HALF THIS FOR CHILDREN



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after reading "Free Agent's" letter in the march issue I felt inclined to write. In fact I had to write anyway to renew my subscription for it expires this month, and I cannot be without The Western Home Monthly. I must say that I think "Free Agent" should have been a preacher, for he would have made a good one, that is if he could have got anyone to take notice of him. He reminds the readers of murders resulting from a poker game in Edmonton. My opinion is, had those men had any moral sense or manly feeling at all they would not have allowed their feelings to get the better of them. I think if a person wants to dance or play cards to do so to your heart's content, but don't go to any such parties with anything but a pure mind and bring the same away with you. I see by "Coleen's" letter she would like a discussion on singers, but I think it would be more interesting to discuss "singing classes," that is try to get up singing classes in your own districts for there is nothing that is liked better than singing parties either in choir, solo or part. Well, my letter is getting long so now I must quit. Hoping the Editor will look after me getting my next month's paper safely, and with best respects to the Editor and readers.

E. A. Notts

Opposite Types Commended

Dear Editor: I have long been an interested reader of the Correspondence page in The Western Home Monthly, and at last have mustered enough courage to write. I am a Winnipeg girl but am at present teaching in the country. I did not leave Winnipeg, however, until the last of January, therefore, was able to welcome my soldier brother when he returned from overseas on January 5th, after an absence of three years. The meeting was, indeed, a joyful one, for my brother is all I have. "Chips," I firmly believe that as a rule the most ideal marriages are those made through marrying opposite types. Of course, we often find a happy couple who are either both dark or both fair, but then are there not exceptions to the best of rules. For my part I am a blonde with curly hair and blue eyes, and so far I know that all my ideals have brown eyes and dark hair. I play the piano a great deal, and am now taking violin lessons. My address is with the editor, and I should be very pleased to hear from a young bachelor in Manitoba or Saskatchewan. I promise to reply at once.

Motor Maid.

English Lassie Wants Letters

Dear Editor: I am so interested in your paper The Western Home Monthly, and do enjoy reading the letters from lonely people. Do you think any of your readers would care to correspond with an English lassie. I should love to receive a letter or two and would answer promptly. I have heaps of time on my hands at present and find life rather lonely at times. I think a letter would help to cheer things up a little. I am twenty-four years old. Wishing your magazine every success.

Lucy Gray.

Free Farm Life

Dear Editor: Can you spare a little room for another interested reader. I am a farmer's daughter and quite agree with "Farmer J." that one never is idle on the farm, because there is always plenty to do both in summer and winter. I have lived on the farm for the last ten years and like it very well, although the work is hard, and one gets lonesome at times. If there is something nice to read and the work to attend to, the time seems to pass away very quickly. "Lonely Boy" I agree with you that when one gets a little start on the farm they don't feel like giving up. "Cheerio," I thought your letter was fine, and I hope you will come for a little chat again before long. If anyone would care to write my address is with the Editor.

Prairie Belle.

Oh, for a Prairie Sunset

Dear Editor and Readers: I wish I could have had all you prairie people with me this afternoon, when I went for a walk along the beach. You see I used to live on the prairie before I came here to the mountains, a prairie where there were no trees or lakes or rivers, only brown prairie as far as the eye could see. I

am now in a place where everything is trees, lakes, rivers and mountains, mountains everywhere. I live sandwiched in between the foot of a mountain and a lake and sometimes my eyes ache with looking at scenery, and I wish I could be back on the prairie for a while, just to rest my eyes. I have a "crick" in my neck from looking up to the tops of the mountains to see the sunset, and when I do get my eyesight focused, well, I just wish I could see a prairie sunset once more. I think the Canadian prairies have the most beautiful sunsets in the world, except the seas, perhaps. On a sunny day the sky is blue, the clouds are white, the mountains green and brown (and those far off blue and purple shaded), the lake is blue and sparkling as though a carpet of diamonds had been laid upon it, and where the light waves strike the beach the sand is a soft tan color. This, I think, includes every color in the rainbow, and then there are pebbles and birds and beasts and fishes of various descriptions. Bears and deers are plentiful also a little black animal with white stripes and a bushy tail. I never saw bears or deer on the prairie. I really started out to ask someone to write to me, but I got sidetracked onto something else. I would particularly like to hear from someone living way, way up north. I like to write to out-of-the-way places to see what they are doing there, and how and why they are doing it. I am especially interested in learning more about the R.N.W.M.P. work. I was very glad to read in the papers that British Columbia is going to have some stationed in different places. The R.N.W.M.P. is composed of big men who do things in a big way. (By big men I do not mean big physically, for some of the very biggest men in mind and spirit are not big in physique), and B.C. will never regret the inclusion of its province in R.N.W.M.P. territory. I must now stop, I have already written much more than I intended to when I began. In conclusion may I wish The Western Home Monthly long life and prosperity and hope that the shock of this, my first letter, will not give the editor an attack of brain fever.

Mountain Maid.

The Farm For Me

Dear Editor: A long threat comes at last so here I am to join your page. For a long time now I have been very interested in your paper, especially the correspondence columns. I wonder where "Pocohontas" is now, and if she is silent for ever. She said a lot when she wrote some time ago, but I do not think she deserved all the slams she got about it. "Capt. G." showed his colors all right. I am a young farmer of 19 years. The city is maybe all right for some folks, but it's the farm for me. I am very fond of reading. I have read quite a number of books and continued stories this winter. I wonder if someone could tell me where I could get "The Silent Call." It is a sequel to "The Squawman," by Haversham. I would be much obliged if some one would tell me. A few days ago a friend of mine was reading The Western Home Monthly and came across the three letters W. P. B. and asked if that meant "Western Prairie Bach." I see "A Real Canuck" wants correspondence. As I am a real Canuck, too, I am sure there would be no harm if she would write first because I am shy and, anyway, I believe in "ladies first."

Meteor.

A Profitable Investment!

They've found him!

Who? Why, the youngest thrift stamp buyer in Canada. Not only is he the youngest, but buyers of the little prosperity pledges will have to step some to beat his record.

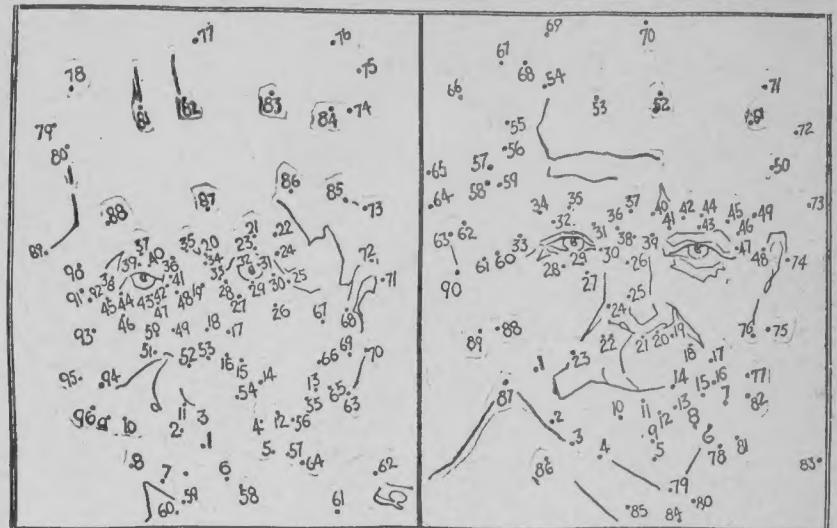
At 2 p.m. on the closing day of the War Savings drive in Arcola, Sask., last week, was born a new citizen. Before he had been a citizen an hour, he was the actual, if not conscious, possessor of one Thrift stamp.

Now if this youthful stockholder of Canada repeats his birthday performance every day for 20 years, he will have spent \$1,025 for Thrift stamps, but he will collect at the end of that time just \$2,953.30, or nearly treble his investment. Pretty soft for Mr. Youngest Owner, is it not?

FAMOUS FOLKS

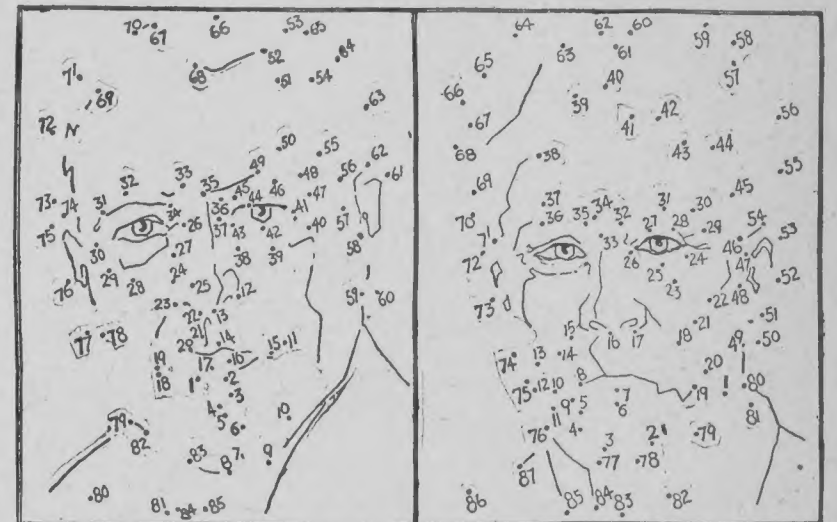
IN FIGURES—Who Are They?

\$510.00 Cash Prizes for Best Answers



LASH OF CHARM (trace from 1 to 96)

GO VALID GLORY DEED (trace from 1 to 90)



ROOL WIDOW SNOW (trace from 1 to 85)

DONT BE SORE RIBRR (trace from 1 to 87)

THE above four diagrams represent incomplete pictures of four of the world's greatest men—men you read and hear about every day of your life. Complete the four pictures by tracing from number 1 to 2 to 3 to 4, and so on until the pictures are finished and the faces of these great living men will be revealed to you so that you should quickly recognize them. Can you make them out?

Below each picture in jumbled letters is the correct name of the great man represented in the diagram above it. Unscramble the letters of his name so that you can correctly name him. In the next column will be found a list of a few of the world's outstanding great men. This list may prove of service to you.

The best completed pictures with the names correct can win \$510.00 in cash. The completed pictures must be clipped from this paper and attached to a separate sheet containing the names of the great men represented by the diagrams, together with complete name and address of contestant in the upper right-hand corner of paper. The following Grand Prizes positively awarded:

1st Prize,	\$200.00	Cash
2nd Prize,	\$100.00	Cash
3rd "	50.00	"
4th "	25.00	"
5th "	15.00	"
6th "	10.00	"
7th to 28th,	each 5.00	"
PRIZES GUARANTEED		

A FEW NAMES OF GREAT MEN LIVING TO-DAY:

Lord Reading, Marshal Foch, Andrew Bonar-Law, Herbert C. Hoover, G. H. Roberts, H. G. Wells, Woodrow Wilson, Georges Clemenceau, Raymond Poincare, Stephen Pichon, David Lloyd George, Samuel Comper, Lord Lloyd Cecil, Sir Eric Geddes, Sir Robert Borden, Vittorio Orlando, Thomas Alva Edison, Sir David Beatty, Col. William Avery Bishop, Ignace Paderewski, General Jan C. Smuts, General Louis Botha, E. K. Venizelos, General Sir Arthur Currie.

Three independent judges, having no connection whatever with this firm, will award the prizes, and the answers gaining 300 points will take the First Prize. You will get 25 points for every picture completed correctly and 25 points for every name solved correctly. 15 points will be awarded for general neatness, style, spelling, punctuation, etc., 10 points for hand-writing, and 75 points for fulfilling the simple qualifying conditions of the contest that will not involve the spending of a single penny of your money. Contestants must agree to abide by the decision of the judges.

The contest will close at 12 o'clock noon, August 30th, 1919, immediately after which answers will be judged and the prizes awarded. Address your answers to-day to

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What the World is Saying

"And a Worthy Knight Is He!"

He is now Sir-r-r Harry Lauder.—Halifax Herald.

They Would Be Valuable Trees

Pity butternut trees don't grow butter.—Kingston Whig.

The M.P. Who Leads the Anti-Titles Fight

That man, Nickle, of Kingston, appears to be a regular knighthawk.—Regina Post.

The Mortgage on Germany

You kept the war off German soil, Heinie, but you can't keep the mortgage off.—Minneapolis Journal.

Not What Germany Expected

Peace lies in keeping German's feet on the ground and her nose to the grindstone.—Wall Street Journal.

A Question

"Russia proposes an understanding." Good, but does she possess one?—Chicago Tribune.

A Sorry May for Her

What did Germania think—that the nations were going to make her Queen of the May?—Chicago Daily News.

Only Short Steps Possible

The man that got off that stuff about how woman-kind is advancing by great strides had evidently not seen the new hobble skirts.—Moose Jaw Times.

One of Them Rounded Up

One of the leaders of the Soviet regime in Munich has been sent to an asylum, but the others are still at large.—Victoria Colonist.

Comparisons Are Odorous

What with the influx of Grand Dukes from Austria and anarchists from Russia, Swiss cheese hasn't a monopoly on the bad odor in that country.—Turner's Weekly, Saskatoon.

If Germany Had Won—

If Germany had won—Well you can gamble she would have enacted Shylock to a demonstrable finish.—Toronto World.

Gloom in Corkscrew Circles

The corkscrew manufacturers agreed to dispense with their regular annual meeting. Gloom pervades corkscrew circles.—Duluth Herald.

No Real Difference

What is the difference between a doctor who gives 1,450 prescriptions for liquor in one month and a bar-tender?—Hamilton Herald.

Canada's Fundamental Need

The fundamental need of this country is more population on the land, and its public policy should be directed to that end.—Ottawa Citizen.

They Would Gopher Him

The former Crown Prince is reported to desire to go farming in Canada. If he shows his squirrel nose over here, the boys will put him under the land, not on it.—Manitoba Veteran.

Also on Profitable Terms

"Whiskey prescribed on reasonable terms," should be added to the professional cards of some doctors.—Peterboro Examiner.

The Ex-Imperial Bonehead

Wilhelm Hohenzollern, of Amerongen, is very low, mentally. His brain, we hear, is being treated by an osteopathic specialist.—New York Evening Sun.

Hard Stuff

Some new quartz has been discovered in British Columbia. The wrong impression might be given if one did not see the actual spelling of "quartz."—Toronto Saturday Night.

Of Two Evils

The Hun insists that a punished Germany will be a menace to the world. Quite true. But less a menace than an unpunished Germany.—Calgary Herald.

Not Much!

Politicians are fond of talking of the "plain people," but will they address women voters that way?—Lethbridge Herald.

Heligoland

The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds wants to make Heligoland a bird sanctuary. It should guard against German birds of prey.—London Truth.

Kultur for Tree Pests

Poison gas will be used in future to destroy injurious larvae on trees and vines. What use can the inventors of poison gas be put to?—Washington Star.

Jacques Bureau, M.P.

We don't know anything about the personal appearance or taste of the members of parliament, but we wonder if Jacques Bureau is a swell dresser.—St. John Telegraph.

A Severe Test

Two Logan county preachers have undergone the supreme test, evidently with success. One of them sold the other a second-hand Ford car, and both seemed satisfied.—Kansas City Star.

In Regard to Tanks

"What shall we do with our tanks?" writes a British military expert. The United States will have the same problem to face after July 1.—Rochester Herald.

A Lucrative Pig

An Oklahoma boy netted \$180.40 on one mature pig. Even the blind pig is not so profitable considering the danger of mix-up with the authorities.—Calgary Herald.

Butter in Petrograd

When you complain, stop and think that butter is twenty-two dollars a pound in Petrograd. Moreover, a man found with butter on him is likely to be shot on sight as a bourgeois.—Monetary Times.

An Uninformed Opinion

A Chicago paper opines that "many women are intelligent nowadays, but, compared with men, very few have definite information." It was no married man who wrote that.—Edmonton Journal.

A Large Loss of Status

It is estimated that two hundred and seventy-eight members of German royal and princely families have lost their status as the result of the revolution. Yet not one of them lost his head.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Lambasting a Food Controller

Two thousand retail dealers in Bombay attacked the Food Controller with bamboo poles. When Mr. H. B. Thomson imagines he has been harshly criticized he should think of his Bombay brother.—Saskatoon Star.

The Grenadier Guards

Recently 8,000 of the Grenadier Guards paraded in London, but alas! 13,000 of this famous regiment will only parade again when Gabriel's trump sounds.—Boston Transcript.

A Little Town Justly Proud

The little town of Owen Sound, Ontario, is a justly proud community. It is the home of the youngest V.C. in the British Empire, and of Major Bishop, the premier "ace."—Regina Leader.

Alas!

One penny, lent at 5 per cent. in the year 1492, would amount to a sum sufficient to make millionaires of nearly every man, woman and child on earth. And to think that nobody had the decency to lend it!—New York Evening Post.

Germany in Bondage

Germany will be required to labor for thirty years to repay the damage she caused in four years. She will realize long before her period of bondage is over that war is a losing game.—Dundee Courier.

Something Went Wrong

It would be rather interesting about this time to know in what degree of veneration Herr Hohenzollern holds "the good old German Gott!" Something went wrong with that partnership, and surely the former Kaiser doesn't blame himself.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Flat-footed Marathoner

The Boston Marathon twenty-five mile race was won by a flatfooted Finn, who had previously been rejected by the army because of his pedal peculiarities. Charlie Chaplin, now, we are sure, has at least the makings of a field marshal in him.—Toronto Globe.

Moonshiners in Ontario

Hon. Dr. Reid told the house the other day that while but ten illicit stills were destroyed last year, there have been 110 for this year. Doubtless there are hundreds of others which have remained so still that they escaped detection.—Hamilton Spectator.

How Germany Had It Figured

If Germany does not have to pay more than \$30,000,000,000 indemnity she will get off easy. While Germany was talking indemnities herself, something like \$40,000,000,000 was the lowest figure she mentioned that the Allies should pay!—Detroit Free Press.

Dernburg

Dr. Dernburg is Germany's new finance minister. Perhaps he will conduct the office with more success than marked his mission to the United States prior to that country's entry into the war. The German propaganda service did not profit much by his efforts, and he was compelled to depart in disgrace.—Montreal Gazette.

Well Said

"One live baby is worth a whole graveyard of dead ancestors," said Mrs. Antoinette Funk, of Illinois, in her address before the New England Woman Suffrage Conference. She reminded the women who were soon to become voters that they would then be faced with the responsibility of choosing a political party; and she advised them to judge each party not by what it had done in the past, but by what it is actually doing and standing for to-day.—New York Nation.

Time-wasting in Parliament

Parliament is first and foremost, or, at least, ought to be, a deliberative, legislative assembly, weighing and appraising every measure of public concern with the utmost caution and care. This it manifestly cannot do under a practice or custom which permits it to spend the first three-fourths of its time in session in talk and the final fourth in abdication of its right and duty to pass upon all matters the executive brings before it.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

Fossils in Alberta

Without special reference to anybody in particular it may be remarked that there are a lot of old fossils in Alberta. Prof. A. P. Coleman, of Toronto University has been telling about a specimen of a great dinosaur he found in the Red Deer valley last year, the like of which was hitherto unknown. It will take two years to restore the pieces to something like their original semblance. The fossil beds of the Red Deer valley are among the finest in the world.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Auto Speed in Ontario

The Ontario Legislature has approved of a bill permitting automobiles to maintain a speed of twenty miles an hour in cities, towns and villages, and of twenty-five miles on country roads. There is a restriction, however, to ten miles an hour at unguarded corners and curves. The whole should please the speed cranks and make expert dodgers of the common variety of Ontario man who survives.—Montreal Financial Times.

Too Much Cold Storage

Stefansson told a Montreal audience the other evening that what is wanted to keep healthy in the Arctic regions is not so much mixed food as fresh food. He hit upon a great truth, which is equally applicable to any region. The present craze for running everything through cold storage is neither good for the health nor the pocket. Cold storage has, of course, become more or less of a necessity. But it is questionable whether unregulated cold storage is not more of a curse than a blessing.—Montreal Herald.

The Boy Scouts

Branches of the Boy Scouts are being organized in a number of churches and other places in the city. The boys themselves cannot be expected to take an active interest in the revival if their parents are indifferent. If any of the latter are in doubt as to the wisdom of having their boys join, let them ask the opinion of some person who has had one or more sons come through that course of training. If there is any institution warranted to make sturdy and honorable men out of Canadian youth it is the Boy Scouts.—Peterboro Review.

A New Nobility

There is a new order of nobility in Canada as a result of the war. The honor mark is borne by hundreds of young men in the form of military medals, Victoria Crosses and, no less distinctive, the wound stripe, the badge of the veteran, or other evidences of strenuous military service. And vastly higher is each of these distinctions than is the title earned by service in the realm of politics, purchased by generous contributions to campaign funds or conferred for work rendered the Empire, work which brought its own substantial reward in the shape of a huge fortune easily acquired while the young manhood of the country was sweating blood in Flanders.—Montreal Standard.



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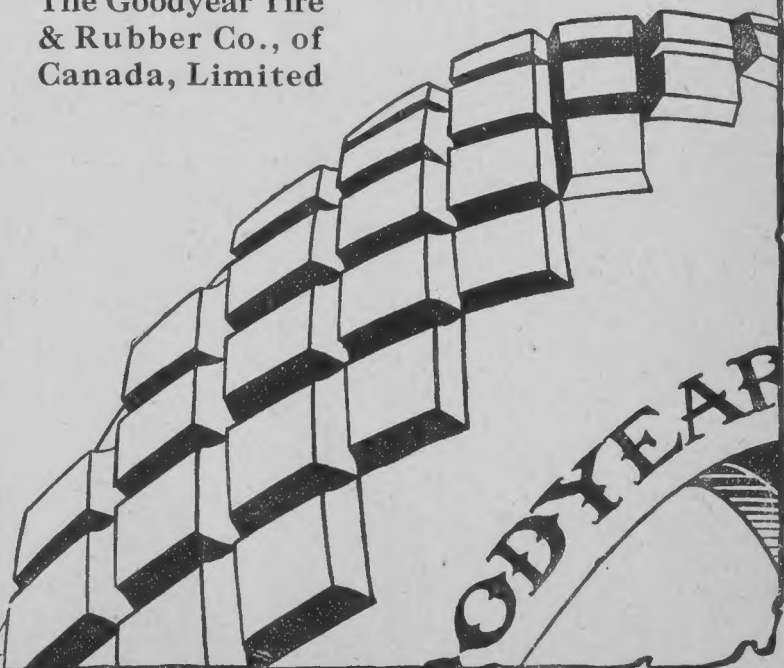
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